JANUARY 1957

COMMENTARY

The American Jewish Committee:
A Half-Century View — OSCAR HANDLIN

In the Midst of Battle
Story of the Sinai Campaign — LEO HEIMAN
Budapest Under Fire — PETER SCHMID

Will the Western Alliance Survive? — HENRY BRANDON

The Jews of South Africa — DAN JACOBSON

The Prophet Announces—A Poem — HARVEY SHAPIRO

Liberalism and the Law — SIDNEY HOOK

The Ascalon Light—A Story — A. A. DAVIDSON

The French in Cyprus, 1956—A Poem — J. A. LUKACS

Cedars of Lebanon
Not on the Side of the Angels

On the Horizon
Radicalism in the American Novel — RICHARD CHASE

The Study of Man
Pagan Symbols in Jewish Antiquity — ERWIN R. GOODENOUGH

BOOKS IN REVIEW

David Baumgardt — George Lichtheim — Charles H. Nichols
Jack Finegan — Michael Hamburger

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On the Fiftieth Anniversary of the American Jewish Committee

The American Jewish Committee is now observing the fiftieth anniversary of its founding in 1906. In this issue of COMMENTARY, Oscar Handlin reviews the crowded years of the Committee's efforts and accomplishments —a record that is not only remarkable in itself, but also for the vivid illustration it affords of the effectiveness and creative spirit of American voluntarism. The spirit of the Committee is reflected in its mandate to the magazine it sponsors, COMMENTARY.

The American Jewish Committee is dedicated to the advancement and protection of human rights, and those of freedom and equality in particular. The emphasis is, of course, on the rights of Jews: the Committee was founded by Jews to meet an emergency that affected Jews, and it continues to be supported by Jews and to apply its moral and public influence and the technical facilities at its command to situations involving Jews first and foremost. But freedom and equality for Jews mean freedom and equality for all others; the scope of events in the 20th century leaves little room for parochialism, and least of all in the field of human rights. Similarly, an organ of Jewish opinion must, if it is to be truly that, occupy itself in significant measure with opinion in general, with all those universal forces that so greatly influence Jewish fate today.

The American Jewish Committee sponsors COMMENTARY not as a "house organ" committed to the expression and advancement of the interests of the sponsoring organization *qua* organization, but as part of its "general program to enlighten and clarify public opinion on problems of Jewish concern." It is altogether characteristic of the Committee that it has never tried to influence the magazine's editorial policy. The consistency with which the Committee encourages freedom of expression and opinion close to home is an aspect of that larger consistency with which it seeks to promote freedom everywhere else.

COMMENTARY is now in its twelfth year — it has become part of the American Jewish Committee's proud record, which is one of humane endeavor, of active and generous solicitude for the dignity of human life, and of selfless solidarity with causes of good will. Long may it continue in the path it has made for itself.

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IN FORTHCOMING ISSUES OF

COMMENTARY

The U. S. and Israel *Hal Lehrman*

Washington, now in the throes of devising a policy for the Middle East, faces one of its chief problems in deciding the place of Israel in that policy. By COMMENTARY's veteran observer of the Middle Eastern scene.

Eastern Europe, Russia, and the West *Hugh Seton-Watson*

The distinguished historian of Slavic Europe appraises the permanent effects of the recent epoch-making events in Eastern Europe and attempts to sketch the lineaments of the new era dawning for Russia and the free world.

Uniqueness and Universality of Jewish History *J. L. Talmon*

An eminent philosopher of history points out, with much originality, those features of the Jewish fate which make it unique and those others which endow it with universal significance.

Tottering Jordan *Ray Alan*

If Jordan should collapse as a state, as some observers are now predicting, the Middle East would be plunged into still another dangerous crisis. A report on the situation by an expert on the Arab world.

The Making of William Lundigan *Walter Goodman*

The informal case study of a Madison Avenue effort to use the techniques of modern depth psychology in exploiting the TV consumer market.

"Rejected Synagogues" *William Schack*

A report on the facts and circumstances of the difficulties met with recently in securing building permits for Jewish houses of worship in places as far apart as St. Louis and Garden City.

Uncanny *Max Brod*

A story, never before published in English, by the eminent novelist and biographer who now makes his home in Israel.

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The Unions and Desegregation *James Rorty*

A growing number of white trade unionists in the South are divided in their loyalties between their union, which stands for racial equality, and the segregation mores of their community. An account of desegregation in the labor field.

The Need to Re-think Judaism *Erich Unger*

A posthumous essay by a distinguished philosopher who deserves to be better known, in which he makes the point that there has been no real attempt to modernize Jewish religious thinking and philosophy since Saadia and Maimonides.

British Intellectuals and Suez *Max Beloff*

When the Anglo-French-Israeli forces intervened in Egypt, England's educated classes rose up almost en masse to denounce their government's action. A discussion of the relation of politics and morality by the Oxford political scientist and historian.

The Lubovitcher Movement: Part II *Herbert Weiner*

Rabbi Weiner continues his fascinating account of the worldwide Hasidic movement and carries further his personal exploration of living Jewish mysticism.

The Strange Case of Felix Kersten *H. R. Trevor-Roper*

Himmler's personal doctor during World War II used his influence over the Nazi butcher to save the lives of thousands of Jews and non-Jews. The well-known historian of Hitler's last days searches out another mystery of Nazi times.

Why Did Khrushchev Do It? *G. F. Hudson*

What reasons compelled Khrushchev, heir of the dead dictator, to take the step of denouncing Stalin, thus setting off a train of events that led to explosion in East Europe? The expert in Soviet affairs connects Khrushchev's 20th Congress speech with the question of how Stalin died.

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The Second Eisenhower Administration *Harold Lavine*

How is Eisenhower's second administration shaping up? What does it want and what will it get? An examination of the contending forces and ideas on Capitol Hill by the National Affairs editor of *Newsweek*.

The Unknown Leo Baeck *Adolf Leschnitzer*

Behind the imposing public figure of the Leo Baeck of the latter years lay a hidden man, who is the subject of this analytic memoir.

Tito and Nasser *Aleph Sherman*

Tito's Yugoslavia and Nasser's Egypt share important political and social characteristics, it is argued in this highly original analysis, and they represent a new development in modern totalitarianism which the Western world has had difficulty in understanding.

Segregation, Law, and Social Science *Morroe Berger*

It is a hotly debated question how far the Supreme Court relied on social science findings in its historic decision of 1954 holding segregation in public education unconstitutional. A discussion of the present place and future role of social science in jurisprudence.

The Young American Poets *G. S. Fraser*

A leading British critic analyzes the work of several representative young American poets and makes some interesting comments on their attitude toward their audience, and their own relation to language and experience.

Japan's "Lost Generation" *Peter Schmid*

The postwar democratization of Japan has shaken the traditional moral structure of Japanese society and radically altered the position of women. But these changes – and indeed the whole program of democratization – have not yet been assimilated by the average Japanese, as this first-hand report by the Swiss journalist and globe-trotter shows.

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The Use of Force in the Atomic Age *Hans J. Morgenthau*

How have international relations been affected by the overwhelming nature of force in an age of atomic destruction? Professor Morgenthau discusses the changing and uncertain place of violence and the threat of violence in the affairs of nations.

European Anti-Semitism, East and West *Léon Poliakov*

Is anti-Semitism in Europe on the rise, or is it waning? An outstanding authority surveys the situation in countries on both sides of the Iron Curtain and comes to some mixed conclusions.

FDR and the Historians *Samuel Lubell*

The well-known analyst of the American political scene surveys the recent spate of books on FDR, among them Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.'s *The Crisis of the Old Order* and James MacGregor Burns's *Roosevelt: The Lion and the Fox,* and attempts to assess the significance of the New Deal in the perspective of history.

Nieman-Marcus: Culture and High Fashion *William Schack*

The Nieman-Marcus department store in Dallas has not only brought high fashion to Texas but also taken upon itself the job of conveying the genteel tastes of the East to the more rugged West. William Schack describes the store's history and unique social role.

Chicago *Isaac Rosenfeld*

A posthumous essay that brilliantly evokes the tone and color of life in Chicago, while developing a theory of how an inland city differs from one close to water. The late Isaac Rosenfeld was still in the process of revising this draft when he died suddenly last July.

The Dead Sea Scrolls: A Layman's View *Stanley Edgar Hyman*

Mr. Hyman, from the point of view of a folklorist with a somewhat more than amateur interest in anthropology, reviews the large body of literature on the Scrolls, trying to sort out the controversy over their theological significance.

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The AJC Abroad *Maurice J. Goldbloom*

The first fifty years of the American Jewish Committee, founded in 1906, coincided with—and indeed answered to—the unparalleled turmoil and disorder that beset the world in the 20th century, when wars and revolutions overturned the established order and brought untold sufferings especially to the Jews of Europe. Maurice J. Goldbloom reviews the multifarious activities of the Committee in succoring the lives and defending the rights of Jews everywhere in the world, and in helping to establish international standards of justice and right for all men. A companion article to Oscar Handlin's "The American Jewish Committee: A Half-Century View," in the January COMMENTARY.

Civil-Rights Struggle on Capitol Hill *William V. Shannon*

Once again Congress is witnessing an attempt to enact legislation which will make effective the civil rights guaranteed to all by American law. By a veteran Washington correspondent.

The Mind of Lionel Trilling *David Daiches*

A British critic with wide experience of the American scene, including life in the "provinces," portrays Mr. Trilling as the outstanding contemporary example of the "metropolitan intellectual." In the "Horizon" department.

My Father Sholom Aleichem *Lala Kaufman*

An intimate portrait of the great Yiddish writer, by his daughter. This year marks the forty-first anniversary of Sholom Aleichem's death.

Re-Stalinization in the Soviet Bloc *G. L. Arnold*

The author of *The Patterns of World Conflict* considers the extent to which the Kremlin has succeeded in "re-Stalinizing" the Communist parties outside the USSR since the Polish and Hungarian revolutions brought the abortive de-Stalinization campaign to an abrupt halt.

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COMMENTARY

THE AMERICAN JEWISH COMMITTEE

A Half-Century View

OSCAR HANDLIN

THE American Jewish Committee long reflected the intellectual and social views of the community in which it had been established in 1906. Since its first active members were strong men of pronounced opinions, their assumptions substantially influenced the work of the organization. But the turbulent events of the past half-century left their mark on its development: two world wars, the spread of totalitarianism and nationalism, the end of immigration to the United States, and the transformation of the character of the American Jews created imposing problems in the face of which the Committee was often compelled to shift its mode of operations and even its immediate objectives. Yet the guiding ideal of its founders supplied it with an impressive element of continuity.

The Founders

In 1906, a small group of men who had been meeting informally for some time decided to form a permanent organization which they called the American Jewish Committee. The character of those men and their ideas had a critical importance in the historical development of the organization.

At the center of the group was the commanding personality of Jacob H. Schiff. His wealth, his power, and his single-minded certainty were the rocks upon which the American Jewish Committee rested in its early years. Schiff had come to the United States in 1865 from Frankfort, where his family had long been active in business circles. A young man of eighteen anxious to make his fortune, he had become a broker, then spent some time back in Germany, and finally returned to America for good in 1875 as a partner in Kuhn, Loeb and Company. Ten years later he was the head of the firm. In the next quarter-century he participated in a succession of profitable ventures that increased both his wealth and his power. He formed an effective alliance with Edward H. Harriman, with whom he engaged in railroad development and finance. He was active in the affairs of such great corporations as the Equitable Life Assurance Society and the Union Pacific, Baltimore and Ohio, and Pennsylvania railroads; and his interests reached out into Mexico,

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Japan, and China. Only J. P. Morgan outdistanced him as a banker.

Schiff was conscious of his power, but conscious also of the obligations to use it with propriety. He had no taste for the expensive diversions of the other moguls of the period. Instead, he devoted himself to an elaborate round of philanthropy. The Henry Street Settlement, the Red Cross, Columbia, Harvard, and Cornell universities all profited from his solicitude. Rejecting the predominant laissez-faire philosophy of his times, he spoke up for the Negroes, for free public education, for the rights of labor unions, and for the Child Labor amendment. And he also took a fierce pride in his allegiance to Judaism. His active interest in every phase of Jewish life occupied him in a host of activities in which he gave generously of his time and money.

Working closely with Schiff was Louis Marshall, by then fifty years old. Born and raised in Syracuse, Marshall had developed a successful law practice before coming to New York City in the 1890's. In the metropolis, his fine legal mind earned him a fortune in corporate law. But he, too, was highly conscious both of his identity as a Jew and of his general responsibilities in the community. The conservation movement, Temple Emanu-El, the Jewish Theological Seminary, and the Educational Alliance were among the organizations and causes that profited from his activity.

These men were drawn together through the influence of Cyrus Adler, the intellectual and scholar of the group and the only one who was not a rich man. He had been secretary of the Smithsonian Institution when he was asked, in 1901, to assist in the reorganization of the Jewish Theological Seminary. His learning and his sound common sense impressed the New Yorkers he then met, and in the end he came permanently to New York to serve as director of the Seminary. Thereafter he was frequently a counselor and spokesman for the group.

Somewhat on the periphery was Adolph S. Ochs, a man closely tied to the others but unwilling by temperament and position to take as prominent a role as they in public life. Born in Cincinnati, Ochs was ambitious from early boyhood. While still a young lad, a job on the Knoxville *Chronicle* had attracted him to newspaper work. But he was a natural plunger, unwilling to settle down in the routine of a stable situation. When he was only twenty he purchased the Chattanooga *Times*, for two hundred and fifty dollars, and he made it eminently prosperous. But then he gambled all he had in local real estate, and lost.

Undaunted, he took that setback as a challenge. In 1896 he came to New York, borrowed $75,000 to purchase the New York *Times*, and made it the nation's outstanding newspaper. While it still ran a deficit, he lowered the price to a penny, in a bid for mass circualtion. In an era of yellow journalism, he insisted on keeping the news fit to print. And with the aid of an outstanding group of editors, he made both gambles pay.

Ochs had married a daughter of Isaac M. Wise and, although he did not have the traditional learning of the others in the group, his knowledge of public issues and his advice were important in formulating the policies of the Committee.

BUSINESS, personal, and family relationships tied these men to the Warburgs (especially Felix Warburg), the Strauses and the Guggenheims, the Sulzbergers in Philadelphia, and to similar groups in Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, and San Francisco. They were the nucleus of the Committee.

All shared significant characteristics. They were all relative strangers to New York. Immigrants or the sons of immigrants, none was the descendant of 18th- or early-19th-century families. Not one of them had lived in the city before the Civil War. Thus they knew the insecurity of newcomers.

The fact that they were outsiders inhibited them from conforming to the style of life of their social and economic equals. Although almost all were men of great wealth, having taken advantage of the enormous opportunities of the growing city, and

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although they shared some of the interests and tastes of their contemporaries—in the opera, in art, and in country life, for instance—the memory of their own distinct antecedents and heritage kept them from merging with the heterogeneous society of the larger community. Instead, they held consciously to their separateness as a group.

In part, that sense of separateness was derived from a stubborn loyalty to the faith of their fathers, which centuries of persecution in Germany had not stifled. In part, it had its source in an uneasy fear that they might be rebuffed if they approached "society" too closely; pride made them unwilling to risk the slights and slurs of discrimination. But there was also a more important positive quality to the group's sense of identity as Jews. Almost all of them were intimately familiar with their tradition, had some degree of learning, and were convinced that their religion satisfied a genuine emotional need in their lives.

The immigration of East European Jews, after 1890, was a test of their group consciousness. Well established and prosperous, the German Jews nevertheless did not turn their backs upon the poverty-stricken fugitives from Russia and Poland. Instead, they accepted the obligations of assistance and identification. And although there was to be bitterness and misunderstanding enough between the two groups, there was also the recognition of kinship through a shared religious tradition.

The awareness of their Judaism did not in the least diminish the certainty of such men as Schiff and Marshall that they belonged fully in the United States. Their own successful careers were a triumphant demonstration of their capacity to adjust to American life. Indeed, they held it as a fixed article of faith that American democracy offered Jews a unique opportunity to develop a way of life in accord with the highest values of their religion.

Their Judaism and Americanism were more than compatible, they were complementary, for neither was restrictive or narrow in its demands upon the individual. Americanism involved no total conformity or uniformity; rather, it was fluid and receptive. And Judaism did not condemn them to live in a ghetto. Both compelled them to live in a world made up of a variety of men and to practice tolerance of differences. As for their own group, that remained cohesive because it bore a prophetic mission of social redemption derived from its religious traditions, a mission which it could best fulfill in the receptive atmosphere of American democracy. The complex of these ideas was gradually to define the character of the American Jewish Committee in the next half-century.

Defining the Organization

A succession of crises brought the American Jewish Committee into being. By 1906 even men who believed in progress and in the power of reason perceived with distressing clarity that anti-Semitism was on the increase. The Dreyfus case in France had still not come to a satisfactory end; the fabricated charges of an international Jewish conspiracy were being elaborated throughout Europe and were even crossing the Atlantic; a pattern of discrimination in employment and in education was developing in the United States; and the great Kishinev pogroms of 1903 had shown the horrible extreme to which these hatreds might lead. Occasional *ad hoc* measures were all too inadequate in the face of such dangers. No central, authoritative body spoke for the Jews of America; earlier efforts to form such an association, modeled on those of the British and French Jews, had proved unsuccessful.

Certainly it seemed the time had come for continuity of effort in self-defense. The New York group had already been meeting informally and sporadically to discuss problems of common concern. It was altogether appropriate that its members should now form the American Jewish Committee as the means of developing a long-term solution of the problem.

At the start, no one had a clear conception of the scope of the new organization's

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work or of the way in which it was to function. There was a rather ingenuous expectation that some system of election and representation would create a body that could voice the opinions of the community. That expectation did not materialize; but the hope that it would died hard. Through the first nine years of its existence, the Committee attempted to arrive at some national basis of representation. Many of its members imagined that perhaps the Kehillah in New York might serve as a model for communities elsewhere in the country, and that these would become a valid basis for representation in the Committee.

These notions proved delusive because they took no account of the real divisions that existed among American Jews. Even on questions of defense there were serious differences between the Orthodox East Europeans and the Reform Germans, between the Socialists and the political conservatives, between the Zionists and the non-Zionists. Much as they valued unity as an ideal, the founders of the Committee were compelled by their convictions to act by themselves as a cooperative, self-instituted organization. This became clear in the acrimonious discussions of policy during the First World War, when the genuine and often irreconcilable diversities of opinion among American Jews became fully manifest. The experience of the Committee then at last defined its own view of its proper organizational role.

The outbreak of fighting overwhelmed the communities of East Europe. By 1915, the need for relief was already urgent. Furthermore, the war raised disturbing political issues insofar as it offered the Jews of the West the opportunity to erect some safeguards for the future security of those of the East. And intermeshed with these problems was that of the aspirations of the Zionists, who conceived of the war as but the prelude to a migration to Palestine.

The American Jews took stands on these problems in accord with the general ideological positions they occupied. The Socialists anticipated a revolution for which they thought the Jews were inadequately prepared. Diaspora nationalists demanded a regime of special rights in Poland. The Zionists wished all other problems subordinated to that of recognition of the national home. And the Committee optimistically hoped that the Jews of Europe might some day be integrated in their own lands as those of the United States had already been.

IN THE face of these ineluctable differences of viewpoint, a demand was now raised for a Congress that would speak for all American Jews. The nationalists considered the Jews a people who might be given political identity by a representative body. They conceived of the proposed Congress as a legislature democratically elected that would dispatch ambassadors to negotiate with the states that would make the peace.

The American Jewish Committee resisted the proposal. The experience of its members in the Kehillah made them doubt the efficacy of such bodies; and by now they had perceived that the very conception of a representative organization that presumed to speak for all Jews was dangerous. It was uncomfortably close to political action; and it seemed to assume the separateness of the group. Furthermore, there were substantial grounds for belief that a Congress would only supply a forum for nationalist agitation; and it might well be dominated by men with ideas other than those of the Committee.

Yet the Committee was unable consistently to stand altogether apart. To have done so would have put the welfare of the helpless victims of war in jeopardy. Once it could secure some compromise as to the structure of the Congress, it was willing to cooperate. The proponents of the Congress needed the financial and political support of the Committee, and agreed that this was to be a temporary arrangement for limited purposes only.

The accommodation proved useful insofar as immediate problems were concerned. Louis Marshall was among those who went to Paris in 1919 and secured consideration of the rights of the Jews in the drafting of

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the peace treaties. Although some individuals refused to accept the disbandment of the Congress and reconstructed it in 1921, it was not thereafter to represent more than its own members. In the process, the Committee had defined its own organizational structure and role. It gave up any pretense or aspiration in any sense to voice the opinions of all American Jews, aware that, given the actual context, it could best serve the interests of its members by the more limited and more realistic conception of what it was.

Through the 1920's and 1930's it thus aroused considerable antagonism. It was accused of being autocratic and undemocratic by those who saw it as just the instrument of a small self-appointed group of families who wished to control the whole community. These resentments were intensified, particularly after 1933, by the growth in influence of the East European Jews and their children, who felt they were being arbitrarily excluded, and by the development of nationalism and Zionism under the stimulus of anti-Semitism. What its critics did not realize was that the Committee sought no control and aimed to give expression only to those who voluntarily adhered to its position.

A crisis developed after 1933 with the spread of European totalitarianism and the approach of a second world war. Again there was an urgent cry for unity, both from those convinced this was the only means of dealing with the emergency and from nationalists who still sought a representative congress. Again the Committee was persuaded, in the early 1940's, to participate in a temporary American Jewish Conference. The change of title signified the limited scope imparted to the organization by its members. But even that degree of unity proved deceptive. An early effort by the Zionists to capture the Conference induced the Committee to withdraw.

FINALLY, in the 1940's, the Committee took part in the National Community Relations Advisory Council, an organization designed to coordinate the work of various agencies that dealt with the problems of Jewish defense. For the expense of defense work had mounted rapidly and, given the burdens of fund-raising, unification seemed a desirable way of increasing efficiency. But the MacIver Report* and the ensuing controversy over its recommendations once more compelled the Committee to go its own way. Insisting still upon freedom of action, the Committee remained unwilling to accept the restraint of any centralizing authority.

By 1952, however, there had been significant changes in the structure of the Committee itself. A complex of factors had been responsible. In the 1920's the founding generation had died away. The Committee had been fortunate to find as their successors men like Judge Joseph M. Proskauer, Jacob Blaustein, and Irving M. Engel, who were able to adapt themselves to a new situation. At the same time acculturation and the appearance of a second generation made the Jews of East European origin more receptive to the point of view of the Committee. The new social setting provided a far broader base of membership than formerly.

Furthermore, the Committee's work, growing steadily more complex, had created an expanded professional staff and also an expanded budget. Yet this was precisely the period in which depression, rising taxes, and a multitude of other demands upon them diminished the ability of a few wealthy individuals to support the whole effort. It was, however, difficult for the Committee to seek aid outside its own membership. Similar pressures had increased costs for all agencies, and many communities throughout the country had adopted the methods of federated fund-raising. Under such circumstances it was necessary to seek allocations from bodies responsive to broad communal pressures; and that emphasized the desirability of widening the Committee's membership as far as possible.

*Professor Robert M. MacIver of Columbia conducted a study of Jewish community relations work for the NCRAC, and in 1951 submitted a lengthy report containing a series of recommendations designed to eliminate duplication and overlapping among Jewish organizations in the community relations field.—ED.

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As a result the internal structure of the Committee was transformed. The creation of local chapters shifted some control away from the central office in New York. The number of members rose rapidly and an active program involved them frequently in the process of decision-making. After a half-century, although the Committee still drew its support from but a limited sector in the community, it was better prepared than ever before to deal with the major problems it confronted.

Evolving Policies

The purpose of the Committee at its establishment was to protect the rights of Jews everywhere. But changes in the conception of those rights as well as changes in the Committee itself gradually transformed the character of its task.

Domestic anti-Semitism, in the early decades of the century, was expressed primarily in a developing pattern of discrimination. Slurs and prejudiced attitudes were not only on the way to becoming habitual, but they were also beginning to close the doors of opportunity to Jews in education and employment.

The response of the Committee was through intercession, through a personal or private approach to influential men, in the hope that they could use their influence to abate the practices complained of. This was in part a carry-over from the tradition of the European banker who bought safety for his co-religionists by services to a prince. It was partly a reflection, too, of the position of Schiff, Marshall, and Ochs, who had real power in politics and business and were accustomed to using it.

The orientation toward intercession led the Committee then to regard the methods of mass protest with disfavor. Great meetings at which flamboyant and often irresponsible speakers let themselves go were calculated to antagonize the very people whom the Committee wished to persuade. Furthermore, they were likely to get out of hand and to give undue prominence to a variety of disorderly elements who had no faith in American democracy and actually supplied ammunition to the detractors of the Jews. The Committee decidedly preferred a more restrained approach.

In line with its own assumptions, it thought of government primarily in a negative sense. It wished the state to remain free of religious involvements, as the First Amendment required; and it devoted a good deal of attention to such matters as the unfair effects of the Sunday laws, Bible-reading in the schools, and the like.

Unfortunately, the times were not propitious for a reasonable, moderate approach. Whatever good the Committee could do in specific cases, the pattern of discrimination grew more rigid through the first three decades of the century. In addition, a disturbing element of racism imperiled the security of the Jews. Demagogues like Tom Watson developed political anti-Semitism into a potentially powerful force against which the tactics of intercession appeared to be helpless. It seemed futile to abstain from public outcry against prejudice and thus leave the field entirely open to those who preached it.

THE first significant breach in the Committee's policy occurred over the Leo Frank case.* No one could stand idly by when anti-Semitism condemned an innocent man for murder; Louis Marshall prepared the brief for the appeal to the Supreme Court. And when Frank was lynched, it was, of course, appropriate publicly to voice horror and indignation.

As anti-Semitism grew in strength after the First World War, the Committee gradually shifted the emphasis of its efforts. Intercession still proved occasionally useful, as when Louis Marshall persuaded Henry Ford

*Leo M. Frank, Jewish manager of a pencil factory in Atlanta, Georgia, was accused, on what turned out to be questionable evidence, of the murder of a fourteen-year-old girl in 1913. Found guilty, he was sentenced to death, but the sentence was commuted to life imprisonment by the governor. In August 1915 a band of men broke into the prison where Frank was confined and lynched him.—ED.

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to retract his accusations of an international Jewish conspiracy. But a mass movement like the Ku Klux Klan could not be held within bounds by such means, and the Republican party, with which many members of the Committee were affiliated, showed a distressing disinclination to take a stand against xenophobia. When Hitlerism revealed the ugly outlines of what might happen, and when a score of proto-fascist organizations emerged in the 1930's, it was clear that other methods were called for. In a democracy, the appeal to public opinion was more important than the ability of a few powerful men to talk with one another.

The Committee still shunned the great mass protest meetings which, it felt, convinced only those who were already converted, and which, by the emotions they generated, might actually antagonize further those who were hostile. Instead it began to conceive of its task as one of educating Jews and other Americans as to the nature of prejudice and the means of abating it. Under the direction of its executive vice-president, John Slawson, the Committee embarked upon an extensive and continuing program of scientific research, relying upon collaboration with the developing social sciences in the universities. It used the results of that research in long-term educational efforts through the churches, labor unions, and other organizations to diffuse an understanding of the problem through American society. While it is difficult to assess the effects of such a program with precision, it certainly played a part in altering the climate of opinion with regard to Jews over the past twenty years.

In the course of its own work the Committee had long since learned that prejudice was indivisible, and that in the United States it was less desirable to argue in favor of the rights of Jews than to defend the equality of all Americans, including Jews. A long involvement in the problems of immigration had amply demonstrated the wisdom of that course.

In 1906, the movement to close the gates of the country to further immigration was already well under way. Largely animated by racist sentiments, it focused then upon the literacy test, which was intended to exclude such newcomers as the Jews.

The Committee fought the restrictionists successfully down to the First World War. Its spokesmen repeatedly argued for maintenance of the traditional open policy and refused to be tempted by compromises which might have excluded the Jews from the effects of restriction. It preferred to struggle for the principle rather than for a privileged position for its own group.

The First World War produced a change, not in the Committee's attitude but in the national temper. The growth of nativism and isolationism supplied new force to the restrictionist movement. In 1917, over President Wilson's veto and against the protest of the Committee, the literacy law was finally enacted; and in the postwar years the legislation of 1921 and 1924 put into effect the national-origins quota system, which sharply limited the number of new immigrants and did so upon the basis of a racist mode of selection.

For the next twenty years the Committee was involved in a succession of rear-guard actions. It seemed hopeless then to secure a reversal of the trend. The most it hoped for was to prevent further restrictive measures. Even under the pressure of the refugee problem of the 1930's, no substantial amelioration seemed likely.

The general change in mood after 1945 brought new hope of a reform in the American immigration laws. The Committee was in the vanguard of those who began to demand an end to the restrictive national-origins quota system. Its brief in 1948 was an important first step and introduced the idea of the pooling of quotas. Although the McCarran-Walter Act of 1952 was a defeat, it did not extinguish the hopes for an ultimate change. Meanwhile there were some concessions in the direction of refugee relief.

FROM the start the Committee had also understood the obligation to do what it

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could to protect the rights of Jews in other countries. Larger forces shaped the general pattern of world events in this half-century; often the Committee seemed vainly to struggle against the relentless growth of nationalistic hatred. But its demands for tolerance and order were nonetheless useful reaffirmations of values most Americans held.

THE most dramatic affair in the early history of the Committee was its battle against Russian anti-Semitism. The Czar was a conscientious foe of the Jews, whom he was resolved to exterminate, convert, or expel from his dominions. His agents diligently spread his ideas through Western Europe. There was little Americans could do but protest against the Czar's treatment of his own subjects. It was another matter, however, when it came to discrimination against American citizens who were Jews. The refusal of Russia to recognize the passports of Jews as it did those of other citizens of the United States evoked the indignation of the Committee; and its representations to the government culminated in the abrogation in 1911 of the Russian-American Commercial Agreement, a heartening reaffirmation of the principle of equality of American citizenship.

During the First World War, the Committee was active in the effort to insert into the peace treaties provisions guaranteeing the rights of minorities; and in the postwar years, it was actively concerned with developments in Poland and Rumania, where violent outbreaks of anti-Semitism and the restriction of civil rights made the position of Jews precarious.

The rise of fascism and the growing dominance of Hitler in Europe overshadowed all other issues in the 1930's. There was tragically little the Committee could do to stay the trend. Yet it did try with some success to limit the influence of Nazi propaganda in the United States, and it remained alive thereafter to the continuing threat of totalitarianism. Just as it had earlier sponsored the provisions to assure minority rights in the treaties of 1919, so after the Second World War it urged a human rights program upon the United Nations. Its work was essential in enlisting the support that made possible the human rights provisions in the Charter.

Furthermore, earlier than most Americans the Committee perceived the threat of Communism to the security of minorities including the Jews. The significance of its warnings was ultimately confirmed by revelation of the new anti-Semitism in the Soviet Union and in the satellite states. In the confused atmosphere of the cold war period, the Committee's stand in favor of international collaboration had little measurable effect upon events as they unfolded, but it did serve a meaningful educational function in keeping alive values in danger of being obscured by the pressure of continual crises.

Among those crises, none was more troubling for American Jews than that presented by the creation of the State of Israel. The Zionist movement was already active when the Committee was created, although it won the support of only a small minority in the United States down to the 1930's. By the very nature of their ideals, the founders of the Committee had opposed any ideology that considered the United States as exile. As individuals, some were hostile to Zionism; others interpreted the movement in a non-nationalistic sense and participated in it. The majority followed the line of Louis Marshall, who was hostile to the conception of a Jewish state but willing to support the settlement of Jews in Palestine as in other parts of the world. Perhaps more important than abstract principle in antagonizing the leaders of the Committee in the early years were the ruthless tactics of the Zionist agitators struggling for a position in the American Jewish community.

The Balfour Declaration had therefore been greeted with mixed emotions. But the conception of a national home was sufficiently vague to offer some basis of collaboration. Louis Marshall and other members of the Committee were active in developing the Jewish Agency as an instrument through

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which non-Zionists could contribute to the development of settlement in Palestine without any ideological commitment.

The situation changed radically after 1930. Nazism, in the next decade, heightened nationalist emotions among Jews and raised serious doubts as to whether it was possible ever to attain security outside a national state. More important was the dilemma created by the refugees from fascism who found no country—not even America—willing to accept them. As the intransigent attitude of Great Britain, the mandatory power, limited the number of migrants who could enter Palestine, many Jews in the United States were driven to the view that some reaffirmation of the Zionist position was essential. The crisis came after 1945, when Britain stubbornly held to its policy despite the crying needs of displaced persons, and despite the very dubious attitude of the Arabs during the war. Out of that crisis came the creation of the State of Israel, the Arab war, and the long uneasy armistice that followed.

The Committee held to its own position with some degree of consistency through all these events. Adhering to the conviction that Jews were at home in the United States, it could not accept the arguments of the Zionist extremists who envisioned an ultimate return to the Holy Land. On the other hand, it could not accept the wholesale condemnation of Israel and of Zionism that began to emanate from the American Council for Judaism. It maintained, rather, that Jews could, without diminishing their loyalty to the land in which they lived, aid and support their co-religionists in other countries, including Israel. The Committee worked therefore to assist the new state in acquiring stability and to do what it could to restore peace in the Middle East.

The burden of maintaining this moderate position was somewhat eased by the emergence of Israel. The statesmen in control of the Israeli government often showed a preference for dealing with the Committee rather than with the official American Zionist leaders, whose relations to them were rather ambiguous. And once the state had been created, American Jews in general found it necessary as well as difficult to define the meaning of their own Zionism. Now that immigration was open to all, they had to confront the question of whether they really belonged in America or in Israel. And few had any doubts but that the United States was their home.

Meanwhile the American Jewish Committee remained aware of its obligations to Jews in other parts of the world. Its European office was active throughout the Continent and in French North Africa; in South America the Committee sponsored a regular program in the Jewish community; and it maintained ties with the Jews of South Africa.

As its half-century of service in defense of the rights of Jews everywhere drew to a close, the Committee found it frequently necessary to take stock of its changing situation. By 1956, active anti-Semitism had subsided. While many problems of social discrimination persisted, the position of the Jews was far better than even the most optimistic could have hoped two decades earlier. Within the United States, prosperity and a predominantly middle-class status gave the group a high degree of stability and security.

Yet those who now seemed to be living in the relative contentment and the material well-being of the suburbs still found it essential to consider the nature of their identification as Jews. Relieved of the imminent dangers of anti-Semitic attacks, they were frequently led to wonder what religious ties held them together, what education was appropriate to their children, what communal organizations best satisfied their needs, and what degree of self-segregation was tolerable now that external segregation had declined in significant measure.

Inevitably, the American Jewish Committee was increasingly compelled to take account of those questions. It had itself changed markedly through the half-century of its history. It had lost the comfortable certainties of the first decades, when a small

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group of German Jews, secure in their own orientation, had been able to concentrate upon the task of enlightening outsiders. Now its members and its leaders were more likely to be East European by birth or parentage; and they were certainly diverse in their reactions to many current problems.

Therefore the Committee could no longer limit its task to that of educating the outside world. Imperceptibly but steadily, it began to address itself to Jews and to its own members as well. It had long maintained a library and edited the *American Jewish Year Book*. Now through COMMENTARY and through the Committee on Jewish Communal Affairs it began to deal with the broader problem of establishing some positive orientation for the Jews of America. It has hardly made more than a start in doing so. But this may in the future be one of the most fertile areas of its work. That would go a long way toward fulfilling, though in a way they could not have expected, the hopes of its founders.

THE PROPHET ANNOUNCES

On an illustration from an 18th-century Haggadah

HARVEY SHAPIRO

AND so they arrive for all the world to see,
Elijah with the shofar to his mouth,
His hand upon the guide reins of the King,
Who rides an ass. They look so sad.
In all, a quiet scene, unless the shofar's sound
I barely hear was louder in that century.
Behind them is a tree, and on its branch
A startled bird, to say there's hope of life.
Old images of immortality.
But where's new Adam come to greet the King?
Unless this be the season of their setting out
And no one's heard that death's been done, and even
Now the first light's traveling from the east.

HARVEY SHAPIRO, an assistant editor of COMMENTARY, is the author of two collections of verse: *The Eye* (Swallow, 1953) and *The Book and Other Poems* (Cummington Press, 1955).

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STORY OF THE SINAI CAMPAIGN

"Operation Kadesh"

LEO HEIMAN

THE truck that gave us a lift back to Nitsana was loaded with hundreds of wood saws and thousands of cans of anti-freeze—all of it made in Russia and captured from the Egyptians. I asked the driver about them. "Oh, that," he laughed. "I loaded them at Abu Aweigila. The storehouses there are lousy with saws, anti-freeze, and woolen underwear, but don't ask me why." Later, the master sergeant in charge of stores at Abu Aweigila explained that the Egyptians must have got their Soviet tanks complete with everything that went into Russian toolboxes, not excepting the wood saws and anti-freeze that were so preposterously useless in the hot and treeless Middle East. The Israeli army would probably sell the wood saws to the Jewish National Fund—the sergeant said—for use in its forestry program.

Nor were saws and anti-freeze all that the Israeli army found in Sinai. Innumerable blankets, towels, bedsheets, and handkerchiefs were piled in underground warehouses at the Egyptian army's main depot in Abu Aweigila and elsewhere, together with candles, woolen underwear, defrosting equipment, heating units, and cans of anti-frostbite salve. The why and wherefore of all this stuff will probably remain a mystery until the Egyptian quartermaster general is captured and questioned; till then it has to be chalked up to the sheer witlessness of the Egyptian military leadership.

That leadership has much to answer for to the Egyptian people. Despite the speed with which the Sinai campaign was decided and the few casualties suffered by the victors, the ordinary Egyptian soldier put up a good enough fight. It was his officers corps that let him down—that same corps which presumes, with Colonel Nasser at its head, to guide the destinies of the Egyptian people. The Egyptian rank-and-filer was often ready to fight, but when, as happened again and again, he saw his officers decamp after the first few shots, he felt he had no choice but to do likewise or surrender. According to General Meir Amit, General Moshe Dayan's deputy and chief of Israeli army operations, the Egyptian army had made no real improvement over 1948: "Though their arms were now good and plentiful, the combat value of the Egyptians was in many instances even lower in 1956 than in 1948, and the conduct of their officers was beneath criticism."

The failure of the Egyptian higher command was more surprising than that of the Egyptian majors, captains, and lieutenants on the fighting lines, since all the Egyptian generals and colonels had been through European staff colleges and military academies, and had had the benefit of instruction from British, German, and Russian military experts. Captured Egyptian officers, especially the seniors among them, surprised the Israelis by their thorough familiarity with all aspects of military science. But they could apply this knowledge only on rigid, orthodox lines, were afraid to take risks, and lacked a sense for the unexpected. They could direct large-scale operations competently enough as long as everything developed in accordance with the accepted laws of military science, but were thrown into confusion and panic—and then into apathy and a fatalistic resignation—when the Israelis "threw the book away" and took chances in order to achieve surprise.

THIS is the first detailed account of the Sinai war to be published in the United States. The writer, LEO HEIMAN, who is a reserve lieutenant in the Israeli navy, accompanied the troops in the field as staff correspondent for the Israeli army weekly *Bamahaneh,* and got most of his information first-hand, checking the rest against official reports and statements. The map accompanying his article was drawn on the basis of a sketch supplied by Mr. Heiman and a map of the campaign published by Dr. J. Szapiro in Tel Aviv.

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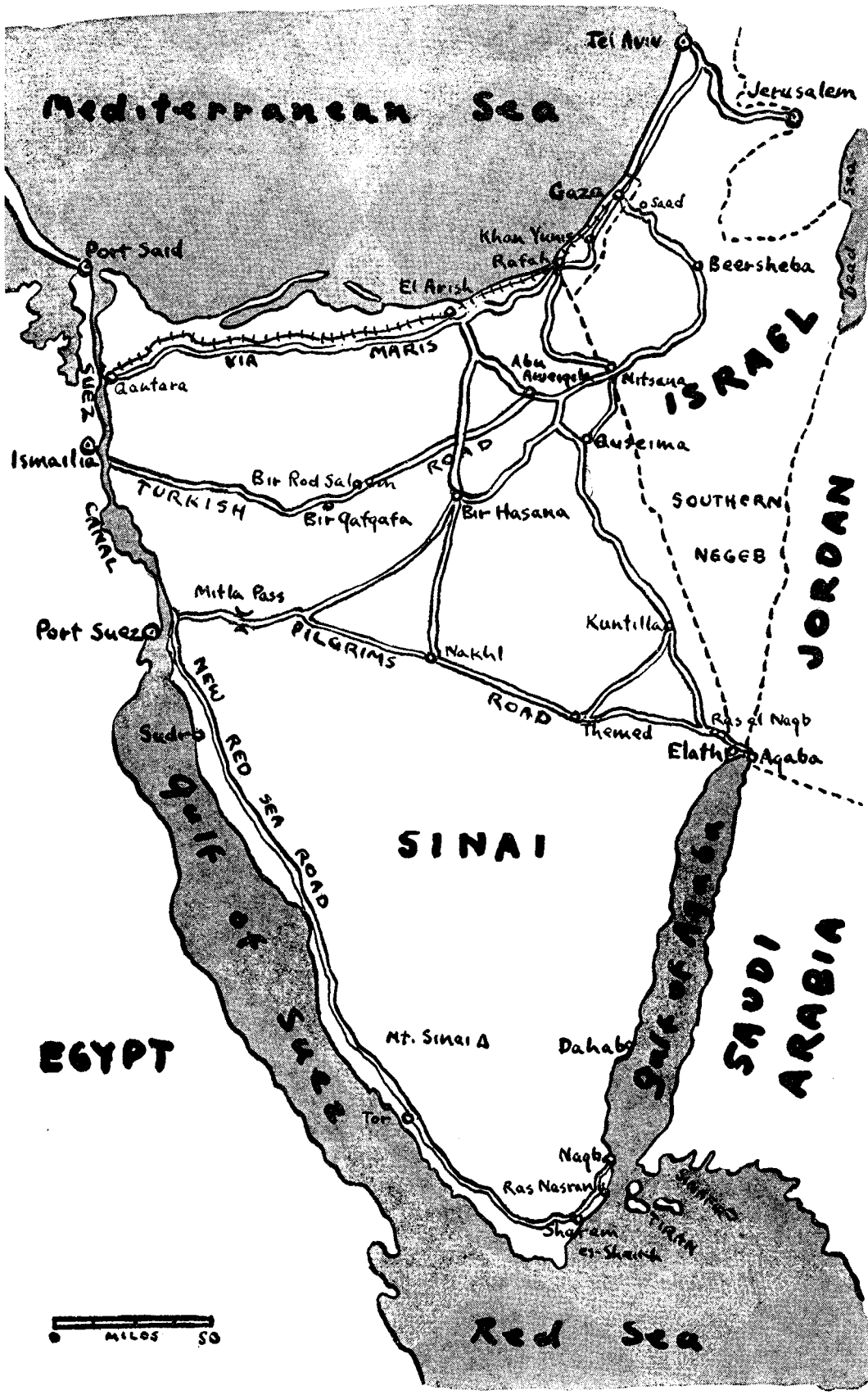

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ANOTHER factor in the undoing of the Egyptians in Sinai was the very glut of arms and equipment they possessed: oversupply can mean failure of supply. At a time when the trend among modern armies is to cut down the types of weapons used by an infantry battalion to two or three for the sake of greater mobility and maneuverability, the Egyptian infantry battalion went into battle with a great number of different types of arms as well as a huge train of heavy supporting weapons, along with spares, replacements, and extra ammunition. (An American infantry battalion has from half to one-third the number of supporting weapons.) The result was that the Egyptian infantry could move only very slowly.

The picture on the Israeli side was like the positive of the Egyptian negative, with the emphasis on flexibility, daring, and mobility. The Sinai campaign was fought with highly elastic task forces whose make-up changed from day to day. One day an armored cavalry battalion would be grouped with two battalions of infantry and one of combat engineers; the next, a tank battalion would be grouped with a paratrooper unit.

The exact number of troops the Israelis put into the Sinai campaign is still a military secret, but it is known that it did not actually amount to much more than half the Egyptian total, surprising as that may seem. The rules say the attacker should possess at least a three-to-one superiority over the defender if he is to have any chance of success, but the Israelis achieved at least local superiority wherever they attacked thanks to their mobility and the reluctance of the Egyptians to stir from their fixed positions. (The few times the Egyptians did try to maneuver they bungled it.) This mobility of the Israelis was made possible by a number of diverse factors, including use of auxiliary services like conscripted buses and autos driven by their peacetime chauffeurs, but most of all by superb leadership, training, organization, and morale.

The story of the campaign itself is not easy to tell, since so many different operations were carried on at once and in so many widely separated places. The war did not start where wars usually do, at the borders between the hostile countries, but a hundred and fifty miles inside Egyptian territory, from then on zigzagging at breakneck pace over an area of more than 30,000 square miles, with some of the main action in the final stage shifting abruptly to within a mile or two of the Israeli border.

Mitla Pass

The Sinai strike was given the code name "Operation Kadesh," after the Biblical town of Kadesh Barnea in central Sinai (whose remains were uncovered by Israeli archeologists coming in in the wake of the troops). Kadesh Barnea was where Moses had called a halt for several years during the Exodus, and some Israeli soldiers saw more than a mere coincidence in the fact that General Moshe Dayan, the Chief of Staff, who was leading the Jews back toward Egypt, bore the same name as the man who had led them out.

The grand design of Israeli strategy seems to have been first to seal off the Egyptian land approaches to southern Sinai so that the Israelis could clear the enemy from the western and eastern coasts of the peninsula without being molested in the rear. Egyptian use of the two roads out of Port Suez into Sinai, the one leading due east through Mitla Pass and the other south along the eastern shore of the Gulf of Suez, had to be interdicted immediately. Simultaneously, the Egyptian fortified bases at Quseima and Abu Aweigila all the way back to the east, near the Negev border, and Rafah and El Arish to the north, on the Mediterranean coast, were to be captured by two separate forces in order to seal off the Gaza Strip, which the Israelis intended to reduce only after it had been isolated. A fourth force was dispatched along the southernmost of the three roads across the Sinai—the Pilgrims Road running from Elath to Port Suez—to link up with the paratroopers far to the west, who were then to strike down the eastern shore of the Gulf of Suez; while still a fifth force would turn south just across the Egyptian border from Elath and go down the western shore of the Gulf of Aqaba. Evidently, everything depended on speed both in traveling and in combat, and on synchronization. The paratroopers had what looked like the most dangerous assignment.

AT FIVE in the afternoon of Monday, October 29—forty minutes before dusk—

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Dakota transport planes, having traveled for more than an hour from a take-off point in Israel, disgorged Israeli paratroopers one hundred and fifty miles west of the Israeli border over a place where the road from Port Suez (which is thirty miles farther west) forks to go north toward Bir Hasana and south toward El Nakhl. A medical staff and female radio operators jumped with the paratroopers. There were thirteen casualties, all either broken legs or sprained ankles. As soon as the weapons, jeeps, and supplies dropped half an hour later had been collected, the entire force proceeded through the darkness to the foothills of the gloomy mountains of the Jebel Giddi range several miles to the west, and dug in at the entrance to the narrow winding gorge of Mitla Pass, through which the road from Suez runs.

Meantime, likewise at 5 P.M., an Israeli armored cavalry task force, after a long approach march through the trackless wastes of the Southern Negev, crossed the Egyptian border in the south and attacked Kuntilla. The Egyptian battalion garrisoning the place fled after a sharp two and a half hour engagement in which it lost a hundred men in dead, wounded, and prisoners. At the same time another small Israeli task force of armored cavalry, pushing out from Elath, captured the border post of Ras el Naqb and headed west, while the force that had already taken Kuntilla swept down over a desert track on the oasis of El Themed, on the Pilgrims Road west of Ras el Naqb, and occupied it after a stiff fight at four in the morning of Tuesday the 30th. The force from Kuntilla was then joined by the force from Ras el Naqb, and at dawn the combined force moved farther west along the Pilgrims Road, where it was strafed by enemy jet planes, suffering many casualties. Nevertheless, by afternoon the Israeli armored cavalry was attacking the Egyptian fort at El Nakhl. Artillery was used by both sides, but the fort was taken in forty-five minutes. The first underground storehouses were discovered here, and the first intact Soviet-made armored cars, which were immediately pressed into service by the Israelis. At seven in the evening they were again on the way west, toward Mitla Pass, and the paratroopers.

At dawn on Tuesday the paratroopers were attacked by four British-made Vampire jets, at about the same time that the armored cavalry was being strafed by other Egyptian planes back between El Themed and El Nakhl. At breakfast time the paratroopers were again strafed, this time by two MiG's, and a little Piper Cub plane that was about to take off with two wounded soldiers was destroyed. Another Piper Cub flew over the mountains to the west and reported back that it could see long columns of trucks, armored troop-carriers, mortars, and artillery moving from Port Suez toward the western entrance of Mitla Pass. This was the so-called Suez Brigade, which had been hastily thrown together from the Fifth and Sixth Egyptian Infantry Battalions and parts of artillery and armored regiments when the Israelis were first discovered at Mitla. The paratroopers radioed for air support, and soon Israeli jets were swooping down on the columns on the other side of the mountains. They knocked out thirty vehicles, but did not halt the Egyptians, who entered the Pass and opened a mortar duel with the paratroopers that ended only when Israeli jets attacked the Egyptian mortar emplacements with napalm bombs.

But meanwhile the Egyptian infantry had dug in among the rocks on both sides of the gorge, where neither napalm nor rockets could reach them. The paratroopers wanted to attack these positions at once, but were told to wait until they were joined by the armored cavalry on its way from El Nakhl. This force arrived at Mitla Pass at around ten that night, to be followed a little later by a transport column bringing water, food, ammunition, and some more mortars.

At dawn on Wednesday the 31st, the Israelis at Mitla were again attacked by four Vampire jets, but this time three of them were shot down by two Israeli French-made Mystère jets. Then, at noon, the paratroopers mounted the armored cavalry's half-tracks and, accompanied by light French-made AMX-13 tank destroyers, set out to clear the enemy from Mitla Pass.

THE Suez Brigade's commanding officer was above average for his army: he let the Israeli column enter the gorge without firing a shot. Only when the vehicles were deep inside and moving bumper to bumper along the narrow winding road did he order his men to open fire. The column had to

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halt and, while it was immobilized, four Egyptian British-made Meteor jets came streaking down the gorge, their wing tips barely missing its rocky walls, and rained bullets into the packed column. A tank truck carrying gasoline blew up, and so did an ammunition carrier loaded with 120-mm. mortar shells, spreading destruction all around.

The two blazing wrecks blocked the road so that the column could neither go forward nor turn back. Men who left the protection of the armored vehicles to try to clear the wrecks away were hit by rifle and machine-gun bullets. And the Egyptian positions were so far up on both sides of the gorge that the muzzles of the Israeli tank-destroyer guns could not be elevated high enough to bring them under fire. The only thing to do was to charge them on foot, which is what the Israelis did, jumping out of their half-tracks and clambering from rock to rock up the steep slopes until they were close enough to use sub-machine guns, hand grenades, and bayonets. That settled the issue. Even so it took five hours, until after dark, to clear the Pass entirely. Then the column regrouped and continued through it and at dawn, on Thursday, November 1, debouched on the Suez Plains with the Canal in sight.

The Israeli paratroopers lost forty dead and a hundred wounded at Mitla. About one hundred and fifty Egyptian dead were counted, and it is probable that other dead were not discovered at all, being hidden in the rocky crevices. The road was found lined with burnt-out Egyptian vehicles almost all the way to Port Suez—the work of the Israeli planes that had pursued the retreating Suez Brigade. That same Thursday afternoon, a reserve Israeli infantry formation, with artillery and auxiliary units, arrived from Quseima to take over the Mitla Pass position.

THE paratroopers, together with the armored cavalry, now turned back through the Pass and cut southwest through the barren and forbidding mountains (some almost 9,000 feet high) of southern Sinai, following an old Bedouin caravan track. It was hard going through sand and across dry, boulder-strewn water courses, but the Israelis were helped by the Russian-made BTR armored troop-carriers they had captured, which were used to push and tow trucks over the roughest stretches.

On Friday, November 2, the column came down out of the mountains onto the shores of the Gulf of Suez at a point some twenty miles south of the entrance to the Suez Canal. There the Israelis turned left on the New Red Sea Road and rolled down to the oil town of Ras Sudr, which it entered without a fight, the town's Egyptian National Guard garrison mistaking it for a friendly force, probably because of the captured Russian troop-carriers in the Israeli van. When the error was discovered there was a short, brisk fight in which the unprepared Egyptians lost heavily before clearing out. Ras Sudr had been built by Shell's Anglo-Egyptian Oil Company, and the paratroopers found not only cash-boxes filled with money in the company's offices, but a country club with a luxurious bar stocked with all kinds of drink. The Israelis were very thirsty, but their commander ordered them not to touch a thing, not even the club soda—"The whole Arab and the whole Communist world is against us, and America isn't for us either. We don't want to start trouble with the oil world too." All that the Israelis took from Ras Sudr was gasoline, refilling their tanks from its big filling station, which the fleeing Egyptians had left intact, as they left so much else in Sinai.

From Ras Sudr, where a unit of infantry reserves took over, the task force sped south a hundred miles on the New Red Sea Road toward the small port of Tor, which they found, when they arrived on Saturday, had already been captured by another paratroop force that had been dropped there on Friday at 3 P.M., at about the same time that Ras Sudr was being taken. At Tor, which had an airfield, the paratroopers were followed by airborne infantry along with jeeps and mortars. The two forces were now combined and, leaving another reserve infantry unit behind, traveled farther south on the New Red Sea Road all of Sunday and Monday, mopping up stray Egyptian units on the way, and arriving in Sharem es-Sheikh at the mouth of Aqaba Gulf in the early hours of Tuesday morning. There, just as the war ended, a week to the day after it had begun, they linked up with the Ninth Israeli Brigade, which had fought its way down the other side of the peninsula.

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Quseima-Abu Aweigila

There was a big Coca-Cola stand with a giant red sign right at the crossroads of Quseima, which is a few miles inside Sinai from the Israeli border and about fifty miles from the Mediterranean coast. The stand was an easy landmark for Israeli pilots, who would shout over their radios: "Three rockets five hundred north of Coca-Cola!" or "Hit the bastards three-o-six east of Coca-Cola!" It is said that they deliberately spared the stand so that the Israeli infantry would be able to have a cool drink amid the heat of battle—which is just what the infantry did have, emptying every one of the hundreds of bottles in its stock.

When I arrived at the crossroads the stand and the ground all around it were littered with crates, broken bottles, bloody bandages, and pieces of paper. I have never ceased to marvel at the quantity of paper that litters battlefields, but in this case it was unusual, and all the more so because the ordinary Egyptian soldier is illiterate. Most of the paper here came from picture magazines, booklets with photographs of naked girls and pornography in general, propaganda posters and leaflets, and military instruction pamphlets. One poster was illustrated with pictures showing a bald, goat-bearded little Jew, with the Star of David on his back, crawling like a bug among other bugs and just about to be crushed under the boot of a laughing Egyptian soldier. The Arabic caption said: *"Etbakh el Yahud*—Butcher the Jew!" There were a variety of such posters and literature, all making the same point.

A young sergeant saved my life by yanking me back by my belt just as I was about to cross a ditch to investigate a pile of interesting-looking literature on the other side. The sergeant pointed to what looked like row upon row of little molehills. They were mines, and the whole roadside was sprinkled with them for yards in either direction.

According to the Armistice agreement, Egypt was permitted to station only thirty soldiers in Quseima as a guard against smugglers; minefields, armored vehicles, artillery, and any kind of fortification, including even barbed wire, were expressly forbidden. Periodical Israeli complaints about the violation of these prohibitions had been dismissed out of hand by UN observers as not substantiated by any facts at their disposal—and even when they did investigate, they would report the same. Since the UN observers were upright men, their conduct remains a mystery, for what the Israeli troops found in Quseima, when they crossed the border on October 29, was a considerable Egyptian force composed of one artillery and two infantry battalions, a commando unit, engineers, and various supporting elements. Two 1000-foot peaks dominating the Turkish Road, which ran west from Quseima via Abu Aweigila to Ismailia on the Suez Canal, had been strongly fortified and were each manned by a battalion. Artillery and other arms were deployed high up on both sides of the road, and the lower ground and all the approaches were mined; thick rows of barbed wire enclosed the entire area.

Quseima crossroads was essential to Israeli plans because it controlled the track south through Bir Hasana to El Nakhl, and thus could be used to cut the Pilgrims Road, which was the supply and reinforcement route to the paratroopers at Mitla Pass. Two task forces, one armored and the other infantry, were sent against it. The attack opened at five in the evening of Monday, October 29, with a big but ineffectual artillery bombardment of the two peaks. At six, combat engineers went forward to cut and clear passages through the barbed wire and minefields. It took them until midnight to finish their job, and then reserve infantry units charged with fixed bayonets. The Egyptians held their fire, but sent out a commando unit, in fifteen jeeps, in a counter-attack which struck the advancing Israeli infantry from behind. Four jeeps were destroyed together with their crews, while only two Israelis were killed and several wounded, but the advance was halted. Nor could another attack at 4:30 A.M., with tanks and infantry combined, dislodge the Egyptians from their underground positions on the twin mountains. Only when air support was called for at dawn, and napalm bombs were dropped, did they break and run. Quseima was in Israeli hands by eleven Tuesday morning, but the bulk of the Egyptian force was able to retreat in good order to Abu Aweigila, where they swelled the garrison already there to five thousand.

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AT NOON the same day—while infantry reserves were being sent in buses to join the paratroopers a hundred miles to the west at Mitla Pass—the armored task force that had taken Quseima went on to Abu Aweigila over a twenty-five-mile stretch of the Turkish Road that had to be cleared of mines, and all of whose bridges, culverts, and ducts had been blown up by the retreating Egyptians, together with long stretches of the road surface itself. Yet the Israelis reached, and were attacking, the outer defenses of Abu Aweigila by that same afternoon. The secret underground pipeline that brought drinking water to Abu Aweigila from wells at Quseima was immediately found and cut. This was to have an important effect.

Abu Aweigila, the new main depot and supply base of the Egyptians in Sinai, was defended by four main strongpoints, each of which was armed with from forty to sixty field and anti-tank cannon and held by a battalion. This resulted in the strongest artillery concentration of the war; a gun was waiting for every Israeli tank. The first Israeli objective was the strongpoint at the crossroads, but their attack, mounted hurriedly on the afternoon of their arrival in hopes of achieving a surprise, was repelled with heavy losses, five half-tracks and two tanks being crippled. Although the tanks were salvaged and repaired that night, it was decided to abandon any idea of another frontal attack and to try to find some way of going around the crossroads. Scouts were sent out and soon found a camel caravan track through Daika Pass, to the west, which detoured around the crossroads; the Pass had been left undefended because the Egyptians believed it impassable for vehicles. Almost immediately another frontal attack was feinted at the crossroads strongpoint, while the entire Israeli armored task force, circling wide, made its way into the Pass under cover of darkness. Considerable help was needed from the engineers and other service units to negotiate it, but the vanguard of the armor got to the other side of the Egyptian position by Wednesday dawn.

Without waiting for the main column to catch up, the first tanks attacked the crossroads strongpoint from the rear at 6:30 A.M., daybreak, and overran it. A counter-attacking Egyptian armored battalion, riding in American-made Sherman tanks and British-made Archer-Valentine armored assault cannon, was virtually annihilated in a short but violent clash, and by noon the Israeli task force had regrouped and was ready for the next strongpoint. This one, called the Egyptian Dam, was dug into the foundations of a giant dam built when Sinai was under British military government. It had been left unused by the Egyptians, and now served them only as a fortification. It was defended by sixty cannon and dozens of heavy mortars.

Attacking the Egyptian Dam on Wednesday afternoon, the Israeli tanks ran into a deadly barrage. Many were crippled or burnt out, others bogged down in the soft sand. Their crews abandoned them to fight on foot with hand grenades and burp-guns through a battle that raged without lull or interruption for another five hours. The Egyptians resisted stoutly, and only at eight in the evening did they finally stop firing; those that did not surrender fled.

Leaving a combined infantry-artillery task force to deal with the two other strongpoints at Abu Aweigila, the Israeli armor regrouped during the night, and by next morning, Thursday, November 1, was on the way west along the Turkish Road toward Bir Rod Salem, where air reconnaissance had reported the so-called Russian Brigade to be massing.

Nasser had sent this powerful force out from Ismailia to relieve Abu Aweigila and recapture Quseima, both of which were important to him because they lay on the most direct route between Israel and Egypt. It was called the Russian Brigade because it was equipped entirely with Russian-bought tanks and vehicles, had been organized by Russian officers—and, there is some reason to believe, was still partly commanded by them. It had about a hundred T-34 tanks, thirty 100-mm. armored assault guns, over a hundred armored cars and troop-carriers, and around two hundred other vehicles.

THIS formidable force was intercepted by Israeli planes shortly after leaving Ismailia and punished by them all the way to Bir Gafgafa, which is a little to the southwest of Bir Rod Salem and on the other side of the Turkish Road. There, the harassed commander of the Russian Brigade decided

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to halt and deploy for battle, influenced by the fact that there were huge quantities of Russian T-34 fuel stored in underground tanks nearby, as well as by the nature of the terrain, which was flat and open, and thus would be unpropitious to the favorite Israeli tactics of concealment and surprise, and permit the Egyptians to make the most of their heavier Russian guns and armor. The Israeli jets and fighter-bombers were making movement by day almost impossible anyhow, and rather than move by night and expose his force to an ambush, the commander decided to sit down and wait for the enemy on a site of his own choosing.

The Israelis came on Friday afternoon, November 2, and hit head on. The battle lasted for several hours, with the initiative in Israeli hands throughout. The Egyptian commander made a few tactical mistakes insofar as he failed to protect his flanks adequately, but the struggle was finally decided at dusk by the intervention of Israeli aircraft, which knocked out over a dozen T-34's. About a dozen more T-34's and armored assault guns were disposed of by the Israeli Sherman tanks and AMX-13 light tanks; both of these, when handled with skill, proved to be more than a match for the heavier, and newer, tanks and assault guns opposing them. (It was during this battle of armor that the Israelis say they heard Russian over the enemy's field radios —mostly in the form of oaths and uncomplimentary epithets directed at the Egyptians by their "instructors.")

Saturday dawn, the 3rd, the Israelis crossed the Turkish Road and entered Bir Rod Salem, where a big new air base stocked with Russian jet fuel was captured intact. From there they sighted Lake Timsah and Ismailia on the Canal.

Back at Abu Aweigila the battle for its two remaining strongpoints, Umm Shihan and Umm Kategg, had continued meanwhile, with the thirsty and desperate Egyptians fighting fiercely in the belief that the Russian Brigade would at any moment break through to relieve them. But lack of water and constant shelling and bombing finally did their work, and at Friday noon, the 2nd, an Egyptian lieutenant colonel surrendered with a few of his men, the rest having fled into the desert. Huge amounts of booty were found in the underground storehouses at Abu Aweigila, including Russian-made weapons still in their crates.

Rafah-El Arish

Rafah is at the northeast corner of the Sinai Desert, on the Mediterranean coast, and forms part of the western base of the Gaza Strip. Sinai's single railroad and the Via Maris coastal highway pass through it, as do two secondary tracks from the south. The Sinai and Gaza Egyptian army groups were linked up at Rafah, whose military stores as well as pivotal position made it of central importance for any Egyptian offensive against Israel. The Fifth Reinforced Brigade, a crack Egyptian outfit, was entrenched outside the town, along with two armored and four artillery battalions and numerous auxiliary units.

The Israeli forces put into the attack against this place were hand picked and composed of regulars only; they amounted to an infantry task force larger than a brigade and a brigade-size armored task force. The senior infantry officers had already seen action at Rafah back in the first days of 1949, when Rafah Junction was almost taken by the Israelis, before they had to retreat in the face of Anglo-American intervention.

The Egyptians were emplaced on three hills each of which was held by a battalion, with artillery and reserves concentrated at Rafah Junction proper. The hills were girdled by double minefields and triple rows of barbed wire, and the positions themselves, deep underground, were protected by reinforced concrete and sandbags, and armed with machine guns and anti-tank cannon. Snipers were dug in on the hill slopes. The artillery was emplaced on Russian lines, with guns zoned on their fields of fire, and every possible angle of fire and target within range minutely calculated in advance. There was no need of forward observers, and even at night all the Egyptian commander had to do in order to bring a designated spot under fire was lift his phone.

On the eve of the attack, the Egyptian commander, Colonel el Abed, received a personal message from Nasser asking him to hold Rafah at all cost. It was plain that a conventional frontal attack on Rafah was out of the question. The Israelis enjoyed a slight numerical superiority, but nowhere

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near the minimum of four to one necessary for an attack on such a position. Anyhow, to attack Rafah frontally without suffering prohibitive losses would require days of preparatory air and artillery bombardment, and only twelve hours had been allotted to the capture of the place. In hopes of exploiting Israeli skill and daring, it was decided to attack at night, and with infantry alone—without armored support. Tanks were to attack only at dawn, after the enemy defenses had been breached. H-Hour was set for 8 P.M., Wednesday, October 31, the third day of the campaign.

On the night of October 30, twenty-four hours before jump-off time, combat engineers crawled up to the forward Egyptian positions, cut through the barbed wire, and started clearing passages through the minefields. Three passages were partially cleared before the engineers were discovered by Egyptian sentries, and forced to retreat under withering fire leaving their work incomplete. On top of that, the enemy had been alerted as to the direction of the forthcoming attack. The Israeli commander decided, nevertheless, to attack as planned; time was too valuable to waste on any change of plans. Meanwhile, two of the cleared passages had been mined anew by the Egyptians, but not the partially cleared middle passage, where all they did was steal a dead Israeli sergeant's effects. Still, the Egyptians now knew what to expect and where, and soon they brought up two powerful anti-aircraft searchlights with which they began sweeping the front.

The first Israeli attack was launched on schedule, at eight in the evening, with infantry in armored half-tracks. Two half-tracks that were in the lead blew up on mines, blocking the narrow passages behind them. The rest of the attackers, blinded by the glare of the enemy searchlights and under artillery fire, dug in on the spot instead of continuing uphill. Israeli artillery now came into play, but did little damage to the deep Egyptian dugouts. Air support, too, was called for, and the enemy was rocketed, bombed, and strafed from midnight till two in the morning.

When the planes departed, the armored infantry went in again. This time the driver of the leading Israeli half-track was hit and, losing control of his steering wheel, sideswiped a mine. The explosion turned the half-track at right angles to its course, so that it blocked the narrow passage through the barbed wire. Abandoning the other half-tracks, the infantry got past the wrecked vehicle on foot and threaded their way through the minefields under heavy fire.

THE young lieutenant colonel in command of the battalion advancing against the middle hill of the Rafah defenses realized that the artillery fire coming his way was timed and targeted in advance, and that it was essential to get through it in a hurry. Going uphill on the double, his battalion was brought up short by barbed wire which the engineers had failed to cut the night before. By using Bangalore torpedoes, they blew up one row, but were unable to cut through the entire width of the second row. At this point Private Tuvia Anshel, eighteen years and from Acre, put his hands over his face to shield his eyes and threw himself full length across the coils of wire, with the shout: "Step over me, boys!" Which they did, jumping from Tuvia's back into the clear and racing towards the Egyptians.

It was the turning point of the battle. The enemy leapt out of their dugouts and fled, with the Israelis close behind, firing burp-guns and throwing grenades. The Egyptian artillery crews fled too, leaving their pieces undamaged—and still hot from all the shells they had kept on pouring into their prearranged fields of fire long after the Israeli infantry had crossed these and was attacking the Egyptian infantry at close quarters. Without artillery support and completely surrounded, the two other hills surrendered before dawn, though some isolated pockets of resistance were still being cleaned out five hours later.

At dawn, Israeli tanks and half-tracks swept past the hill fortresses and fanned out over the ground behind them, overrunning Rafah Camps one after another and capturing Rafah Junction a little after 9 A.M. with a battalion of Super-Sherman tanks. Then the Israeli armor turned and raced west toward El Arish, thirty-two miles away, which was Egyptian army headquarters in Sinai. Its air base and fortifications were taken that same morning of Friday, November 2, with the town proper (population 20,000) surrendering to General Laskov,

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Commanding General of the Israeli Armored Forces, at noon. Panic had been spread in El Arish by Egyptian officers fleeing there from Rafah with tales of the destruction wrought by huge Jewish forces armed with hundreds of heavy tanks and secret weapons. Hearing this, the officers of the garrison at El Arish deployed their troops in prepared defensive positions and then decamped westward "to fetch reinforcements." The abandoned troops fled or surrendered as soon as they saw the first clouds of dust raised by the Israeli armor on the horizon. Two new British-made mobile Marconi radar stations were captured at El Arish, as well as two Czech-made scouting planes, some wrecked MiG jets, underground fuel stores, and huge undamaged ordinance and quartermaster's supply depots.

Heading west from El Arish along the Via Maris, the Israeli armor was attacked by the so-called German Brigade, the creation of former Nazi General Farnbacher and the unofficial German military mission to Egypt he had headed from 1950 to 1954. This crack unit was the first armored brigade the Egyptian army had formed, and was outfitted with Sherman tanks, Archer-Valentine armored assault guns, Bren troop-carriers, and armed jeeps. Nasser had sent it east on the Via Maris road to recapture El Arish, persuaded perhaps by the boasts his commanders in Sinai and Gaza had been radioing to Cairo headquarters during the hours they had held out in their various fortifications, that the Israelis were on the point of exhaustion and could be dislodged almost everywhere by one strong push from a good armored force.

The backbone of the German Brigade was broken by an air attack, and the Israeli armor finished the job. Only a small part of the Brigade ever got back to Egypt, and most of those who did went on foot through the desert. The Israeli armor sped on to the outskirts of Qantara, almost a hundred miles to the west and within sight of the Canal, on Saturday, the 3rd. It was only now, after the destruction of his two best armored brigades, that Nasser gave Sinai up as lost and ordered the Egyptian forces remaining there to withdraw to the west side of the Canal. But by then they were all on the run anyway.

Israeli casualties in the Rafah-El Arish battles were about sixty dead and a few hundred wounded. The Egyptians had at least seven hundred killed and fifteen hundred taken prisoner. As for Private Tuvia Anshel, he is back with his outfit after a brief stay in the hospital, where he had his bruised and torn body and a bullet wound in his leg patched up. The only obvious mark his experience has left on this pale, slight young man is an occasional stutter due to shell-shock. And that, he says, is preferable to having met death in front of barbed wire, waiting like a "dumb cow."

Gaza-Sharem es-Sheikh

The capture of Rafah sealed the fate of the Gaza Strip, but the Egyptian general commanding the Gaza army group still hoped for UN intervention. On Thursday night, November 1, American destroyers and transports anchored off Gaza port to evacuate American citizens and UN personnel. Senior Egyptian officers asked to be taken along and wept openly on the beach when refused. Later, they confessed to their Israeli captors that they had been less afraid of being taken prisoner by them than of being lynched by the Arab refugees from Palestine in the Gaza Strip, who appear to hate Egyptians almost as much as Jews.

Gaza town was attacked on Friday morning, the 2nd, by a task force of Israeli infantry reserves supported by an armored task force and several light special-assault groups. Simultaneously, a smaller infantry task force made up of farmers from the nearby Negev settlements attacked Deir el Ballah, a few miles north of Gaza, which was defended by a battalion of the Egyptian National Guard. When it fell, as it did quickly, over two hundred machine guns were found in the deserted Egyptian positions, which was an enormous number for a battalion.

Gaza itself was defended by the Palestine Brigade and the Fedayeen Brigade, supported by artillery and mortars. The main Egyptian position here was Hill 88, a mile outside Gaza, also known as Hill Sheikh Ali Muntar after an Arab chieftain buried there. This hill, fortified by the Turks, had cost General Allenby's troops a thousand casualties to take in the First World War, and a bitter battle had been fought for it in 1948. The Armistice agreement had left it just within the Egyptian lines, towering over the

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Israeli settlement of Nahal Oz, and for eight years gunfire and raiders had issued from it to harry the Israelis roundabout.

After a preliminary bombardment by heavy mortars in the early morning hours of Friday, armored Israeli infantry drove their half-tracks up Hill 88 and straight through the barbed wire into the Egyptian positions, where a fight at close quarters took place that ended with the annihilation of the defenders. Having occupied the hill with infantry reserves brought up in conscripted buses, the Israelis sent tank-infantry teams toward Gaza. These stormed two smaller, company-held strongpoints on the way, and entered the town from the south after a wide sweep behind the enemy lines.

The column of half-tracks leading the way into Gaza was nearing the railroad station when it was suddenly fired on from windows and rooftops. Sherman tanks coming up from behind saved the situation by blasting the houses on both sides of the street, and the advance continued to the British-built Gaza police fortress, where the *fedayeen,* fearing the worst if captured, had barricaded themselves. Many of them were killed in the ensuing fight, but four hundred survivors gave themselves up at 9 A.M., and another four hundred *fedayeen* were flushed from the various holes and refugee camps in which they were hiding.

At noon Gaza was formally surrendered. Khan Yunis, to the southwest toward Rafah, held out for another twelve hours. The Egyptians had concentrated most of their artillery at Khan Yunis, which was the headquarters of their Gaza army group, and the artillery duel there on Friday was the fiercest of the war. But the Egyptian guns were silenced at last by the heavier, French-made 155-mm. howitzers of the Israelis, and early on Saturday the 3rd, a combined infantry and armor attack broke through Khan Yunis's last defenses.

THE final and perhaps most important blow of the Sinai campaign was delivered by the Ninth Infantry Brigade of the Israeli army, a reserve force made up of Galilee farmers and Haifa clerks, of grocers, businessmen, and workers. Its assignment was to proceed down the western shore of the Gulf of Aqaba and attack the Egyptian bases at its mouth that had been preventing the passage of ships to and from the Israeli port of Elath. Mobilized on October 26, the Ninth Brigade was rushed south to Beersheba the following day in some three hundred civilian trucks, jeeps, vans, and power wagons, accompanied by armored half-tracks and artillery tow trucks. The column was twelve miles long. All Sunday and Monday the Brigade lay hidden in a big canyon close to the Egyptian border. Enemy planes spotted and tried to bomb it on Monday night, but failed to do any damage. Tuesday morning, the Brigade left the canyon and by the same night it was in Kuntilla.

At Kuntilla the Ninth Brigade turned due south on a rough desert track and by the next morning, Wednesday, October 31, it had reached Ras el Naqb thirty miles away and just across the border from Elath. Here the track ended, but Colonel Abraham Yaffe, the Brigade's commander, decided to push straight south across the mountainous wastes of southern Sinai, which were crossed only by a few paths, rather than make the long detour of five hundred miles through Themed, Nakhl, Ras Sudr, and Tor that keeping to roads would require.

During the next three days the Brigade averaged about a mile an hour, and in many cases even less. Most of the time the soldiers walked alongside their vehicles and helped haul them over rocks and boulders and out of drifting sand. Radiators boiled over and tires were torn by flinty rock. The engineers and other special service men performed miracles, blasting a way through stone and rescuing stranded vehicles with tractors. In the end only nine out of the three hundred vehicles in the column had to be left behind, after being stripped of all their vital parts.

SATURDAY, November 3, the Brigade sighted the Gulf of Aqaba as it was approaching the oasis of Dahab. At Dahab itself, camel-riding Egyptian coastal guards ambushed a reconnaissance unit and killed four Israelis, but were severely punished in return and had to abandon the place. Israeli naval craft landed fuel, water, ammunition, and other supplies at Dahab on Saturday night, and then the Brigade pushed on to the oasis of Naqb. A few miles farther south was a fortified Egyptian military base, with airfield and coastal batteries, at Ras Nasrani at the mouth of the Gulf of

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Aqaba, opposite the islands of Tiran and Sanafir, whence the Egyptians had for the past few years been harassing Israeli shipping on its way in and out. Naqb was taken on Sunday afternoon after a sharp skirmish with the camel corps' rear-guard. Meanwhile Ras Nasrani had been under attack by Israeli bombers since Friday, and at the approach of the Ninth Brigade its commanding officer, Lieutenant Colonel Hana Naguib (no relative of General Mohammed Naguib, Nasser's predecessor as Egyptian military dictator) decided to evacuate the place and retire to Sharem es-Sheikh, where there was a deep-water harbor and help might be expected from the Egyptian navy. A small entrenched rear-guard was left behind whose stubborn resistance held up the Israeli entrance into Ras Nasrani for a while; it surrendered on Monday the 4th, only after being shelled with heavy mortars, and after the Egyptian soldiers—so they themselves said—had killed their commanding officer "because he was crazy," had treated them like dogs, and wanted them to fight till death.

That night the Ninth Brigade, dog-tired after its desert and mountain trek, deployed for an attack on Sharem es-Sheikh. The entire Egyptian Red Sea Force—one infantry battalion with supporting arms, base troops, and two coastal artillery batteries—held the place. Tuesday, at two-thirty in the morning, half-tracks were sent along the beach, making a lot of noise and raising clouds of dust, to feint an attack on the Egyptian right flank while an infantry battalion tried to deliver a stealthy thrust against the left. The Egyptians did not fall for the ruse. To be sure, they had in the dark mistaken the half-tracks on the beach for tanks, but had felt certain their powerful artillery would be able to take care of tanks too. Moreover, they were on the alert for surprise attacks, and spotting the attack on their left flank early, they halted it with the fire from dozens of 81-mm. mortars. The Israelis brought up 120-mm. mortars to knock these out, which was done soon enough, but a second attack was repulsed too, this time by the fire of the Egyptian field pieces.

Now it was the Ninth Brigade's turn to call for air support, and at dawn twelve Mustangs swooped in and worked over the Egyptian batteries with napalm bombs and rockets, knocking every one of them out. (The planes did not do their job unscathed; several were downed by anti-aircraft fire.) Minutes later, the Israeli infantry and half-tracks rushed forward and overran the first two lines of the Egyptian positions before the defenders could recover from the shock of the air bombardment. This decided the battle, and by 8:30 A.M. Israeli half-tracks and jeeps had swept into Sharem es-Sheikh and captured its airfield and harbor. At nine Lieutenant Colonel Naguib surrendered with the remnants of his troops.

Naguib's superior, Colonel Raouf Mahpuz, commander of the Red Sea Force, was discovered in a luxurious bunker dug under a mountain top as far back from the fighting positions as was feasible. The bunker was mahogany-paneled, fluorescent-lit, and air-conditioned, had a big refrigerator and shelves lined with books. The colonel was found dressed in his best uniform, smoking a Craven-A cigarette, and standing amid six pigskin suitcases packed with his personal belongings. He turned over the keys to headquarters cash-boxes to his captors and asked for a receipt for the money in them.

At 9:30 A.M. forward units of the Ninth Brigade met forward units of the armored paratrooper task force coming around the point of Sinai Peninsula from Tor. The war was over.

Total Israeli casualties in the Red Sea campaign were ten killed and forty wounded. It was a feat mainly of endurance and technical capacity, combined with planning and organization, rather than of fighting. Nine hundred prisoners, including forty-two officers, were taken. Of the two Egyptian naval craft at Sharem es-Sheikh, one, the *Aida*, an armed transport, was sunk by Israeli air attack off the coastal oasis of Naqb, while the other, a frigate, was sunk by a British cruiser, HMS *Newfoundland*, when she dashed for refuge toward Port Suez.

Naval and Air War

With its six destroyers, six frigates, four submarines, and forty other miscellaneous craft, Egypt's navy was three times the size of Israel's at the beginning of the Sinai campaign. At the same time the Israeli navy did not have a single boat in the Red Sea. But the Egyptian navy did not try to exploit its superiority, and the only initiative it took was the foolish one of sending a lone de-

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stroyer against Haifa in a hit-and run night raid. Of the one hundred sixty shells which that destroyer, the *Ibrahim el Awal,* fired at Haifa from 3:30 A.M. on, October 31, not a single one hit shore.

A bitter dispute is still on between the Israeli navy and air force as to which was responsible for crippling the *Ibrahim el Awal,* but it does seem that her engine room and steering gear were already out of commission by the time four French-made Ouragan jets began strafing her at dawn. That had, at any rate, an important psychological effect, for it was then that her crew began to jump overboard, and that her captain, Lieutenant Commander Hassan Rushdi Tammuzin, felt himself compelled to surrender the ship. He tried to sink her first, but Israeli sailors got on board in time to close the sea cocks. When boarded, the *Ibrahim el Awal* still had three hundred shells left per gun, and her guns themselves were all intact. Apparently, the morale of the Egyptian navy was even lower than that of the Egyptian army. (In the meantime, the captured destroyer has been repaired and put back into commission as part of the Israeli navy.)

Other Israeli naval operations during the campaign included escort of merchant ships, patrolling of harbors and coasts, fire support for the ground forces at El Arish, Rafah, Khan Yunis, and Gaza, and—most important of all—the establishment of a flotilla in the Red Sea. This was a little epic in itself, but the time to tell that story in full is not yet here.

THAT the real overlord of the Sinai campaign was the Israeli air force cannot be disputed. Its record and the decisiveness everywhere of its intervention were such as to persuade Prime Minister Ben Gurion to give it top priority from now on and to increase its strength with all speed.

Sinai provided the first battle test for the as yet untried French Mystère jets, and they passed it brilliantly, showing themselves superior to the Russian MiGs. Even one of Israel's older-type jets, an Ouragan, likewise French-made, brought down a MiG—though this may be more to the pilot's than to the machine's credit.

Jets also turned out to be almost ideal tank-destroying and ground-support weapons in the Sinai war, thus exploding one of the biggest myths of the Korean war, which had it that jet planes were too fast for effective use against relatively small targets on the ground. The fact, moreover, that nine of Israel's propellered Mustangs were downed by enemy anti-aircraft, while only two of her jets suffered the same fate, now makes the piston-driven plane seem obsolete as a ground-support arm on the score of vulnerability alone.

The little Piper Cubs proved more valuable than big bombers in the Sinai fighting. They landed on and took off from mountain tops, canyon bottoms, dry riverbeds, and desert tracks; they flew observation missions, delivered messages and mail, evacuated wounded, and carried senior officers from one point to another on the fighting fronts. Transport planes, too, were made much use of to drop paratroops and deliver arms, ammunition, and supplies. And that the Israeli air force's mechanics and technicians on the ground did so well in the matter of salvaging and repairing planes, as well as keeping them functioning, was another source of satisfaction to the Israeli high command.

The Israeli air force lost thirteen planes in all in the Sinai campaign: nine Mustangs, two Piper Cubs, one Ouragan, and one Mystère. Except for one of the Piper Cubs, which was downed by two Egyptian MiGs at Mitla Pass, these planes were all victims of anti-aircraft fire met while making ground attacks. Only four of the thirteen pilots shot down died; one was wounded and captured, and the rest managed to return to the Israeli lines. Moreover, six of the planes knocked out were able to crash-land, and were repaired and put back into service; four others were recovered and cannibalized for spare parts; only three were a total loss.

All the Egyptian planes downed (two—unverified—MiG-17's, six MiG-15's, and four Vampire jets) were downed in air combat, and none of their pilots seem to have survived. For one thing, the MiG-15 does not have an ejection seat, and its pilot faces destruction along with his plane if he cannot crash-land. No wonder the Egyptian MiG-15's were not eager to let themselves in for air combat, even when they outnumbered the Israeli Mystères facing them by three or four to one. The first news the world at large got that the Russians were providing the

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Egyptians with MiG-17's was when an Israeli pilot saw the pilot of a plane he had crippled bail out by an ejection seat, which the MiG-17, an improvement on the MiG-15 of Korean war vintage, does have. The fact that the Russians are known now to be supplying the Egyptians with MiG-17's in quantity, while still withholding them from their satellites in East Europe, speaks eloquently for the priority Egypt has in Moscow's plans for the future.

Conclusions and Review

In addition to the equipment captured, the Israelis destroyed one hundred twenty Egyptian combat vehicles, three hundred motor transports, one ship, and one hundred artillery pieces. Since the total number of Egyptians met in the Sinai war was between thirty thousand and forty thousand, and only about eleven thousand can now be accounted for as captured or killed, between twenty and thirty thousand Egyptian troops must have escaped back to Egypt. General Dayan claims that the Israeli army was not interested in acquiring multitudes of prisoners whose keep would put a further burden on Israel's overstrained economy. But now that the defeated Sinai troops are being organized by Nasser in camps near Cairo and Alexandria into new formations and rearmed with Soviet aid, one may have second thoughts about having let so many of them escape.

Total Israeli losses in the short war were one hundred seventy killed, over six hundred wounded, and about a dozen missing (the Egyptians admit that they have four Israeli prisoners of war, one of them a wounded pilot). The disproportion between these and the Egyptian losses (almost five thousand dead) speaks for the overwhelming Israeli superiority in the ability to concentrate firepower, and for the desire of the Israeli command to keep casualties down even in the face of the necessity for speed. Realizing how essential it was to the Israeli plans to adhere to a schedule and how much those plans depended on the careful, exact timing, synchronization, and meshing of operations scattered over an area of 30,000 square miles, one is left with nothing but admiration for the Israeli army's staff work and for the capacity of the ordinary Israeli soldier to carry out his assignments.

Opinion in Israel is still divided on whether the Anglo-French intervention helped or hindered her army in Sinai. One side maintains that it helped by destroying the Egyptian air force and keeping the Egyptian navy bottled up in Alexandria harbor. The other side claims that it saved Nasser from total defeat at the hands of the Israelis, who would otherwise have occupied the Suez Canal and crushed the rest of the Egyptian army. This is the view General Dayan seems to take. He went on record with the statement that the Anglo-French intervention shortened the war by one day and saved Israel many casualties from air attacks at home, but that it hardly affected the outcome of the war, which had already been settled before the Anglo-French came in, Israel having achieved air and naval superiority in the first two days of fighting. General Dayan declared, moreover, that, far from throwing her entire war potential against the Egyptians, Israel had used only operational forces, without having to call on her tactical or strategic reserves; and that Syria and Jordan could have been dealt with at the same time had they attacked.

Early in November I went out on the Turkish Road to watch Ismailia being bombed by the British. The last Israeli road-block was then at Kilometer 10—that is ten kilometers, or about six or seven miles, out of Ismailia. Two light machine guns, their darkly glistening barrels pointed to the west, were resting on captured Egyptian army blankets spread over the sand, and soldiers were heating cans of captured Sudanese corned beef over a fire of gasoline-soaked sand. Two young girls in uniform, radio operators, were combing the sand out of their hair.

That night a young lieutenant led a strictly unofficial patrol down to the Suez Canal and came back at daybreak with several canteens of Canal water, which he gave to the two girl radio operators for their morning ablutions.

Revisiting the Turkish Road three weeks later, I found the most advanced Israeli road-block now at Kilometer 50. But this time I could not see any road west of it. Where was it, I asked the officer in charge. He grunted and pointed over his shoulder to a point on the road behind us, where a demolition party was working.

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BUDAPEST UNDER FIRE

The Conspiracy of Freedom

PETER SCHMID

I HAD no trouble crossing over from Austria into Hungary on November 1, though the threat of Russian intervention already hung in the air like a black cloud. I had gotten a ride in a truck bringing food, clothing, and medicine from the students of Zurich to the border city of Sopron, where they were to be handed over to the resistance committee. The Hungarian border guards never even bothered to glance inside the truck, much less at my visa. The country was in that anarchic in-between period when one regime was falling and another hadn't taken its place yet.

The truck dropped me off in a school yard in Sopron where there was no mistaking the electric atmosphere of revolution. Young people, looking utterly unmilitary and much more like students than soldiers, stood around with tommy guns under their arms. One of them invited me to drive with him to Budapest in his Pobeda—which a few days before had belonged to a major of the secret police who was subsequently hanged—and he turned out to be an atomic physicist and university instructor. There was another, older man with us in the car, who told me that he had once been a lawyer and later had spent six years as a political prisoner working in the uranium mines. During his time in the mines he had managed to study English, and after being released he had kept body and soul together by doing translations. He asked me how old I thought he was. "Sixty," I said, looking at his white hair. He laughed bitterly. "I'm only forty-five."

The lawyer's wife was also with us, a pretty young woman who no sooner stepped into the car than she started scooping handfuls of coins out of her handbag and counting them. She had accompanied the two men—both of whom were members of the Revolutionary Committee in Budapest—to Sopron to sell copies of the underground resistance paper *Truth*, and judging from the quantity of coins that came out of the handbag, business had been very good.

It was growing dark fast and we still hadn't budged from the school yard. We had several hand grenades, a rifle, and a tommy gun in our car—an arsenal which as a result of prolonged negotiations between some of the Sopron rebels and my traveling companions dwindled to the one tommy gun. I was amazed time and again by the way these people handled dangerous weapons: a rifle was swung as nonchalantly as a cane, and you might have thought from the way they tossed a hand grenade around that it was no more explosive than a hard-boiled egg.

I began to get rather nervous at the delay all the discussions were causing. Driving at night was risky. Bands of secret police (AVH) were still roaming the countryside trying to lay hands on any rebel vehicles they could find. And there were also the patrols sent out by the freedom fighters to deal with the secret police; just as trigger-

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LAST month Hugh Seton-Watson analyzed the causes and significance of the upheaval in satellite Europe ("Eruption in East Europe"). Now PETER SCHMID gives an eyewitness account of revolutionary Budapest under Soviet counter-attack. (The author notes that some details have been altered to protect individuals.) Mr. Schmid, whose home is Switzerland, is a tireless globe-trotter and roving political analyst. He has published books on Spain and Latin America, and in this magazine articles on Indonesia and Germany; one on Japan will appear in a forthcoming issue. His last previous contribution to these pages was "Free Indo-China Fights Against Time" in January 1955.

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happy, they were likely to shoot first and ask questions later.

Finally we started out. It was a cold night, but we had to leave the window open so as to fly a large Hungarian flag from the car as we sped along. This, I was told, was the only way we had of identifying ourselves to the freedom fighters patrolling the highways; when, half-frozen, we pulled in the flag and shut the window, it was at the risk of being mistaken for AVH men and getting shot at. I don't know how many times we were stopped on the hundred-mile stretch from the border to Budapest. Every so often, occasionally less than a mile apart, young boys with drawn revolvers jumped into the beam of our headlights, checked our papers, and asked for and offered news. My companions grew visibly more tense at each new report. The Russians, we heard, were drawing a ring of tanks around Budapest. They had occupied all the airfields and were permitting no foreign plane to land or take off. Soviet reinforcements were rolling in from the east over the Rumanian border. The atomic physicist shook his head. "Why all that, if they intend to pull out? They aren't just going to accept defeat. They'll bring in more men and more tanks and smash the revolution," he repeated again and again. "And what will you do?" I asked. "Fight," he answered simply. "If you knew what it was to live through these ten years of abasement, terror, and treason, you would understand. We *can't* go back to the way things were, not now. It has nothing to do with heroism; it's much less dramatic than that. It's simply that there isn't a single one of us who wouldn't rather be dead than go through the hell we were living in again." I tried to reassure him. "The Soviets won't dare," I said. "What about world opinion? De-Stalinization? The concessions in Poland? They're only trying to prevent the revolution from getting completely out of hand; the tanks and the reinforcements are a damper, nothing more." This was exactly the sort of thing that the military attachés of the British and American embassies in Budapest were saying to Western journalists. "Nothing that can't be explained by the requirements of an orderly withdrawal. . . ." But the Hungarians knew better.

BUDAPEST gave me the sense of a faded plant which, after years of neglect, someone had remembered to water again. To be sure, the revolution had been a terrible destroyer. Burnt-out and blasted Russian tanks still lay in streets whose paving stones had been clawed up by the steel treads. Broken window glass covered the asphalt of Kossuth Lajos Utca with a crystal carpet over which the fallen trolley cable wound like a thin black snake. But the destruction was only material, not human. And though the season was fall, the feeling was spring.

A look of triumph, though shadowed with apprehension, was on every face. The revolution had won, for the time being. The Soviets were defeated, for the moment. On the walls of houses all around the city and on the few still intact shop windows the legend "Russians, go home!" had been daubed in great white letters. In front of bookstores and libraries there were burning heaps of Communist literature. Whole rows of streets were hung with flags that had big round holes cut out of the center where the Soviet symbol had once been emblazoned. In the square outside the National Theater I saw a crowd of young people swarming around the torso of a huge fallen statue of Stalin like ants around a worm. They hacked away at the metal with saws, files, hammers, and pliers, and whenever someone managed to rip a piece off he would rush down the square waving his souvenir and laughing. As if there were no Russian tanks standing before the gates of the city. But Stalin's was not the only monument that fell victim to the mockery and defiance of the people. Dimitrov's metal head dangled in a noose from a nearby tree, bearing the inscription "The end of his career," while a young student performed oratorical capers on the empty pedestal.

As I watched all this, I thought of the saying, "In all other countries the situation may be serious, but never desperate; in Hun-

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gary it is always desperate, but never serious." But for once in Hungary there were signs of seriousness. Crowds of housewives were lined up at the food stores, and they did not limit their purchases to immediate needs. Women who had scraped up enough money were struggling home from the market with a goose in each hand, against the uncertain days ahead.

An even longer line had formed in front of the municipal pawnshop. In impoverished Hungary one pawned one's winter wardrobe in the summer and one's summer things in the winter; now people flocked by the hundreds and thousands to redeem their winter clothes. "In 1944 the Russians looted all the pawnshops," someone in the queue told me. "So we're taking our things out now before it's too late." Women coming out of the shop staggered under the bundles of clothes and the valises they had to carry home. Fortunately the buses were running again. Things were quickly getting back to normal.

SATURDAY afternoon I took the trolley to the great Csepel iron and steel works, which employed some 40,000 workers and had emerged as one of the principal centers of the revolution. Once the plant had been known as the Rakosi Works, but shortly before the revolution, when the dictator fell, the name had been removed from the front gates and now there was only the shadowy outline of the letters to be made out. I was admitted without any fuss and conducted to the manager's office, where I found the new manager talking to a man armed with a tommy gun. Actually he was not the manager, but an engineer and the president of the Workers' Council which had taken over the plant, and he shared the office with an old white-haired machinist also representing the Workers' Council. Both men told me frankly that they had been members of the Communist party, but that seemed to make no difference to anyone; what mattered was whether you had behaved decently. Even before the revolution everyone had really known where everyone else stood as far as the Russians were concerned. At the first crack of the shots fired by the AVH at demonstrating students on October 23, the ranks of decent Hungarians had rallied as if on signal against the Russians and their creatures.

The old machinist led me through the shops, which were now deserted; in the morning there had been a bit of activity to prepare for the resumption of work on Monday. The floor of the factory was littered with torn-up Communist placards and pictures of Lenin (by the time the revolution started, all the pictures of Stalin had already disappeared). The offices of the Communist party overseers were a shambles: the files lay scattered and torn on the floor. A couple of workers had found their own files in the rubbish, and as they studied the ideological fairy tales that the deposed Communist bosses had woven around them, their faces took on a queer look that was partly made up of the fear they had once felt and partly of a kind of boyish amusement.

It was amazing how trustfully all the doors and hearts of Hungary were thrown wide open to a foreigner from the West. There was no need to look for things to write about; people were eager to show you places worth seeing; complete strangers would spend half days on end taking you around without asking for a penny. It was as if, as a Westerner, you were a member of a gigantic conspiracy called freedom. When I was driving one time through the streets in the car of an American friend that had the Stars and Stripes tied over the radiator, a crowd gathered around us at every stop. A woman tossed flowers down at us from her window. Hungary gave her allegiance to the West with an almost childlike exuberance.

Genuine revolutions usually breed a tremendous spiritual elation, an élan that amounts to a kind of moral intoxication. The Hungarian revolution was no exception. Hundreds of shop windows had been smashed during the fighting, yet the displays in the show cases remained untouched. You had only to reach out your hand to gather a

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treasure, but no one did. There were no thieves, no looters. Even the professional criminals forebore, and kept from sullying the purity of the struggle. Here and there on the streets large open boxes, inscribed with an appeal for funds to help the families of freedom fighters who had fallen, stood exposed with substantial sums of money in them. Nobody was needed to watch them. Nobody would have dared lay hands on offerings like these.

AT 5 A.M. on Sunday I was awakened in my hotel by a loud sharp droning in the street. Hurrying to the window, I saw a column of tanks racing through the sleeping street below, and in the distance I could hear artillery pieces going off. This was it. My walk through the streets of Budapest that Sunday morning was one of the most sinister I have ever taken. It was a beautiful autumn day, with the sun playing warmly on the golden foliage of the trees. As yet, there were hardly any tanks around; the only real disturbance was the sound of an isolated machine gun, stuttering from one direction or another. Later on, when whole droves of tanks came rolling through the streets spitting fire, the people were strangely calm. But on that Sunday morning fear was in the air. Families stood in the doorways of their houses with ashen faces, hardly speaking; they just stood there listening to the machine guns and waiting. Here and there I spotted a figure wheeling a barrow piled high with household goods, hurrying some place where it might be safer.

At the street corners young men and women were tearing up the pavement and erecting barricades with the heavy stones. The faces of the pretty girls (they were students) were distorted with the unaccustomed exertion, their hair hanging in dank strands, their eyes glazed as if in a trance. You could see that it never occurred to them that it was impossible to fight tanks with tommy guns and to try to do so was suicidal madness, that the only rational course was to yield to superior force. What the atomic physicist had told me in the car was true. These people would rather suffer death than live in slavery; freedom or death was no phrase to them, it was a cold determination. When a man has lost the fear of death, as the Hungarians had, he is ready to do the impossible—as the Hungarians very nearly did.

Those of us who did not actually see the fighting and heard only the noises of war —during the first two days of the Soviet intervention, like most of my colleagues, I stayed behind the walls of my embassy— received an over-dramatic impression of the struggle for Budapest, though it was, heaven knows, furious and tragic enough. On Monday morning, hearing the continuous roar of heavy guns and seeing the dense columns of smoke rising from the nearby East Station, I expected to see a city in ruins when it was all over, some such scene as one remembered all too vividly from World War II. But when I ventured out on Tuesday I found surprisingly little damage even in the immediate area of the fighting. At certain key points where there had been systematic resistance and a pitched battle had been fought, the destruction was substantial, particularly on the main avenues and in the Ring, which lay rubble-strewn and deserted under the threatening guns of stationary tanks. But off on the side streets life was going on much as usual. Fewer people were hiding in cellars than I would have expected, chiefly women and children. The older men, fathers of families who left the fighting to their younger brothers and sons, walked about in the streets and watched from around the corner of a house whenever they happened on a skirmish. Men and women stood in endless queues before the doors of bakeries, the only branch of the food industry that kept working even during the fiercest fighting. Now and then, when a tank rolled past, the hordes of shoppers and spectators would scurry into the nearest cellar or down a side street, only to reappear when it was safe again.

To a foreigner like myself, this crowd of people swaying on the margin of the fight-

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ing was enormously helpful. There are no maps of Budapest in the stationery stores—a wonderful example of Communist efficiency—and without the help of the crowd I should probably have blundered my way right into the maw of a Soviet tank. But the people in the street formed a sort of conspiratorial fellowship briefing one another on the shifting situation. What was the best way to get to X, someone wanted to know. Take such-and-such a street, but make sure you move through it on the double—it's a bit dangerous. The next block is quiet, but a tank has its guns trained on the one after that and shoots at anything that moves. Eight people have already been killed there—you can still see the pools of blood. The only way to get through is to stop a Red Cross ambulance and have the driver make a dash for it before the Russians can react. But of course, the truck has to go so fast that that way you risk getting your neck broken in a smashup.

The misuse of the Red Cross by both sides, the AVH as well as the freedom fighters, drew down the danger of attack from Russian machine guns on every vehicle marked with it. And indeed, the ambulance drivers who drove wounded freedom fighters through the hail of bullets, and who were eventually wiped out almost to the last man and the last vehicle, were perhaps the most courageous heroes of this fight for freedom. Engines and brakes were forever giving out under the mad speed at which the cars careened around. I was in one of them when it broke down right in the middle of a deadly crossroads, and I had to creep slowly out on my belly like a snail. The Russian gunner guarding the spot must have been asleep; otherwise I would not be writing these lines now.

OFFICIAL estimates after the fighting ended put the number of dwelling units destroyed at 40,000, or less than 10 per cent of the total number of dwelling units in this city of approximately a million and three-quarters. Considering everything, this wasn't a great deal. Tanks are not nearly so effective as aerial bombardment in laying a city waste. The high-speed projectiles fired by their cannon can go through almost anything, but they have little explosive force. I saw many apartments where the furniture was tossed about by a single shot, but where the effective damage was limited to a hole in the wall that could easily be stopped up. I also had the impression that the Russian command was taking it easy on Budapest. No bombers were sent over (for all the threats that were made) and infantry troops, which could have caused a lot of damage with flame-throwers, were used very sparingly. And even the tanks, the chief Soviet weapon for putting down the revolution, only fired on civilians in certain areas; anyone who came across a tank column outside its area of operations could watch it with impunity from the sidewalk without taking cover. Budapest, after all, was not an enemy city which the Russians aimed at conquering and razing to the ground; it was the capital of an allied state which had called on the Soviet Union for help against the "fascists" and "reactionaries." The tanks' objective was simply to smash "isolated nests of resistance." When the city became one huge nest of resistance, the Russians were forced to be more brutal than they really intended. As I indicated above, there was, unfortunately, justification in many cases for the firing on ambulances, nor can it be denied that many of the hospitals attacked had been converted into bases of operations by the partisans.

When I brought this matter up to some of the friends I had made among the freedom fighters, pointing out the danger and irresponsibility of such actions, they simply grinned disarmingly, like children, and turned the whole subject aside with an excuse. They almost seemed to regard the fighting as a game of cops and robbers—desperate but never serious, as the saying has it. A famous Hungarian psychologist to whom I expostulated over this curious attitude looked at me and shrugged: "All heroes are children," he said.

But the apparent hesitation of the Soviet

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command to wage an all-out campaign was as nothing compared with the reluctance of the ordinary Russian soldier to slaughter helpless civilians. I spoke to many Soviet troops, wounded men in the hospitals and later on soldiers standing guard in the streets, and their reaction was unanimous: "*Krieg nix gut, will heim*" ("War no good, want to go home"). A sergeant-major confessed to me that only the pistols of the officers kept the men in line.

There may be some connection between the attitude of the Soviet troops and the fact that the battle was fought on the Russian side mainly by unsupported tanks, in spite of the fact that these had already shown themselves in the first fighting to be extremely vulnerable in the narrow streets of Budapest. Tanks can accomplish relatively little in the labyrinthine interior of a city against an embattled populace. In the company of the freedom fighters, I climbed the ladders they had put up and crept through the passageways with which they had honeycombed certain blocks of houses to enable them to move around at will. Budapest, moreover, which since the time of the Turks has been mined by a network of subterranean tunnels, is ideally suited for partisan warfare. When the fight became too hot in one spot, a partisan would simply cache his weapons and disappear without a trace, reemerging in another street as a harmless citizen. The Russian tanks commanded the broad avenues where they could bring their machine guns and cannon to bear, but another story was told in the side streets. The same tactics the Communists had developed with such success against the "reactionaries" and "colonialists" in China and Vietnam were here being used against them.

All this also helps explain why Hungarian losses during the actual fighting were so much smaller than the exaggerated estimates that appeared in the world press. I visited the partisan unit at the East Station several times; after three days of fighting their casualties came to only 18 dead and 28 wounded out of a total strength of 250 men. The big Petöfy Hospital in this sector, which had evacuated its civilian patients to the cellar and which the freedom fighters used as a field hospital until it was shelled and occupied by the Soviets on November 8, had no trouble accommodating all the wounded.

I cannot emphasize enough the necessity for discounting the lurid stories about heaps of corpses and blood flowing in the gutters of Budapest with which sensation-hungry journalists filled their dispatches. The partisan command post in a building near the East Station could almost be described as cozy. Officially, it was located in the cellar, but the commandant, an engineer by profession, had moved upstairs to a comfortable apartment where he kept in touch with his subordinates by telephone—which functioned without a hitch throughout the whole battle, as did the light and water services. It was possible to pick up the phone, dial a sector where a fight was raging, and then issue one's orders. I asked the engineer: "Isn't that dangerous? All they have to do is listen in at the telephone exchange and send one of their tanks out after you." But Russian intelligence service was apparently as faulty as the Hungarians were careless.

THE men with whom I sat in this command post were all young. They ranged from boys of fourteen, who acted as messengers and observers and kept bursting in breathlessly to give the commandant their reports, to the commandant himself and his deputy, an architect. Both men had left wives and infant children in order to lead the struggle, and they proudly showed me snapshots of their families, but I could find not the slightest trace of concern on their faces over the possible consequences of their decision.

A sort of forced optimism reigned in the post. When they asked me how I thought the revolution was going, they clearly expected me to tell them that it would unfailingly triumph. They had plenty of food. While outside the civilian population was already beginning to go hungry, the partisans' table was laden with roast goose, ham, and sandwiches, which came partly from

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requisitioned stocks and partly from the peasants of the surrounding area, who sneaked provisions in at night as their contribution to the struggle. The munitions supply was also pretty good, if one could believe the commandant. The partisans used "Molotov cocktails"—bottles of gasoline ignited by a fuse—against the tanks. As the Russian soldiers clambered out of the burning vehicles, they would be mowed down by tommy guns, after which the partisans would strip the tanks and the dead of their weapons and ammunition. "We get more weapons every day," boasted the commandant. "The Russians bring them to us. We can go on resisting this way indefinitely."

And then there was the Hungarians' hope in the UN. Again and again on the street I was surrounded by passers-by with the question: "When is the UN sending troops? Why aren't they sending us weapons?" When I answered—as I had to—that they could probably count on nothing more than diplomatic support, despair crept over their faces. These people had given their allegiance to the West so enthusiastically and unquestioningly that they felt the free world's impotence as a betrayal. Almost overnight, from Tuesday to Wednesday, the élan of the rebels seemed to fade away. The engineer and the architect went around their headquarters with tired, bloodshot eyes —they had begun to drink. The engineer-commandant had to spend hours arguing with subordinates who no longer wanted to obey his orders. "That is the tragedy of us Hungarians," he said bitterly. "We are a nation of heroes, but only as individuals. When we need to make a common effort, we immediately split up into factions. Maybe I'll give up my command tomorrow." I spent the night in an atmosphere of foreboding and left the command post early Thursday morning. It was a good thing I did: a few hours later the Soviet tanks zeroed in on it and its treacherous telephone.

But on that Wednesday evening I met someone who revealed to me the hope that still burned fiercely at the heart of the revolutionary movement. Late at night the editor of *Truth* slipped in with one of his co-workers. The editorial office, located below us on the Ring, had been under fire all day long from eighteen Soviet tanks, and it was only by heroic sacrifices that they had managed to print the last edition of 15,000 copies and carry it out through subterranean passages. The copies were now piled up ready to be distributed through the city by "ambulances" the next day. The man accompanying the editor, a young poet (one of his poems took the place of a lead article in the paper) and a colleague of the Marxist philosopher Georg Lukacs, was one of the leading spirits among the insurgent intellectuals. He had spent the whole day conferring with his group, and he reported that, in view of the enemy's overwhelming strength and the pitiably scanty supply of food and fuel for the civilian population, they had given up any idea of resistance to the death. It would be better, they thought now, to save the lives of the freedom fighters who could then carry on the struggle by other, political, means. Had not the general strike already shown itself to be a more effective revolutionary weapon than the tommy gun? At the moment of crisis a new insight and a new source of strength had come to this young poet.

It seemed to me that he represented an interesting new type that was appearing in considerable numbers among the young people not only of Hungary but also of the other satellite countries. He had grown up a Marxist under the Communist regime and it was the Marxist in him, not any convert to liberalism, capitalism, or Western democracy, that had rebelled against Communist despotism. The Communists, he argued, were bad Marxists if they believed that they could suppress a historical development like the satellite freedom movements by the violent methods of colonialism. "As a true Marxist I believe in the inevitability of historical processes," he told me. "We know perfectly well what a wave of terror and Stalinist repression will be let loose on us. But repression cannot cancel the laws of history, which

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are working in our favor." "Then will you surrender?" I asked quietly. "Surrender?" he laughed. "We don't need to do that. You know how the revolution broke out—spontaneously, without any kind of preparation, when the police fired on our students; leadership and organization sprang up over night. Well, we'll scatter now just as spontaneously as we came together. We'll bury our weapons and those of us who haven't exposed ourselves too much can change back into civilians and lose ourselves in the crowd. The revolution can't die; it will play dead and await its moment to rise again. Right now, there's no longer any chance of winning."

I will never forget that midnight moment in the partisan headquarters. The tired commanders with their bloodshot eyes were still insisting that they could hold out to judgment day. But there was this sparkling young face, full of genuine faith in the strength even of the weak. The majority of the young Hungarian rebels were like that —never for an instant suggesting pathos, buoyed up by an intractable idealism, calmly heroic, as if what they were doing was the most natural thing in the world.

But there were also others mixed up in the revolution. When the Communists charged that the revolutionary movement had fallen into the hands of reactionaries and fascists, they were telling one of their many lies. Still, there were such elements among the rebels. Anti-Communists themselves acknowledged that Cardinal Mindszenty's speech with its reactionary echoes was a catastrophe. But worse than that was the undercurrent of anti-Semitism that I detected in revolutionary Hungary. On November 2, I stood watching a group of freedom fighters equipped with steam shovels digging huge holes in the ground in front of what had been the headquarters of the Communist party. They were trying to get at a group of AVH men who had taken refuge in one of the subterranean passages with a number of political prisoners. One of the diggers came up to me apropos of nothing and began to insist that the Jews should be exterminated because they had brought Communism to Hungary. Rakosi, Gerö, the former police chief Peter Gabor, and the majority of the AVH—they were all Jews, he said. I ran into another spontaneous expression of anti-Semitism in the countryside when I was driving back to Vienna. Near a place called Tata our car was stopped while tanks went rolling by for hours on end. Two brutal-faced fellows carrying tommy guns who were members of the AVH (which by then was again more or less in control) told us that the tanks were off on an action against "robbers." While we stood freezing in the dusk, watching the endless passage of the tanks and asking ourselves whether we would have to wait all night to get through, a couple of emaciated peasant boys slipped up to our car from behind. "The Russians are swine," they whispered to us, "and that big AVH over there is a Jew." A Russian soldier chased them away. What a sense of grievance those boys must have felt toward the Jews to risk making such a comment under those circumstances!

The documents released by the Yugoslav government in the case of Imre Nagy also indicate how serious was the danger of a pogrom in revolutionary Hungary. They show Zoltan Szanto, a member of the Nagy group, negotiating as early as November 2 with the Yugoslav legation for asylum in case of a pogrom. In the end, of course, it was the Soviets against whom the Nagy people had to seek protection in the Yugoslav embassy.

It may seem a cruel historical accident that Poland should be moving gradually toward liberation without bloodshed, while Hungary faces renewed terror and occupation. Yet the contrast is not entirely accidental. Poland, under the mild dictatorship ruling between the two world wars, was able to establish certain democratic traditions and above all a strong labor movement, conditions which were almost completely lacking in Hungary. This, and the absence of a na-

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tional Communist of the stature of Gomulka —Rajk can be mourned, but not resurrected —are probably among the chief reasons why the Hungarian revolution burst its bounds and drew down the Russian counter-attack. The Workers' Councils had to try and turn themselves into a genuine labor *movement* under the most difficult circumstances, in the very midst of their struggle with the Soviet quisling, Kadar.

All this, however, may serve to educate the Hungarians, who are easily diverted down emotional byways, as to what things are important and possible and what things illusions and gestures. The speed with which the politicians of the pre-war period reformed their old parties and started up their old squabbles, as if nothing whatever had happened in all the postwar years, makes one wonder whether the revolution was not in danger of going astray and ultimately turning into a restoration.

The political struggle which the revolutionaries now must wage will exact further tragic sacrifices. But the young workers and students, who so far have known only how to die on the barricades, will have to develop a more conscious and united opposition, one that in time will be qualified to take power and govern. For the uncertainty with which the Soviets now face the consequences of their Stalinist rage, like a bull in a china shop unable to move a step without impaling itself on the splinters, shows that Stalinism is no more capable than colonialism of breaking the will of a people. The brutality of the Soviet intervention has also destroyed any possibility of getting the Hungarians to collaborate with Soviet men and purposes. No Hungarian of standing can ever again work with the Soviets. The Kadars still cooperating do so more or less involuntarily, or because past association with the Russians leaves them no choice.

In this sense the dead of Budapest have not died in vain. They have created a legend that will keep the idea of resistance alive, a legend of children who were able to halt the strongest land army in the world with their bare hands.

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WILL THE WESTERN ALLIANCE SURVIVE?

A British View of American Policy

HENRY BRANDON

FOR more than two years the bonds of the Western Alliance, forged when the cold war was hotter, have been slackening. In Europe during this time tendencies toward a "third force" movement began to develop, while Washington on its side seemed more and more anxious to separate itself from British and French overseas interests; any association with "colonialism" was felt as an embarrassment by the administration in its efforts to strengthen American prestige with the Afro-Asian world. Alliances, unless they evolve and grow stronger, tend to do the opposite. So it has been with this one. And though it was the mitigation of Russian truculence and aggressiveness after Stalin's death that made the need for Western unity appear less urgent, the Alliance was also weakened by the fact that some of the Eisenhower administration's attitudes and decisions troubled the U.S.'s European partners deeply and made them feel less and less confident of America.

In 1949 George Kennan, who then headed the State Department's planning staff, had prepared a policy paper advocating a closer and more intimate Anglo-American alliance than was then in existence. Neither the American nor the British government took the proposal seriously. American policy aimed at encouraging the establishment of a European union that would include West Germany, and in which Britain would be an associate rather than full member, with America confining her own participation to political, economic, and military support of the union. Eisenhower, and to a lesser extent Dulles, confirmed this policy when the Republicans took office in 1953. But when France rejected the European Defense Community, the idea of which General Eisenhower, as commander of SHAEF, had helped originate, Washington felt it as something of a psychological as well as political shock.

A reappraisal, even if not an immediate or "agonizing" one, began—and has continued, quietly, ever since. At this juncture, with the Allies tending to draw apart, the absence of creative and determined political leadership in both Washington and London let the initiative pass to the "forces of history"—with all that such an abdication involved in the way of inertia, muddle, misunderstanding, and disorientation.

DEVELOPMENTS in Russia after Stalin's death were a primary influence in weakening the Alliance. Ironically, these developments were at first taken much more seriously by London and Paris than by Washington, and it was on the initiative and insistence of Britain and France, it will be remembered, that the United States agreed to the so-called Summit Conference at Geneva in the summer of 1955. Against expectations, this conference ended in a personal triumph for President Eisenhower. It enhanced his stature as a peacemaker throughout the world, and his own belief in his efficacy as a moderator between contending forces on the international scene. Thus he came home from Geneva satisfied on the whole; the British and French statesmen, however, returned disappointed. The

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conference had proved to them that there was no short cut to a settlement between East and West, and they were more convinced than ever that the policy of building up Western European strength—above all political and economic strength—had to be pursued with greater vigor.

But to post-Geneva Washington the unifying forces in Western Europe continued to seem weak. France, and to a lesser degree Britain, had their hands full in their overseas territories, and West Germany was thinking more about German reunification than about an active role for herself in NATO. President Eisenhower, to the surprise of some European statesmen, maintained a personal correspondence with Soviet leaders. The hope and expectation of American policy-makers was that the stalemate resulting from the polarization of power between the United States and the USSR might sooner or later lead to some arrangement more definite and reassuring than mere coexistence. This perspective lulled the administration into a false sense of security.

President Eisenhower had said that there was "no longer any alternative to peace." This would have been correct had the basic assumption of American military planning been correct: namely, that any future war must involve the use of atomic weapons. But there was also the possibility of non-atomic, limited warfare, which was what Europeans preferred to envisage. American reluctance to arm for *both* conventional and atomic warfare, and the apparent shifting of emphasis to the latter, made Europeans afraid that American military intervention would everywhere entail the use of atomic weapons, or at least—as in Indo-China and Formosa—an inclination to toy with the idea of using them. This, too, put a strain on the Western Alliance. And reported plans for drastic cuts in the size of the armed forces of the United States made Europeans fear that there would be a considerable withdrawal of American troops from Europe. The drive, moreover, to reduce American military aid abroad at a time when Russia was extending her own aid program was extremely disturbing.

PRESIDENT Eisenhower may have been right in thinking that Russia had become less bellicose, but it did not follow from this that she had become more reasonable. As a result, Washington was caught unprepared when the Soviet Union suddenly shifted the theater of the cold war to the Middle East, in hopes of finding a breach there through which to expand her power, and being willing to accept the stalemate in Europe at least temporarily. Britain and France took immediate alarm: they saw their lifeline to Middle Eastern oil, as well as their prestige as great powers, threatened. When the Anglo-French attack on Suez came, it dealt a jolting blow to the idea entertained in Washington since Geneva that the United States, as the greatest single power in the world, could play the role of umpire and mediator between her West European allies and the rising nationalisms of the Middle East. And the Red Army's suppression of the Hungarian revolt jarred the idea that America could play the same role between the USSR and its restive satellites.

Dulles's refusal to give any kind of support to the Anglo-French intervention in Egypt was based on the honest conviction that military force would cost the West the good will of Asian and African nationalism—the winning of which is a main long-range aim of American policy. Behind this aim was the assumption that unless Asian and African nationalism were kept friendly it would throw itself into the arms of Russia and China, or at least collaborate with them against the West (as if it did not have its own interests to defend against the Communist powers). But Dulles seems to have underrated the extent to which Nasser had sold his soul to the Kremlin. And having once got their foot in the Mideastern door, the Russians were bound to try to force it wide open. Subsequent events have shown that they now attach more importance and value to their new foothold in Egypt than the United States does to her own extensive and concrete interests in the area. They have also shown that Russia views the fate of Israel with supreme cynicism.

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Public opinion in America, which had been unaware of, if not indifferent to, the growing differences between London and Washington in recent years, showed itself more charitable than the Eisenhower administration in the matter of the Suez intervention. (It had been the other way around during the Korean war, when American public opinion was more outraged than the American government—which quite understood the British predicament—by Britain's continuing to recognize Red China and trade with her in non-strategic materials. That, indeed, was a more threatening time than now for the Anglo-American alliance; in the long run, relations between the two countries depend much more on how their two peoples feel about each other than on official and diplomatic relations.)

Washington, when it learned of the Anglo-French attack on Suez, was not only eager to teach its allies a lesson, but to use the occasion to win more favor in Asia and Africa. Whereas the European experts in the State Department warned that any further weakening of the Western front in the Middle East would only tempt the Russians to make more mischief in Europe, the Middle Eastern experts argued that now was the time to cut loose once and for all from the "colonial" powers. As one of these experts put it to me, "This is our second 1776, the American emancipation from British and French colonialism in the Middle East."

For some time these same experts had been assuming that Britain and France had lost all influence in the Arab world, and that the United States could only weaken herself by backing them. People like Chester Bowles, the former American ambassador to India, had for an even longer time been making that point. "How realistic have we been," he wrote recently, "largely to ignore the powerful and inevitable growth of nationalism in Africa in order to avoid differences with our Western Allies?" Only by cutting loose, he and like-minded critics maintained, could the United States successfully compete with Russia for the sympathies of the underdeveloped peoples.

This sounds very good in theory. But whatever the United States may do to appease the Arabs, or buy their sympathies, she will always be handicapped by the fact that she—along with Russia—is one of the two dominant powers in the world today. And countries that have only recently gained their complete independence are hesitant about committing themselves too far to so great a power. On the other hand, they do not feel uncomfortable with Britain in the Baghdad Pact—she is no longer so big as she was.

The assumption now prevalent in America, that Britain has lost all her influence in the Middle East, and that there consequently exists a vacuum which America must fill if Russia is to be kept out—and fill by policies quite different from those of Britain—may thus be a dangerous oversimplification, if not an illusion. I doubt very much that Britain has lost *all* her influence in the Middle East. What she has lost is the illusion of an influence in certain Arab countries—Jordan, Egypt, and to some extent Iraq—an influence that in fact had dwindled or vanished to nothing before the Suez intervention. This has made London take a much more realistic view of things—which should be all to the good. London's new realism at last acknowledges the anti-British direction of Nasser's Egypt and the extinction of British influence in Jordan. The questions now remaining are the real, rock-bottom ones: how shall Western interests be protected in the Middle East? How stave off Russian penetration? How pacify the area?

It may be doubtful whether the Baghdad Pact is the best instrument for guarding the Middle East against Russian intrusion; a larger grouping would be preferable. But it is remarkable how well that pact has stood up in spite of the adverse reaction throughout the Middle East to the Anglo-French attack on Egypt. Turkey and Pakistan, especially, have made it obvious that they feel they have a great stake in the Baghdad Pact, and they have actively and publicly defended it, even attacking those who wanted to squeeze Britain out of it.

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The American hope of winning the support of the Arab world by combining a political policy of pacificism with an altruistic economic policy of large-scale aid is bound to fail. Few experts really believe in it. The United States cannot escape the responsibilities of leadership, and these involve taking sides. Taking sides can win sympathies as well as provoke animosities, as any real leader knows. Nor can she have real influence unless she takes sides and assumes responsibilities.

It would be quite futile, for one thing, to try to develop a coordinated and constructive policy in the Middle East without first settling the Arab-Israeli dispute. This is understood in the State Department. Vice President Nixon recently mentioned three points which should form the basis for a permanent settlement: a guarantee of the sovereignty of both Israel and her neighbors; "a progressive limitation of the armaments of the nations in the area"; and "generous aid" to help solve economic problems. But the reaction of other countries, including India, who could be especially helpful in influencing the Arab bloc, will depend in part on how determinedly the United States presses for the kind of settlement she favors.

TURNING to Europe, American policy-planners say that Western Europe must unite in order to resist successfully the political and economic pressures which the Russian economy, growing by leaps and bounds as it is, will exert on Europe. They argue that the only way to strengthen Western Europe economically is to create a common market and pool all Western European projects for atomic power. Washington experts are not unaware that such a movement for unification might create a "third force" psychology in Western Europe, but they say that, in view of the advantages to be gained by a self-reliant Europe, they would not object as long as this "third force" did not acquire an anti-American color.

Before Britain embarked on her ill-conceived military adventure in Egypt, potent forces inside and outside the British government had begun seriously to plan for setting up a free market area in Western Europe that Britain would join. The idea was more revolutionary than anything since Cobden and Bright, yet, surprisingly, there was relatively little resistance to it either from industry or labor. The realization had obviously grown in England that Britain could no longer stay aloof from the Continent, that she had to help strengthen Europe or else go down with it; that if she did stay out, Germany would dominate Western Europe.

Whether the abortive intervention in Egypt, whose failure revealed how weak Britain and France were when unsupported by the United States, will encourage or discourage European unification depends largely on Washington. If the United States actively encourages union, it will come to pass. But new delays will be inevitable. The economic crisis caused by the closing of the Suez Canal, aggravated by Washington's delay in arranging oil shipments to Europe, has shaken the financial position of several European countries, but especially Britain's. And not until her economy has regained its stability will Britain be able to experiment with economic union with Western Europe, which involves new risks for herself.

The ultimate effect on the Western Alliance of the tremors and shocks it has suffered in the last few months remains difficult to assess. But the air on both sides of the ocean may well have been cleared of the fog of sanctimonious, routine platitudes about Western cooperation, so that it is possible now to appraise more soberly the functions and meaning of the Alliance.

The British and French have learned that they cannot act without consulting the United States. And the United States has had a lesson insofar as she overrated the extent of her control over the Alliance. And, as so often before when the West was rent by internal quarrels, the Kremlin itself is doing much to make the Allies forget their differences. The ruthless suppression of the Hungarian revolt, Bulganin's threat to use rockets against Britain and France, the reported troop concentrations along the

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borders of such satellite countries as Poland and Bulgaria, and the public warnings by Tito, who knows better than any other foreigner what goes on inside the Kremlin, that the Russian "demi-gods" are in an unpredictable mood—all these have had a sobering effect on the West. There are increasing signs that the fabric of Soviet society is beginning to be strained dangerously under the new pressures generated by the de-Stalinization policy of Khrushchev. This, in turn, has revived the fear in Western capitals that one day the Kremlin might reach the conclusion that the only way to avoid loss of control over its empire would be through a major war.

This fear has persuaded a country like Iceland, which was restive under her NATO commitments, to withdraw her objections, and Mr. Dulles is trying manfully—as are the French and the British—to restore that mutual confidence in the West which was lost, partly because of a failure of personalities, but primarily because of the growing feeling in Europe that the United States was not exerting the kind of leadership commensurate with her position and the needs of the world situation. For it is not American domination that has caused a waning of reliance on the United States, but the very lack of it. President Eisenhower's tendency to behave more as a tranquilizer than a stimulant has caused impatience and lack of confidence in American leadership, and a feeling that he is avoiding rather than facing up to the issues that will ultimately fortify or undermine Western influence in the world. He has been able to elevate the virtues of moderation into supreme political assets in domestic politics, and is now trying to do the same in international affairs. But power politics does not lend itself to this treatment.

The President's policy of acting through the United Nations to stop the Israeli, British, and French invasions of Egypt helped to strengthen the world organization and kept its prestige from suffering serious damage by the unauthorized use of force. But whether Eisenhower's all-out reliance on the UN will ultimately lead toward a pacification of the Middle East, or whether the United Nations on the one hand, and Western interests on the other, lose out in the end, will depend largely on his willingness to exert strong leadership outside as well as inside the UN. The Allies have suspected for some time now that President Eisenhower's policies may be leading toward a new kind of isolationism—not expressed, as of old, by refusing to make commitments abroad, but in the draining away, *through* the UN, of the spirit and meaning of existing ones. This may be a sign of maturity—almost sedateness—and the world may well grow nostalgic for the American youth and adventurousness that it used to treat at times with condescension. Or it may be a consequence of that inhibiting awe of the "nuclear stalemate" which so strongly influences the President. Or, finally—and there is a growing suspicion of this in Europe—it may be that Eisenhower, for all his high ideals, does not have the grasp of foreign affairs he was thought to have.

The President has tried to play umpire between the Allies and rising nationalism in the Middle East, and between the rebellious satellites and the Kremlin. That policy has now failed. It led the Allies to try to go their own way in the Middle East. And the effort to reassure Russia that the United States is not seeking "military allies," but only "friends," as Mr. Dulles put it, and to warn the satellites that "Titoism is good enough," has been frustrated by what seems the inexorable internal evolution of the Communist world, which seems to permit neither the Kremlin nor its satellites to stand still. A half-and-half policy designed to satisfy everybody is no policy at all, and will cost America many dollars without winning her any influence. Fundamentally, of course, influence depends not on what a country *says*, but on what it is prepared to *do;* American influence will be weak unless the Eisenhower trend toward withdrawal from commitments in the world is reversed. Only then can Western security be preserved.

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THE JEWS OF SOUTH AFRICA

Portrait of a Flourishing Community

DAN JACOBSON

THOUGH there have been Jews in South Africa almost since the first days of European settlement of the Cape in the middle of the 17th century, the South African Jewish community of today is the child of the same great wave of emigration from Europe which carried so many Jews to the United States from about 1880 onwards. But unlike the Jewish community in the United States, the South African community is remarkably homogeneous in character—some 80 per cent of its members being immigrants, or the descendants of immigrants, from Lithuania. Why so many Jews from Lithuania, and a smaller number from Latvia, should have been attracted particularly to South Africa—rather than to the United States, say, or the Argentine—seems to have been a matter of chance, the result of the conspicuous success of a few individuals whom numbers of others immediately attempted to emulate. But whatever the reasons that brought them there, it is these Litvaks and their descendants who have made South African Jewry what it is today, though the influence of those German and English Jews who were in South Africa before this wave of immigration has also had its effect.

And in the opinion of the editors of *The Jews in South Africa: A History*, the South African Jews of today "have inherited some of the qualities of the Litvaks—their warm-heartedness and generosity, their practical-mindedness, a strong feeling of Jewish solidarity, and a love of learning combined with a somewhat critical attitude towards religious tradition." The editors point out that the Zionist movement has had greater support from them than from any other Western Jewish community, and add that being "enterprising and hard-working, they have been able to take advantage of the opportunities offered by [their] new and developing country. . . ." The tone of self-gratulation is unmistakable, but with the evidence of the *History* before one it would have been hard to avoid.

The editors and fourteen others have collaborated to produce a history of the Jews in South Africa from the earliest days of white settlement to 1910, the date of the establishment of the Union; and though from 1880—which is the date of the first major immigration of Jews to the country—to 1910, may seem too short a time in which anything could have happened, by that time the community had in fact set itself firmly on the path which was to bring it to what it is today. Numbering only some 120,000 members, by outside observers it is declared to be the wealthiest Jewish community in the world per capita, and one playing a part in the life of South Africa, and in the Zionist movement, quite out of proportion to its size.

THE first comprehensive history of the South African Jewish community, *The Jews in South Africa*, edited by Gustav Saron and Louis Hotz (Oxford University Press, 422 pp., $5.60), is here discussed at length by DAN JACOBSON. Familiar to our readers mainly as a writer of fiction, Mr. Jacobson has also contributed several articles and reviews dealing with South African racialism, among them "A White Liberal Trapped by His Prejudices" (May 1953). He was born in Kimberley, South Africa in 1929, educated at the University of the Witwatersrand in Johannesburg, and spent some months on a kibbutz in Israel, after which he lived in London for several years. Currently he is at Stanford University, preparing his third novel for publication. His most recent book, *A Dance in the Sun*, was reviewed in our August 1956 issue.

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IMMENSELY detailed, and with remarkably little overlapping, the *History* tells the story of the establishment of all the individual Jewish communities in South Africa. There are in addition chapters on South African Zionism, Jewish contributions to the economic development of the country, and the formation of the Board of Deputies as the representative body of South African Jewry. (Significantly, perhaps, there is no chapter which deals directly with religion, or any religious developments, though the establishment of each synagogue is fully recorded.) In one chapter, "From Lithuania to South Africa," Chaim Gershater describes simply how the Jews in Lithuania came to know of South Africa, how young men were sent out to establish themselves there before bringing their families over, and how the families made the long and uncomfortable journey via London to Cape Town. Another chapter, "Boers, Uitlanders, Jews," by Gustav Saron, deals with the political position of the Jews in Kruger's Transvaal Republic in the years between the discovery of the Witwatersrand goldfields and the Anglo-Boer War; the same writer contributes an "Epilogue" summarizing developments from 1910 to the present day to which readers who seek information about the community as it is now can be confidently referred.

The role of Jews in the development of diamond and gold mining, on which the South African economy still leans so heavily, was a prominent one, but many of these Jewish mining magnates were of German and English origin, and few of them, comparatively, were Litvaks. If the community today is dominated by Litvaks and their descendants, their success story is not one of wealth acquired dramatically out of gold and diamonds. The typical pattern of the careers of the Jewish immigrants from Lithuania emerges not only from the chapter in the *History* actually devoted to the Jewish contributions to the country's economic development, but from all those scattered chapters in the book which describe the establishment of isolated communities all over the country, mentioning in every province names of distant villages from many of which the Jewish communities today have all but disappeared. Cape Town and Johannesburg and the other larger urban centers always attracted most of the immigrants, but there was hardly a *dorp* in the country where at least one Jewish storekeeper could not be found. He was usually preceded by the Jewish peddler, or *smous,* who went from farm to farm on horseback or by cart, and often the *smous* became the storekeeper, just as today the same man or his son might be the owner of a large store in a town, an industrialist, or a wholesaler. The retail trade in the country districts, which was once overwhelmingly Jewish, is no longer so: with the money they made in the country, the Jews have tended to go into the towns, the children often setting the pace of this movement, and their parents selling out to follow them.

South Africa today is not nearly as dependent on the mines as it once was. If an economic revolution occurred when diamonds were discovered in Kimberley in 1870 and gold on the Rand some ten years later, another has taken place in the years just before, during, and after World War II. The major source of the nation's wealth is today what in South Africa is called "secondary" industry—manufacturing. In "secondary" industry the Litvaks have played a part as great as that once played by the German and English Jews in the development of the mines. There is hardly a branch of manufacturing in which Jews are not prominent, and in some, such as garment making, flour-milling, furniture-making, and others, they are dominant. The Jews in South Africa have pioneered and taken risks. Though comparatively few Jews have gone into agriculture, the *History* shows that the development of the production of wool, cotton, sugar, and citrus fruits owes much to individual Jews, who in some cases were the first to experiment with these crops. And the biggest individual producers of two of South Africa's most

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important crops, maize and potatoes, have both been Jews.

THE sons and daughters of these country shopkeepers, farmers, and factory-owners, with the wealth of their parents behind them, have been able to go to the universities, where they have entered the professions in very considerable numbers. Medicine and law remain the first choice of most of them, and it is they who have given the universities of the Witwatersrand and Cape Town the reputation of being largely "Jewish" institutions, though some years ago, when a census was taken at the University of the Witwatersrand in Johannesburg, Jewish students turned out to be no more than about 20 per cent. (As these universities are the only two in the country which have no color bar, their supposedly "Jewish" character has a connection with some of the political issues discussed below.) But considering that the percentage of Jews in the total white population of South Africa is only about 4.4, 20 per cent is a noticeably high figure. And, of course, many Jewish students attend the country's other universities.

Naturally, perhaps, a snobbery against business has developed among these first- and second-generation Jews who take to the professions, but in this they merely follow the direction indicated by their parents, who seemed to believe that, while standing behind a counter was good enough for themselves, it would not be nearly good enough for their taller, stronger, rugby-playing South African sons.

To the intellectual and artistic life of the country, Jews have likewise contributed more than their numbers have warranted. South African intellectual life is not exactly flourishing, for the country is new, empty, devoid of institutions ("No Epsom, nor Ascot!" Henry James complained of America—one can wonder what he would have made of South Africa), racked with dissensions, and faced with problems of "cultural pluralism" which threaten to break the back of even that accommodating little phrase. But what there is in South Africa—whether in music, painting, sculpture, or literature—owes much to individual Jews both for their contributions and their patronage. The contributions are more "South African" than "Jewish"—that is, they are made to the general culture of South Africa rather than involving specifically Jewish themes in a South African setting. The *History* has a chapter devoted to the work in Hebrew and Yiddish of the late Chief Rabbi J. H. Landau; only the most modest claims are made for any other South African works in these languages, though the flourishing Jewish press in English and the now somewhat less flourishing Yiddish press are referred to.

THE *History* finds the organization of the South African community a matter for congratulation too. It is, in the main, divided between two bodies, the South African Zionist Federation and the South African Jewish Board of Deputies, the respective functions of which are indicated by their titles. It is a measure of the enthusiasm of South African Jewry for the Zionist cause that it had a single body uniting its various Zionist groups some years before a similar body devoted to local affairs could be formed. In the early years there was, as the *History* admits, a certain amount of dissension between the Federation and the Board of Deputies, but today they work amicably together, each supported in its own field by the great majority of South African Jews.

The claim made in the *History* that the Zionist movement has had greater support from the South African Jewish community than from any other in the world is strikingly borne out by the fact that per head of population the community gives more money than any other to the various appeals for Israel; it should be mentioned, too, that in proportion to their numbers more young Jews went from South Africa than from any other country to fight in Palestine during the War of Liberation. The large sums of money given to Israel

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are, of course, a reflection of the community's wealth, too, but the strength of Zionist sentiment is certainly due in part to the Litvak heritage. And there are a number of purely South African factors involved as well, among them being the past anti-Semitism of some of the country's political parties, and the general atmosphere of the country, which is one of competing nationalisms. In becoming Jewish nationalists the Jews did no more than follow the example of their neighbors.

The Zionist movement in South Africa, as elsewhere, is still in the crisis of its success. As much money as before is being given, but the number of young Jews from South Africa settling in Israel seems to grow smaller and smaller every year. Certainly the Zionist fervor of ten years ago seems to have been dissipated to some extent at least. This is not, as I have said, purely a South African problem; and in comparison with others, the South African community retains the distinction claimed for it by the editors of the *History*.

SOUTH Africa has about two and a half million whites, about ten million Natives, a large mulatto community of about a million, and about half a million Indians. The whites are divided into English- and Afrikaans-speaking inhabitants, the latter descended from the original Dutch-speaking colonists, or Boers, who established in the 19th century the two Boer republics that were later conquered by the British. The Anglo-Boer War is the least forgotten of wars in South Africa today, and there is considerable bitterness between English-speaking and Afrikaans-speaking whites, which finds expression, among other things, in the two main political parties, the ruling Afrikaner Nationalist party and the opposition United Party, which is predominantly English-supported. The disputes over such things as flags, anthems, language rights, etc., etc., are endless, and can be expected to grow fiercer as the Afrikaner Nationalists press harder and harder towards their ultimate goal of a republic outside the British Commonwealth.

This division between the two sections of the white community, though serious enough, is dwarfed by the problem of the relations between white and black. Political and economic power is in the hands of the whites, and but for a tiny group of liberals there are none among them prepared even to consider sharing their power and wealth with the blacks, or yielding any of the privileges and comforts which their status as a master race has brought them. As the blacks get more and more drawn into what is becoming a highly industrialized country, they grow increasingly restive under their helot status. Though the record of successive South African governments is not so very much worse than that of the other European powers in the continent, the outlook in South Africa—because of its relatively advanced development—is particularly foreboding. South Africa is a country of great physical beauty and almost limitless economic possibilities, but its moral atmosphere is pernicious, and there is no conscious person in the country, not even among supporters of the present government, who looks to the future with any confidence at all. But those on either side, or outside, who expect a revolution to break out at any time are invariably disappointed: the struggle for power between white and black is unlikely to be dramatic, single, settled in a matter of months, or even in a couple of years. Barring foreign intervention of a sort that it is difficult to envisage, it is likely to go on indefinitely in our lifetime or beyond it, and the prospects are that it will be nothing but ugly, intermittently bloody, and unceasingly degrading to both sides.

In a country where group animosities are so fierce, and where the political passions are so largely racial passions, the position of the Jewish community could not but be an exposed one. The *History* plays safe and does not deal at all with general political and social developments in the country except when "issues directly

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affecting Jews as a group came into the political arena." With these issues the book does deal adequately, but by and large it reflects the traditional attitude of the representative bodies of South African Jewry, who have always strenuously maintained, in words similar to those chosen by the editors of the present book (which is not, incidentally, an official publication), that "Jews as a group, as opposed to individual Jews, have played no part in politics," and that "whatever political causes individual Jews espoused they acted as individuals . . . and not as representatives of the Jewish group."

In our time the most significant of these issues "affecting Jews as a group" is undoubtedly the fact that before and during World War II the Afrikaner Nationalist movement became deeply imbued with anti-Semitism of a sort that owed something in inspiration to Hitler Germany, and that found a ready response in the country's particular susceptibility to racial hostilities of any kind. The Afrikaner Nationalist movement was anti-British and anti-Native and anti-Indian as well as anti-Jewish, but of the white sections of the population it was undoubtedly the Jewish community which felt the greatest alarm when in 1948 the Nationalist party defeated the Smuts government at the polls and formed a government under Malan. The alarm has by now subsided, for since coming into power, despite an occasional grumble from some of the party's wilder men, no government could have been more scrupulously correct in its attitude towards the Jewish community. Malan's government and its successor under Strijdom have continued the tradition of friendship toward the State of Israel initiated by General Smuts. Malan was the first prime minister of any country to pay the new state a visit.

One can only guess at the reasons for this change of attitude towards Jews on the part of the Nationalists, but among them no doubt is the founding of the State of Israel (for whose achievements there is much admiration among Afrikaans-speaking South Africans), the extremely damaging effect an attack on the Jews would have on the country's economy, and—perhaps most important of all—the fact that the government has its hands quite full already without adding to its problems by creating a Jewish one. The South African government is desperately anxious to get all the support it can for its Native policies from all whites, and though its goal remains an Afrikaner republic outside the Commonwealth, it has dropped not only its anti-Jewish policies but its threats against the language rights of the English-speaking community as well.

But the relations between the Jewish community and the Afrikaner Nationalist movement remain a matter of some delicacy, for the Nationalists are now complaining of the sluggishness of the Jewish response to the new face the movement has presented to them. The Jews are tending to cling to their traditional alignment with the urban, English-speaking community; they remain suspicious of a party that only a few years ago was promising to impose political and social disabilities on certain *volksvreemde elemente* (groups alien to the *volk*). Yet given time, given no change of policy, and given the continued success of the Nationalist party, there is no doubt that sections of the Jewish community will tend more and more, as some have already done, to identify themselves with the Afrikaans-speaking group, and with the party that represents it. (The facts of demography, together with the hold that the Nationalist party has over the Afrikaans schools, youth movements, churches, and cultural movements, just about insure its continued success.)

The Jewish community does not oppose the present government because of any detestation of its Native policies, which have won it so much notoriety abroad. This fact would probably come as a surprise to some of the government's supporters, who have had drummed into them over many years the old anti-Semitic identification of Jews with Communism, and who are aware

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of the prominence of some Jews in what left-wing political movements there are in South Africa. But, as a whole, Jews in South Africa have shown themselves to be no more immune from race prejudice than any other group. *"Die schwarze"* are talked of as contemptuously at Jewish tea parties as they are at gatherings of English- and Afrikaans-speaking whites; and though Jews have a reputation among the Natives for being "good" to their servants (at least so I have been told by Native servants—due allowance being made for the desire to say something pleasing), a man who is kind to his servant will not necessarily be willing to have someone with the same skin color as his servant sit in his lounge. The degree to which Jewish radicals or even more moderate "liberals" in South Africa are representative of the Jewish community is certainly very much less than their opponents suppose.

THIS may, perhaps, come as a surprise to readers outside South Africa, too, who may feel that Jews have a duty to oppose racialism because they are Jews, whether it is directed against Jews or against others. This feeling, as I have frequently met it since coming to England, is usually expressed either as a warning or as a moral exhortation. The warning is made on the grounds that a racialist government must sooner or later turn against the Jews—but to this South African Jews can reply that racialism in South Africa is not a government, not a movement, not a political party, but the very basis of society: South Africa has never been anything but racialist, and yet so far it is a country in which Jews have managed to fare rather well. Many South African Jews see no *necessity* that South African color-consciousness must give rise to anti-Semitism: if there is, it is a necessity that after three hundred years in which to mature has not yet issued into action. These people admit that their position is exposed, but, they might ask, whose position in South Africa is not? And even if theirs is more exposed than that of any of the other white groups, is there a community in the world outside Israel about which, relative to the general degree of stability within each state, something of the same sort might not be said?

Where a warning fails, a moral exhortation is even less likely to succeed; and the present writer must admit that his sympathies are with South African Jews when their irritation is aroused by people who tell them that because they are Jews it is their duty to "throw in their lot" with the Natives, and to "stand by the victims of oppression," and the various other things that outsiders so readily advise them to do. Such things are always easy to say: those who have actually been faced with the catastrophic breakdown in communication between white and black cannot avoid asking such discomforting questions as *"How* does one 'throw in one's lot' with the Natives? With which Natives does one 'throw in one's lot'? How does one convince the Natives that one has 'thrown in one's lot' with them?" And to point out to the moralists that what is being asked of one is very possibly the disruption of one's private life, isolation from the only community one knows, and even a readiness to go to jail for one's views. For something which it is barely an exaggeration to describe as a martyrdom of a kind is the penalty paid by those white men who do wholeheartedly seek to better the political and social and political conditions under which the Natives live, and though there are in South Africa a few white people who do desperately try to cross the gulf between black and white, who do make these great sacrifices, such people are very rare indeed—as rare as they would be anywhere else. The idea that the entire South African Jewish community should, or could possibly, be composed of such individuals is one that it is very difficult indeed to attempt to entertain seriously.

It must be added there are in South Africa a few responsible Jewish religious and communal leaders whose concern about conditions in the country stems in

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part from their interpretation of both the Jewish ethic and Jewish experience in history, and who are unafraid to express their views and to act on them. There are not many, but there are some; and of all, they are the least likely to speak wildly about the Jews throwing in their lot with the Natives in the fine and simple way that proposition seems to present itself to some people outside South Africa. I cannot believe that it is not significant that the only people actually in South Africa who do loudly and persistently call upon the Jews, because they are Jews, to "throw in their lot" with the Natives are the Communists, who, like Communists anywhere else in the world, make appeals that are permitted by contempt for the fate of particular people in particular situations to have the appearance of being totally "generous" and "idealistic"—the "generosity" and "idealism" being "total" because they have nothing to do with the human possibilities that exist in any particular situation. The rest of us—even if we are outsiders looking at South Africa—have the duty to respect the facts, not least of which is the fact of human limitation.

By its nature, a book like the *History* has to take for granted the existence of the Jewish community which is its subject, and it is only in Mr. Saron's "Epilogue" that the question of the future of the community is raised, not only in relation to the other groups in South Africa but internally —in relation, as one might say, to itself. South African Jewry is facing these same problems of acculturation and assimilation that face the other Jewish communities of the Western world, but, because it has only recently become predominantly South African-born, and because of the divisive tendencies of life at large in South Africa, the community has so far maintained a remarkable sense of solidarity and cohesiveness. Yet there is a need, as Mr. Saron puts it, "for earnest heart-searching, for re-thinking fundamentally the questions relating to the future of the Jewish community, here as elsewhere." Though some observers have seen signs of a religious revival in South Africa similar to that reported by some writers from America, there is no doubt that the traditional and religious sanctions have a much weaker hold upon South African-born Jews than they did upon their parents and grandparents. And the Zionist movement too, it has been suggested, is losing some of the immediacy of its appeal. What is to take the place of these?

It is a question that Mr. Saron does not really attempt to answer, and indeed one he could not be expected to answer. Nor would any reader feel it to have been entirely answered were mention made here of the elaborate Jewish country clubs on whose growth in the past decade Mr. Saron not altogether hopefully remarks; or of the wedding parties that are held in such large halls all over Johannesburg every Sunday afternoon; or of the crowds who go down every year to Muizenberg, South Africa's premier Jewish holiday resort.

The Jews in South Africa: a History is a story of adaptation and tenacity, and if the South African Jewish community has anything of the qualities of the people who founded it, with its present wealth, self-respect, and organizational strength, it should—at least as much as any other white group in the country—be able to continue with its task of developing satisfactory and characteristic forms of expression out of those it already has.

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LIBERALISM AND THE LAW

Justice Frankfurter and Professor Chafee

SIDNEY HOOK

THERE is a root ambiguity in the word "liberal." It is reflected in the fact that its opposite is in some contexts "illiberal," which no one will own up to being, and in other contexts "conservative," to which, if it is kept in lower case, everyone in some respect can make a claim. A resort to history is not likely to be decisive in establishing the proper usage of "liberal," primarily because in the past the term was preempted by particular social and political programs. To this day in Europe the predominant connotation of "liberal" is of laissez-faire economy, free trade, and opposition to government measures of welfare. And in the United States there are those who, like the adherents of the Liberty League in the 30's and the followers of Von Mises and Hayek today, regard freedom from government intervention as the key to all freedom.

Nonetheless there are two historical figures of the American past who in doctrine and temperament stand for what is commonly meant by liberalism: Jefferson and Lincoln. Jefferson is forever associated with the Declaration of Independence; Lincoln asserted that he had never had "a feeling, politically, that did not spring from the sentiments embodied in the Declaration of Independence." The Declaration was not only a pronouncement in favor of freedom but of equality. The notion that there is a necessary conflict between freedom and equality, current in their day as in ours, was dismissed by both Jefferson and Lincoln, perhaps too simply, as a prejudice of those who believed that nature itself was organized along aristocratic lines. There were certain *historical* reasons, however, that led many to fear that political equality could be achieved only at the cost of individual freedom. At any rate, no scheme of political equality is conceivable or practicable without some form of majority rule. That is why, among other reasons, both Jefferson and Lincoln were passionately devoted to the principle of majority rule. Lincoln, especially, recognized what some of the sophisticated critics of the principle, who feared the tyranny of the majority, have failed to see: that the only alternative to majority rule is either despotism or anarchy, the tyranny of the individual (or cabinet, mistress, junta, council, or court) or the tyranny of the mob.

At the same time neither Jefferson nor Lincoln believed that the majority was necessarily right or wise. Nor did they embrace Rousseauistic nonsense about the general will. For both of them a democracy which was not enlightened could not long remain free. It is this recognition of the importance of creative intelligence in the functioning and defense of a free society, and in the liberation of human personality, which constitutes the link between John Dewey and Thomas Jefferson.

AMERICAN liberalism owes to Jefferson its acceptance of the principle of majority rule, its trust and faith in the free play of intelligence as the means by which not merely programs of political action emerge, but, beyond that, institutions fostering enduring sentiments of freedom. As Justice

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Frankfurter puts it: "This was the essence of Jefferson's social philosophy and the devotion of his life. It is the permanence of his meaning—to establish sentiments of freedom as the enduring habits of a people." These sentiments were not to be exercised vicariously or held in trust for the people by their betters.

From this principle Jefferson derived his well-known opposition to the doctrine of judicial supremacy. This opposition he bequeathed to contemporary liberalism; its most distinguished legal representative in our time, and possibly all time, was Justice Holmes. Although differing in their economic views, Holmes, Brandeis, Cardozo, and Frankfurter have been the great Jeffersonians on our bench. All of them recognize the necessity of a supreme *court* as well as a supreme *law*—else forty-eight different state legislatures and court systems would generate conflict and chaos. But at the same time they recognize that the supreme *law* in a democracy must express the legislative will of the nation as a whole and not merely the judicial will. The Constitution provides the guide lines to Congress, but cannot be made a fetish without violating the American spirit of government. Holmes recognizes the differences in the functions of the Court when he observes: "I do not think that the United States would come to an end if we lost our power to declare an act of Congress void. I do think the Union would be imperiled if we could not make that declaration as to the laws of the several states."

What embarrasses the Jeffersonians on the bench, however, is that the Supreme Court, which is not responsible to the electorate, has the power, won for it by John Marshall, to nullify the acts of a Congress which is responsible to the electorate. No honest mind can contest Justice Frankfurter's reminder that "judicial review is a deliberate check upon democracy through an organ of government not subject to popular control." But the contention that such a check is necessary to prevent the tyranny of the majority, and that without such a check the civil liberties of minorities would necessarily be destroyed, is sheer rationalization: it was property, not freedom, that the Supreme Court safeguarded throughout most of its history. Nor has that history been distinguished by the valiant defense of civil rights.

In England, where a proposal to give the courts the power to pass on the constitutionality of an Act of Parliament would be regarded as comparable to restoring the doctrine of the divine right of kings, civil liberties and minority rights flourish more luxuriantly than elsewhere. To be sure, majorities in a democracy may be foolish and tyrannical. But so may minorities if they have power. And the Supreme Court is the smallest of all minorities. If judges are to be our rulers, Morris R. Cohen used to say, they should be elected.

THE Supreme Court has, of course, sometimes spoken out very effectively in behalf of civil rights, most notably in *Brown v. Board of Education,* which outlawed segregation in the nation's public schools. But let us not forget that in doing so it reversed the deplorable decision of *Plessy v. Ferguson* upholding "equal" and "separate" facilities, a decision that for fifty-eight years gave legal sanctification to a pattern which the more recent decision cannot easily modify. If the reasoning of the Court in 1954 had been followed in 1896, by this time we would be much closer to rectifying the social and civil injustices from which our Negro fellow citizens suffer—and not only in the South. And if history is relevant, there are few if any Supreme Court decisions on civil rights whose beneficial effects begin to compare in importance with the grievous consequences of the Supreme Court's decision in the Dred Scott case, which some historians regard as one of the causes of the Civil War. Only historical myopia can see in the Supreme Court a consistent defender of civil liberties.

Justice Holmes and his Jeffersonian colleagues have met the embarrassment in which their power to nullify acts of Congress has placed them by a severe self-restraint. They have resolutely refused to impose their own conception of social and economic pol-

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icy on the country in the guise of interpreting the wisdom of Constitutional fathers who never even conceived of the character of contemporary problems and issues. What Justice Frankfurter says of Holmes is only in slightly lesser measure true of himself. "Probably no man who ever sat on the court was by temperament and discipline freer from emotional commitments compelling him to translate his own economic or social views into Constitutional commands." That is why he frequently speaks of the need for humility and detachment lest "limitations in personal experience are transmuted into limitations of the Constitution."

As Alan F. Westin has shown in an informative and enlightening article in COMMENTARY ("Liberals and the Supreme Court," July 1956), this has led to considerable criticism of Justice Frankfurter by a highly articulate group of liberals whose attitude toward the Supreme Court is frankly opportunistic—critical when they disagree with the Justices, as in the 30's, and approving when they agree, as in the present. Some of the unjust aspersions upon Justice Frankfurter's liberalism reflect the extent to which principles that should guide democratic *process* are conceived of merely as useful instruments toward specific *programs*. One reviewer, not the worst, of Justice Frankfurter's recent collection of miscellaneous papers and addresses* (from which I have already quoted) interprets his emphasis upon the need for "dominating humility" in judges as signifying that the judge "must not follow his own conviction but must derive his judgment as a spokesman, vicar, or proxy of some authoritative outside voice" (*New York Times Book Review*).

Nothing could be further removed from Justice Frankfurter's meaning. A judge who does not follow his own conviction is unworthy of his post, but his conviction must not be arbitrary or molded only by what he is familiar with in his personal experience. He must have a sense of the limits of his knowledge and of his power. He may, for example, be convinced that the free enterprise system is more efficient than any form of planned economy, and that all the freedoms of the Bill of Rights ultimately rest upon it, but he has no business reading that conviction into the Constitution by exegetical exercises on systematically ambiguous expressions like "due process." A judge without convictions should step down from the bench. But the conviction that he is not there to legislate; that the spirit of the democratic process gives this power to Congress; that on specific matters of policy he is not likely to be less foolish or more informed than most legislators; that although interpreting law is to some extent inescapably making law, there is a difference between adjudication and outright legislation—this according to Justice Frankfurter should be a judge's overriding conviction, and the source of his humility.

Justice Frankfurter pleads guilty to the charge of entertaining an "old-fashioned liberal's view of government and law." It is the liberalism with which we all grew up—even those who opposed it. If there has been any change, it has not been in Justice Frankfurter but in those sophisticated neo-Machiavellians who believe, despite the historical evidence, that in the long run courts are better guardians of the liberties and welfare of the people than a democratic legislature. They could well chew on his words: "If judges want to be preachers, they should dedicate themselves to the pulpit; if judges want to be primary shapers of policy, the legislature is their place." To make one's philosophy of judicial review dependent upon the composition of the Court at any definite time is cynical. Worse than cynical, it is foolish, for death and the pendulum of history are sure to place on the bench not merely conservatives but illiberals.

JUSTICE FRANKFURTER, like Holmes, recognizes the difference between what I have elsewhere called "the strategic freedoms," those upon which the functioning of the free market in ideas depends, like freedom

*Of Law and Men, by Felix Frankfurter. Harcourt, Brace, 364 pp., $6.75.

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of speech, press, and assembly, and those freedoms which are required, say, for the functioning of the free market in commodities. But since the strategic freedoms are themselves not absolute and on occasion conflict, it is sometimes necessary to abridge a particular freedom in order to safeguard the entire complex of freedoms on which the democratic way of life rests. Here is the really troublesome area in which the justification for judicial review of Congressional legislation seems most plausible. Where Congress clearly acts in haste or panic, or in anticipation of having the Supreme Court save it from its own folly while it reaps electoral dividends, the Justices of the Court can exercise with an easy conscience the power John Marshall won for them. Justice Frankfurter, as I read him, would no more hesitate than Justice Holmes, under the *existing powers* of the Court, to put a brake upon Congressional action, to nullify legislation that clearly violated the strategic freedoms, even though he believes that the best appeal from majority rule, drunk and unenlightened, is to majority rule, sober and enlightened.

Such cases, however, are extremely rare. The more usual cases are those involving, as does the Smith Act, conflict between legitimate concern for the security of our system of freedom and legitimate fear that one or another strategic freedom has been too tightly circumscribed. Here, according to Justice Frankfurter, the issue is not whether the legislation is wise or justified, or whether the individual Justice agrees or disagrees with the way Congress has resolved the conflict of rights and interests, but whether the legislation was sufficiently reasonable in the light of the evidence and the spirit of deliberation. If the Smith Act is unwise, amend or repeal it, but do not invalidate it on the ground that you as an individual Justice personally do not appraise the Kremlin and its fifth column as a serious threat, or that if you had been a Congressman you would have voted against it. It is even conceivable that a Senator Douglas may understand the nature of the Communist threat better than a Justice Douglas. There are obvious difficulties in interpreting the rule of "reasonableness," but they are less formidable than those involved in any alternative rule.

It betokens no lack of deference for the Supreme Court to recognize that Justices are capable of talking and writing nonsense like lesser mortals, including Congressmen; that the appearance of a Justice Holmes is the result of a mutation, not the operation of a rule; that many judges in the lower courts, such as Justice Learned Hand (whose opinion upholding the constitutionality of the Smith Act was much more profound than Justice Vinson's), know more law than do most Supreme Court Justices; and that the opinions of the Supreme Court are not unaffected by the winds of doctrine that blow in the market place. Every system of law needs a Supreme Court: but a truly democratic community does not need a Supreme Court as an arbiter of its destinies.

Despite his detractors, Justice Frankfurter's stature will grow with time and with the increasing political maturity of the American people. Though he, too, is capable of lapsing into absurdities—as in his recurring references to nature as democratic—he manages to keep them out of his judicial opinions. And although he admires Harold J. Laski, that smart silly man who never understood the United States (despite many visits, he described it as if it were still in the 1890's) and who divined in Stalin's Russia the future of civilization, his admiration is not for Laski's unoriginal ideas but for the good show Laski put on, tall stories and all.

II

IN TURNING to Professor Zechariah Chafee's collection of speeches and articles we encounter a different kind of liberal spirit.* For many years a distinguished colleague of Justice Frankfurter's at the Harvard Law School, learned in the history of the Bill of Rights, free from that judicial gravity which inhibits quick and spontaneous judgments

**The Blessings of Liberty*, by Zechariah Chafee. Lippincott, 350 pp., $5.00.

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on men and events, Mr. Chafee radiates a breezy confidence that he incarnates the liberal tradition and that those who differ with him about problems, especially security problems, are suspect in their devotion to freedom.

When Mr. Chafee defends free speech as a general principle he is magnificent, especially in his rhetoric. But we are living in an age one of whose paradoxical features is that in the abstract everyone is in favor of free speech, just as everyone is in favor of democracy. No longer is there honest opposition to free speech as a principle, or to democracy as a form of government. In the case of totalitarians like Communists and fascists, this defense of free speech, or claim to be democratic on occasion, is largely dishonest, and consciously so. But genuine differences among most Americans today arise not over the justification of free speech but over its *problems:* where free speech can be limited and when, and above all what *constitutes* a problem of free speech or a violation of free speech. And here the issue around which almost all contemporary controversy revolves is whether the problem of security is one involving free speech. Does barring a man from a government job because he belongs to a subversive organization *ipso facto* constitute a violation of free speech? Does barring a man from a position because he expressed opinions which bear relevantly upon the job he is expected to do—though he is left free to shout these opinions from a housetop—constitute a violation of free speech? Does the occasional stupidity and injustice of the security system mean that we do not need one or that we must think up a better one?

It is a pity that in his sense of exaltation as a champion of freedom, Mr. Chafee tends to regard almost the entire problem of national security as a simple one of freedom of speech. It would follow from some of the positions he takes that any intelligent and effective security system is incompatible with the Bill of Rights. In consequence, he is often careless in his writing, defective in his logic, and emotional about problems that invite stubborn and prolonged thought. When he does reach sound conclusions it is sometimes in the fashion of someone who concludes that since the Mississippi rises in the French Pyrenees, and since France is a country in North America, therefore the Mississippi is a river in North America.

IRONICALLY enough, the valid criticism which Mr. Chafee makes of the deplorable excesses committed in the quest for security do not require the rhetoric and debating devices he employs. For example, discussing the ill-considered McCarran Act of 1950, and approving the sound objections contained in Truman's veto message, Mr. Chafee concludes with the pious observation: "We must choose between freedom and fear—we cannot have both. If we persist in being afraid, the real rulers of this country will be fanatics. . . ."

Now this is sloppy thinking. No one chooses to be afraid; if we *persist* in being afraid—that is the surest sign that we are not afraid. There is a sense in which we can choose to be free but there is no proper sense in which we can *choose* to fear. Further, freedom and fear are perfectly compatible, just as are wisdom and fear. If we did not fear tyranny, we would not safeguard our free institutions. Mr. Chafee's own language indicates this. If he did not fear the rule of fanatics, he would not write his indignant essays. Not fear but unintelligent fear is the enemy. It is just as bad as unintelligent complacency.

This is a minor point but there are so many of them that they indicate a consistent style of thought. Another example illustrates this from a different angle. Mr. Chafee is discussing the unimportance of the Communist party. And, of course, considered independently of the Soviet Union, as Mr. Chafee considers it, the party is hardly more than a nuisance. But the absurdity is to consider it independently of the strength of the Soviet Union. To establish the insignificance of the Communist party, Mr. Chafee compares the number of members of the Communist party in the

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United States with that of the rest of the population. Historians, aware of Spartacus and Cromwell and Lenin, would scoff at this way of estimating the power of a revolutionary movement. Indeed, some of the fanatics whom Mr. Chafee fears argue that since the Bolsheviks were only a few thousand strong in February 1917 and were able to lay a mighty empire of tens of millions by the heels, they are a comparable menace everywhere. This is the counter-absurdity to Mr. Chafee's own procedure.

But it is the specific argument that Mr. Chafee offers in defense of his position which is instructive here. Writing in 1949, he compares the 70,000 members of the Communist party to the 150 million Americans and turns to his readers with the triumphant observation that the odds are almost 2,000 to 1 in favor of free institutions. Now, whatever the strength of his point, it would not be affected if the odds were 1,000 to 1 or even 100 to 1. But so indifferent is Mr. Chafee to the amenities of valid argument that he commits the statistical outrage of comparing 70,000 adult, dedicated, hardened, professional revolutionists, resting on a periphery of perhaps ten times that number, with a population which includes babes in arms, little children, the aged, infirm, sick, and confined. The same statistical method would confirm the claim of the old enlistment poster that it was safer to be a sailor on board Uncle Sam's battleships in the Spanish-American War than a civilian in the streets of New York.

I COME now to matters that are more serious. The excesses of the security program with which Mr. Chafee, like all American liberals, is legitimately concerned may partly be attributed to angry reactions to the absence of an effective security program in the palmy days when Hiss was a red herring. So long as there is no intelligent security program, excesses and injustices will be plentiful. The best remedy for the latter is thoughtful consideration of the former. In places Mr. Chafee tends to dismiss the question of security as if it were simply a game of cops and robbers: wait until the criminal act is performed and then leave it to the FBI to catch the offenders. But certain actions connected with Communist infiltration, although highly undesirable, technically may not be criminal; and the function of a security program against espionage and sabotage is to *prevent* these activities from taking place, not to punish those guilty *after* they have taken place. Not only has Mr. Chafee nothing to say on this question: his point of view is such that it would actually prevent any security program from operating.

This comes about as follows. Mr. Chafee "detests" Communists. But even more than Communists he detests spies and government agents. Most of all, he detests renegade Communists. "The worst spy of all is the renegade. He has already double-crossed the community by engaging in wrongdoing and then double-crossed his associates by deserting them and helping to punish them." You cannot be sure that spies tell the truth—and certainly not that renegades will! Therefore he would not use them or place any trust in their testimony. How, then, would Mr. Chafee keep members of the Communist party—70,000 strong or even 35,000 strong—out of sensitive agencies like the many connected with the State Department, the military departments, the Atomic Energy Commission, or prevent them from having access to the secrets of our radar defense? (I assume that he would regard it as a legitimate measure of security, and not an expression of McCarthyism, to bar members of the Communist party from sensitive posts.) He rightly scorns hearsay evidence and dismisses membership in "alleged" Communist front organizations as worthless. How, then, tell whether *X* is a member of the Communist party? Presumably, the only method which meets with Mr. Chafee's approval is to ask him!

Mr. Chafee's emotionalism is apparent at every point in the discussion except the first. He detests Communists. "I have confronted a good many of them in the United Nations at Lake Success and Geneva. Some of them

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are menaces, a good many others are nuisances. They are opposed to every ideal of freedom which I hold dear. . . ." But the problem of security is not fundamentally one of Soviet diplomats at Lake Success or Geneva. It is one of fellow citizens under known instructions to infiltrate into strategic and sensitive posts in government and society in behalf of a foreign government which is the spearhead of an international movement to destroy the society Mr. Chafee holds dear. Mr. Chafee seems unaware of these instructions. For all his knowledge of the propaganda of Communism, he is apparently unfamiliar with its organizational literature including specific injunctions to members to commit perjury when necessary in the party cause.

Mr. Chafee declares he wants "to prevent Communists from taking over our government and our lives and destroying our freedoms"—he has forgotten that he has told us there is no danger of this—but the actual problem is much more modest. For there is no danger, nor was there ever the remotest one, of Communists taking over the American government. The problem is much more modest. It is merely to keep them out of places where they can do harm, where as agents of a foreign power—and all members of the Communist party are potentially such—they can weaken the free world in its struggle with the Communist world. But how can Mr. Chafee keep Communists out of positions of trust if he is more distrustful of ex-Communists than of Communists, and rejects with burning scorn the testimony of FBI agents like Philbrick, and others who were never Communists, not because their testimony has been shown false but because of the nature of their roles?

MR. CHAFEE leaves no doubt that he puts far less trust in the Communist who recants than in the Communist who does not, because the first, as we have seen from the quotation above, is twice damned. Mr. Chafee makes so much of the fact that many well-meaning individuals got involved with Communist party organizations because of *idealistic leanings that it is surprising to* read his denunciation of them as "having double-crossed the community by engaging in wrongdoing." Very well. Let us accept Mr. Chafee's recognition of the fact that all Communists have double-crossed the community and engaged in wrongdoing. What, now, shall our attitude be toward them when, having realized what they were doing, and seeking to make amends to prevent further wrongdoing, they turn, not without risk, on their former fellow conspirators? It is precisely when they do this that they incur Mr. Chafee's intensest displeasure. One act doesn't cancel the other in his eyes: it only aggravates it.

This is not a normal moral reaction. A sincerely repentant criminal who reveals and forestalls, at great risk to himself, further crimes by his associates is, morally, surely not worse than the unrepentant criminal. Those followers of Hitler who finally saw where he was leading Germany, broke with him, and tried to kill him were surely not worse than the unreconstructed Nazis who fought for Hitler to the last.

With such ideas about Communists, government agents, and ex-Communists, no security program is possible. If Mr. Chafee had the courage of his passionate resentments, he would, like Alan Barth (or, as he interprets Mr. Barth), make no bones about scrapping the whole program. This would rekindle the fires of McCarthyism.

How deep Mr. Chafee's emotionalism goes is evidenced by the positions it leads him to take on two legal matters—one involving the question of Congressional investigations, and the other his interpretation of the privilege against self-incrimination in the Fifth Amendment.

On the first question, again it is not Mr. Chafee's conclusion which is at fault. The activity of some Congressional committees, aside from possible criticism of them on grounds of their constitutionality, warrants strong rebuke. The recent harassment of Mr. Cogley and Mr. Javits typifies what is most objectionable in the procedure of these committees. It is, however, the reasoning which

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attends Mr. Chafee's conclusion that is puzzling. It is not enough for him to point out that a Congressional committee is not a law enforcement agency. Nor is he satisfied with distinguishing, as some committee chairmen from Dies to Walter unfortunately have not, between inquiry into matters relevant to legislation and inquiry into personal opinion. He attacks Congressional committees for asking questions which result in the crimes of perjury and contempt, "crimes which would never have been committed at all except for the investigations." He charges that "the committees did not unearth the offenses, they created them." It is not the actions of the witnesses which are responsible for their plight—their words in the case of perjury, their refusal to speak in the case of contempt—but the actions of Congress which have "turned scores of previously law-abiding citizens into criminals."

To realize what egregious legal nonsense an illustrious professor of law can sometimes talk, we must recall that questions about membership in the Communist party, the source of its funds and related affairs, are perfectly relevant to the kind of information Congress should have in order intelligently to legislate—or not to legislate—about a variety of matters connected with Communism. A witness who fears that he may be prosecuted under the Smith Act or who fears that his answer would tend to incriminate him, whether in fact it does or not, whether he is a Communist or not, may invoke the Fifth Amendment with complete legal impunity. No Congressional committee has ever denied a witness that privilege except when he himself has waived it. If anything, these committees seem to be too eager to increase the number of those who invoke it.

We must remember that the witness found guilty of committing perjury or contempt must first be tried. The courts may not recognize the relevance of the questions to the scope of authorized Congressional inquiry. They may throw out the charge. The jury may refuse to convict. Mr. Chafee is talking about witnesses who have been legally convicted after a fair trial on the basis of their lying words, or for defiance of a properly constituted legislative body. The committees, whatever one thinks of them, did not compel the witnesses to lie, or to withhold testimony. No system of law or government can permit the witness to be the final authority on what evidence is relevant or admissible.

To be sure, if no questions were asked, no perjury or contempt would be committed by refusal to answer. Should we therefore blame the questioners for these crimes? As well say that law is the cause of crime, marriage of divorce, property of theft; for if the first did not exist, neither would the second. The Congressional committees do not *make* the laws which govern perjury and contempt. And not *they*, but the courts, find witnesses guilty of breaking them. To lay the responsibility for the voluntary actions of the offenders at the door of the committees is comparable to holding the tariff laws responsible for the crime of smuggling. Since under the same laws, some smuggle and some do not, the laws cannot be the cause, or the most decisive part of the cause, of the crime of smuggling. Since only a handful of witnesses before Congressional committees commit perjury or contempt when questioned, the questions cannot be the cause, or the most decisive part of the cause, of these crimes.

SPACE does not permit a detailed analysis of Mr. Chafee's discussion of the privilege against self-incrimination and of the inferences which may legitimately be drawn from its invocation. His treatment is shot through with errors—some of logic, some of psychology, and most of common sense. It will be sufficient for our purposes here to focus discussion on an issue which divides Mr. Chafee from the position taken by Harvard University toward a professor who invokes the Fifth Amendment in answer to a question which bears on the fulfillment of his professional trust.

Harvard University has had a magnificent record in defense of academic freedom. On May 20, 1953, it declared:

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We think membership in the Communist Party by a Faculty member today, with its usual concomitant of secret domination by the Party, goes beyond the realm of his political beliefs and associations. It cuts to the core of his ability to perform his duties with independence of thought and judgment. By the same token it is beyond the scope of academic freedom. In the absence of extraordinary circumstances, we would regard present membership in the Communist Party by a member of our Faculty as grave misconduct, justifying removal.

We deplore the use of the Fifth Amendment by a member of our Faculty. . . . *Furthermore, since we are not conducting a criminal trial, we will not shut our eyes to the inference of guilt, which the use of the Fifth Amendment creates as a matter of common sense. Hence, the use of the Fifth Amendment by a member of our teaching staff within the critical field of his possible domination by the Communist Party makes it necessary in our judgment for us to inquire into the full facts.* We regard it as misconduct, though not necessarily grave misconduct [my italics].

Mr. Chafee takes issue with the reasoning of the Harvard Corporation. He denies that the claim of the privilege is misconduct. "As one who has sworn allegiance to the Constitution, I think this is a very inappropriate phrase to apply to the use of a right given by the Constitution."

What Mr. Chafee is saying is that the exercise of a Constitutional right can never be an instance of ethical or professional misconduct; that because one is privileged to exercise a legal right it can never be morally wrong to exercise it. Mr. Chafee is demonstrably mistaken. What is legally permitted may be morally inadmissible. Depending upon the circumstances under which a legal right is exercised, the activity it involves might be the object of severe and justifiable moral censure.

Suppose a professor publishes something written by someone else, which is now in the public domain, under his own name. He is exercising his Constitutional right to freedom of the press. Plagiarism is not a crime. Yet although he is legally not liable, professionally and morally he is guilty of misconduct. Suppose a scientist cooks his experiment for pay. There is nothing illegal about his action. He has a Constitutional right to do business this way. But he is guilty of the grossest professional and moral misconduct. Suppose a teacher abuses his students and colleagues with the vilest epithets, but stays just within the libel laws. He is exercising his Constitutional right to free speech, but professionally and morally this is conduct unbecoming a teacher. Like many others, Mr. Chafee hasn't the faintest notion that the objection to Communist party teachers does not lie in their "heterodox opinions" but in their *violations of professional ethics.*

The declaration of the Harvard Corporation goes to the heart of the matter in its assertion that sheer common sense indicates that invocation of the Fifth Amendment creates an inference, or presumption, of guilt. This presumption, of course, is not a conclusive one. But *unless resolved* in a hearing, which should be granted to all who invoke the privilege, it is normally sufficiently strong to justify the refusal of employment to someone in a position of trust who invokes the privilege against self-incrimination when asked questions bearing on the performance of his duties—a cashier, a nurse, a policeman, a guide, or even a newspaper man. Mr. Chafee's discussion of "the right not to speak" indicates that he flatly refuses to acknowledge that there is any legitimate inference of guilt, as a matter of common sense, whenever the privilege is invoked. Here he is in good company. The *obiter dicta* of several Justices of the Supreme Court show that they, too, have failed to see that because there is no *conclusive* presumption of guilt when the Fifth Amendment is invoked, it does not follow that it is illegitimate to infer a *presumption* of guilt.

There are three alternatives here to choose among, not two: no inference of guilt whatsoever, according to Mr. Chafee; a *conclusive* presumption of guilt, according to McCarthy; a presumption of guilt warranting further inquiry, according to common sense—and I say common sense because everybody makes this presumption in ordi-

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nary life when he is not trying to prove a legal point.

It is in connection with his discussion of the Fifth Amendment that Mr. Chafee makes one of the most horrendous statements ever leveled against the system of American justice and the character of the American government. In explaining the position of a witness embarrassed by a question, he points out that if he answers falsely he may be convicted of perjury. Mr. Chafee then adds: *"And a perjury conviction may follow even if he answers truthfully; the witness may expect, with good reason, that the jury will disbelieve the truth, being persuaded by government witnesses who hate him and are themselves perjurors"* (my emphasis).

Mr. Chafee obviously believes that this is no mere possibility but occurs sufficiently often to represent a danger to innocent and truthful witnesses in American courts. I doubt whether the author grasps the clear import of the charge he is making not only against the courts but against his government. Not only does he fail to substantiate it as something which frequently occurs, he does not cite a single case (and as horrible as it would be, a single case would not prove the charge) in which an innocent man truthfully denying Communist connections was convicted of perjury. That he could bring himself to make such a charge impugning in this wholesale way the American system of justice, with all its imperfections, is a measure of his emotionalism. It blinds him to obvious facts such as that instructions to commit perjury are issued by the Communist party to its members, not by the government to its witnesses.

It remains to explain how a scholar of such learning, and one so passionately devoted to the traditions of freedom, should be so profoundly in error about the nature of the Communist problem in the world today. The explanation, I believe, is provided by Mr. Chafee himself when he writes: "It is now more than thirty-five years since my work as a student of freedom of speech led me to pay considerable attention to the activities of Communists in this country. My considered opinion is that they are far less dangerous today [1949] than they were in 1919-1920, soon after the Russian Revolution."

Few opinions ever had less foundation in fact. The American Communist movement in 1919-20 was mainly a group of national sections which had split away from the Socialist party. They were completely isolated from American life, and most of their members could hardly speak English. With no mass organizations and without even the tiniest foothold in a trade union, they spent their time debating the merits of "mass action" over "action of the masses." For all their flaming manifestoes, it was *opéra bouffe*. They were torn apart by sectarian factionalism which did not end until 1929 when, under Browder, the original instructions of the Comintern began to be implemented, and infiltration on a large scale was undertaken, front organizations developed, and dual trade unionism finally abolished.

Most important of all, Mr. Chafee does not understand that, from the beginning down to the present, the threat of Communism to the United States was never endemic. Only as the foreign arm of the Soviet Union could the Communist party threaten American security. But in 1919-1920 the Soviet Union hung by a thread. There is no evidence that so much as a single cell was organized by the Communist party in any government service in 1919 and 1920. The Communist party became strong in this country only as the Soviet Union did. Mr. Chafee has obviously not studied the structure of Communist organization and the multiple threads which bind it to the greatest aggregation of power on earth. He would do well to read some of the literature published by the Congressional committees at which he scoffs. He would understand that in 1919-1920 it would have been far more accurate to regard the Communists as thoughtless heretics made feverish by their own rhetorical extravagances than as dangerous con-

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spirators. They were more appropriately objects of satire and laughter than of Palmer's lawless and inhuman raids.

The paradox is that at a time (1949) when the Communist party was a powerful Fifth Column, not only organized underground but entrenched in large unions, able to launch a Progressive party that could snare more than a million votes, Mr. Chafee writes of Communists as if they were still primarily heretics rather than conspirators. He compares those who invoke the Fifth Amendment today when asked about their participation in Communist activities with honest and independent spirits like Thoreau and Garrison. But the words: "I am in earnest—I will not equivocate—I will not excuse—I will not retreat a single inch and I will be heard," sound worlds apart from "I refuse to answer on the ground that a truthful reply would tend to incriminate me."

FOR all his reading of Communist literature, Mr. Chafee understands the nature of the Communist movement no more in the small than in the large. He cites the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee as an organization dedicated solely to helping the widows and orphans of Spain, a victim, alas! of Congressional persecution. He seems unfamiliar with the evidence that not only was it a notorious Communist front but that a considerable portion of the money it raised "for widows and children" was actually diverted to Communist party purposes. Photostatic copies of the committee checks paid to Gerhard Eisler, under the alias of Eiseman, representative of the Comintern in the U.S. and the Kremlin's link with the American underground, were published in the newspapers. They seem to have escaped Mr. Chafee's notice. It would have been more appropriate for an intelligent liberal to denounce this fraud on the American public than the Congressional investigation into what was transparently a part of the American Communist movement.

Despite the mountains of evidence about the character of the Communist movement, Mr. Chafee basically sees Communists in the same light as he saw Soviet diplomats at the United Nations: as mostly "nuisances." No one can question his liberalism. But liberalism is sentimentality unless its sentiment for freedom is nurtured by reason. It is not enough, as Mr. Chafee does, to praise reason. Better than praising reason is using it.

No one can put down Mr. Chafee's book without the feeling that, according to him, the greatest overt threat to American institutions comes not from the Stalins and the Khrushchevs, not from the Hisses, Fields, and the Dexter Whites, not from the Fuchses, Golds, and Rosenbergs, not from the Browders and Fosters and Dennises, but from the Chamberses and Philbricks, from the Brownells and Hoovers, from the House Committee on un-American Activities and the Senate Judiciary Sub-Committee on Subversive Activities. One can be a severe critic of the views and activities of all the latter without countenancing the absurdity of regarding episodic folly and stupidity as more reprehensible than systematic subversion of free institutions. Happily McCarthyism is dead—killed not by such criticisms as these of Mr. Chafee, on which it throve, but by its own excesses. It is time to inter with it ritualistic liberalism which cannot distinguish between heresy and conspiracy.

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THE ASCALON LIGHT

A Story

A. A. DAVIDSON

WHEN a phrase grows trite it is, I suppose, usual enough that the fact behind the phrase should lose some of its reality. It is impossible for me not to feel for the Athenian who voted against Aristides because he tired of hearing him called "Aristides the Just." I knew that the Israeli pioneers *had* drained swamps, *had* planted trees in the desert; I knew how wonderful it was, but I had simply heard it too often. I knew also, very well, the realities and difficulties of the "Ingathering of the Exiles" and the Israel melting pot. The return of a million Jews from the Diaspora is one of the wonders of history, truly a great thing, something marvelously real. But it is possible to tire of being so close, constantly, to reality. Although I have always been a heavy reader, in Israel I read more than ever, to escape reality; like my ancestors in the desert, I began to tire of all that manna, and I tried to recapture from books the taste of the fish, the leeks, the cucumbers, and the melons.

My research was interrupted by a request that I leave Haifa and proceed to Jaffa. There, near the old port where the prophet Jonah began his famous voyage (the significance of which is commonly lost in arid arguments over the dietetic capacities of whales), a man named Zvi, whose face I have forgotten, explained my assignment to me.

Near to the ruins of the ancient city of Ascalon were the ruins of the modern village of Jora. At hand to Jora was a non-ruined barracks of British build, and here the Israeli government intended to establish a lighthouse. A group of men were already living there to guard the place and I was now being sent to care for their health. I had found, to my surprise, that my three years in the U.S. Navy Hospital Corps impressed the Israelis far more than it impressed me.

"There are no doctors in the entire area," Zvi said, with much more enthusiasm than I could feel the statement warranted. "The District Medical Officer pro-tem is a pharmacist, and he is five kilometers away."

I reminded him that I had been only a Pharmacist's Mate.

"Never mind," Zvi said serenely.

The Israelis were always saying "Never mind." It was all the English many of them had, and as they continued to say it in answer to my comments, requests, or complaints, I soon learned *not* to mind. Life can be simpler than most of us realize.

"Never mind," Zvi said. "You leave in one hour."

I objected. I said that I had things to get.

"What things? Here is your medical chest. It is from Burroughs, Wellcome Company—a British firm—*very* good chest. Sign, please, this chitty."

I recognized the voice of the ex-British army sergeant-major. I signed, not caring to tread on the thin ice of "please."

"Books," I said, signing. "I must have time to get some books." Jora, as far I knew, was in effect as remote as Point Barrow. My Hebrew was not good enough for diversional reading. I would sooner have gone without the chest than without English books. My "medical" experience in Israel had convinced me that "Never mind" could substi-

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tute for nine-tenths of the local pharmacopoeia, and that Rish-le-Zion brandy did for the remaining tenth; but for reading matter there was no proxy. I tried to explain this.

"There are books already in Jora," said Zvi, "if you will *wish* to read them. British books. But there is such a beautiful beach there, also fishing, and the Commandant has a shotgun and perhaps will take you hunting for doves. If you are interested in antiquities, there is Ascalon. Many ruins and remains. But *books?*" He smiled, shrugged. "The British left us there an entire library with the barracks. They are such bahstards," he said, fondly, "but at the same time—I must say it—gentlemen. Not only books and barracks they left us, but ports, ships, police stations. How many, many times I have been in those police stations in the old Haganah days! Good beatings they gave me, too. But—if we had had here the French, or the Russians, or even (if you will excuse me) the Americans, I do not know if we would have had so soon our own country and our own police in those stations, with the policemen's wives hanging out the wash to dry in the courtyards."

ZVI THEN took me and introduced me to the man in charge of the lighthouse detail, a stocky, blue-eyed, fortyish man with grizzled hair: his name was Zvi, too. It is a very common name among Israeli men. So is Ari, Uzi, Uri, Ze'ev; these brisk syllables hold their own despite a fashion for more luxuriant Hebrew names: Avimelech, Yehoyakim, Elchanan. This Zvi looked at his watch and asked if the "*chovesh*" was ready. *Chovesh* is, literally, bandager, but English-speaking Israelis generally translate it as dresser or dispenser. I was not so much ready as resigned to leaving unready, so I shook hands with him and followed him into the street.

There was a truck there and attached to it was the light; I realized clearly for the first time that Jora or Ascalon was not going to be the scene of any Captain January type of living. A military anti-aircraft searchlight was what it was, of the kind which nightly pierce the Los Angeles sky, giving notice that a new delicatessen or bowling alley has been opened. The truck, as usual, was overloaded (all Israeli vehicles in the public service were overloaded, and private cars venturing outside the cities with empty seats were apt in those days to be stoned if they refused hitch-hikers), and we were unable to pick up any of the khaki-clad *trampistim* clustered at every crossroad. Now and then Zvi would order a halt to inspect the rope coupling of the light. His grunts of "*Reg'echad!*" (One minute) and "*Sah!*" (Go) punctuated the bumpy trip south.

We entered and left Majdal (anciently Migdal Gad) through gates guarded by military. The paved road gave way to sand, and the abandoned plantations to dunes. The men looked about with more alertness and loaded their weapons.

"Can you use a Czech rifle?" (Years later, when Slansky's neck was cracked upon the garrote, I remembered those Czech rifles.) I told Zvi I couldn't. I also admitted that I could not use a British rifle either, or a Sten gun or a Bren. I said I thought I might still remember how to use the type of carbine with which corpsmen serving in the Marines were supplied during the Japanese War. Zvi sighed.

"Well, you cannot go unarmed around here," he said. "Last week three men were killed. Two Jews and an Arab. One of *our* Arabs, I mean."

The truck lurched over another dune and we saw the barracks on the crest of the seashore—"the tideless, dolorous, midland sea" — I felt just like those words then. At some distance to the right and left were small Arab houses, their doors and narrow windows gaping emptily. A dory lay on its side on the strand, waves breaking over it. The barracks itself was a grim, unpainted building. A huge maze of barbed wire was dragged aside just enough to let the truck enter the yard. I unloaded my gear and went inside to look around. On the ground floor was an office and a vast squad room in which were set up a scant dozen wooden

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trestle beds with thin mattresses. At the back was another room, with an iron bedstead and a chest of drawers. High overhead was a window with a broken pane. This was both my sleeping quarters and the *marpeah,* or sick bay. I suppose it may have been a non-coms' room in British days. Upstairs, besides a few rooms of nondescript character and indeterminate function, was a kitchen and mess hall, and a recreation room with a warped ping-pong table. There was also an armory and a washroom. An iron ladder led to the flat roof. The brightest color in the place was a dirty gray. Dispirited, I waited for a chance to ask about the library; meanwhile supper was cried by the Iraqi cook, a sallow, thin man with the clever face of a not-so-sad cynic who knows when to keep his mouth shut. We all went in.

IT WAS, now I think of it, a curious supper. Stale bread, pickled olives the color of gunmetal, chunks of halvah, margarine (pale, despite there being no tax on colored—"Never mind"), marmalade, and porridge. All of these were also to appear for breakfast and dinner, often without the removal of what seemed the same dead flies; for dinner we would have soup as well, and fried corned beef hash loaf, a sort of kosher Spam, made in Winnipeg. Some fresh meat had come down from Jaffa, but as there was still a little ice left, the cook intended to save it for another day. There was a chipped black enamel *kumkum* of weak tea and a chipped white enamel one of—of—

"What is *this?*" I asked.

"Coffee surrogate," said Zvi, pouring himself a mug. "Sometimes there is real coffee. Maybe tomorrow. Never mind."

I never learned what the stuff was made of, but it was sweet, and sugar is scarce in Israel (the taste of saccharine clung to my tongue for weeks after I left), so I drank it.

The screens were punctured with bullet holes, and the flies buzzed around unmolested.

"*Chovesh,* you're from America?" asked a plump, blond Teutonic type. "Are they beating the Jews in the streets of America now?" His name was Bustie; next to him was a redhead called Gingie. There was a Moroccan by the name of Abénshabbát whose eyes did not seem to focus, and who spent most of his time caring for his weapon. There was Menahem, an Irish-looking Turk of Judeo-Spanish descent; Abraham, an Armenian-looking Bulgar of the same stock; Anselm, a thin, preoccupied Algerian; a pock-marked Kurd; a sturdy Rumanian in his thirties (most of the men were in their teens); a Pole whose wife kept a tiny grocery in Jaffa for him while he was away; and a slender, tall sabra, or native son, with a long mustache which he constantly caressed. There were others. I can't remember them.

But Bustie—when I told him that Jews were not being beaten in the streets in America on any large or systematic scale, I knew the next question would be: "Then why have you come here?" and I was tired of explaining—or trying to explain—so merely shrugged. As expected, also: Did I know Moysha the Pole's uncle in Brook*leen*? The Turk's cousin in Caracas, Venezuela? And: Yes, I'd been in Holavúd; no, I knew no movie stars. Yes, I'd seen—it seemed a thousand years ago—the film *Tarzan, Baal Ha-Jungle,* currently playing at the Mograbhi, Tel Aviv's leading theater of *kol-noah,* or moving voice. Amid the constant crackle of pumpkin seeds the Israelis had sat, limp with pleasure, their eyes flickering from the main screen to the tiny side screen where the equivalent of "Me Tarzan" appeared in Hebrew script: thus they emancipated themselves from the Talmudic superstitions of their elders.

As the jam was being passed Abénshabbát uttered a wild and fearful shriek and fired his rifle out the window.

"*Na!*" he said, in a tone of satisfaction, and "*Riba?*" in a tone of inquiry. Someone passed him the jam. Anselm clicked his tongue once, otherwise no one paid any attention.

"In America," Moysha asked, "how much does a workingman get for 'black labor' for a day, and what does a kilo of meat cost?"

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No one was ever sick the entire time I was there. I never had a single request for medications. Each month I drew on Jaffa for a large bottle of brandy; the absence of any pharmaceutical calls on it left me free to drink it slowly and moodily and congratulate myself that the times were past when I was obliged to use brandy for an external antiseptic after the peroxide ran out. As dust gathered on the supply chest, time gathered on my hands. I asked for the library. Zvi asked the sabra, his second-in-command. The sabra meditated. He consulted the Bulgar, who shrugged and murmured something.

"You know," Zvi said, apologetically, "we have not yet any big factory for lavatory paper in Eretz Yisraël."

"The men," explained the sabra, "do not read English."

Two fly leaves and half a title page was all that remained of the library. But one day the sabra, in a state of high excitement, brought me a book.

"Where did you get it?" I asked, after thanking him.

"Never mind."

I unwrapped it from an Arab-language picture paper. It was a copy of *Helpful Farm Hints For Every Day*, published in Milwaukee in 1919. I read it through in twenty minutes, then read it again. And again. How to make headcheese. How to sharpen plow-points. How to spay sows. Two days later the sabra said, "When you have finished that book, I will get you another."

"But where *are* the books?"

"Never mind."

"I am finished with that one, anyway."

"So *soon?*" But he gave me the other, and said he really had no more. The second one was a Penguin edition of Prince Kropotkin's *Mutual Aid*. I rationed myself: one chapter in the morning, one in the afternoon, one at night. Kropotkin wrote about societies, human, animal, insect; those which practiced mutual aid, those which—being "in decay"—did not. Most non-human species were in the first class. The only item I can recall about the second grouping was that certain kinds of falcons stole from one another.

"No one," he wrote, "has ever seen a dung beetle quarreling with his fellow over the balls of dung which they gather." I was not prepared to dispute the statement. I got the point.

Outdoor life? Zvi-of-Jaffa had mentioned hunting and fishing. Zvi-of-Jora did, indeed, take doves with his shotgun. While I did not engage in any spirit-wrestlings with him about this, the fact is I do not hunt. I have nothing against doves, and cannot eat them unless they have been killed according to religious law, and a shotgun is not a valid means to this end. Fishing. There was no fishing tackle around the place, yet I would sometimes see the sabra come from the beach with a clutch of fish dangling on a stick. Detonation charges, while illegal, were effective. One day he went to sell his catch in Majdal and I invited myself along. We drove in the jeep (*"ha-jip"*) with Abén-shabbát and Moysha. There was some concern about the back axle (*"ha-beck-ex'"*), but off we went anyway.

"Listen," I said, as we passed an Arab doing something or other in a wet field with a camel, "do you suppose I could find some English books in Majdal?"

The sabra shrugged. Majdal was a town of one-story buildings made of dirty stone. The last big thing that had happened to it was its occupation by Mehemet Ali. It had, at the time of my visit, about 1,500 Arabs and perhaps half that many Jews. The Jews worked in the nearby abandoned plantations, trying to rehabilitate them. The remaining Arabs were mostly weavers. I could see them at their looms, the workshops open to the hot, dusty streets, or coming from the dye yards—its huge wooden gates half ajar—with skeins of brilliant cotton thread in their hands. A few fellaheen rode to or from the fields with wooden implements on their shoulders. While the sabra went to sell his fish and Moysha looked around for some apricots to buy for his grocery, I sat down for a cup of coffee.

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The Arab boiled it up in the usual tiny copper pot (by this time I had learned that smuggled coffee and sugar were easily available here because of the nearby border), and his assistant—aged about eight, I would guess—got out the tiny china cup and the beaten-brass lid and the tall tumbler of water and the tray and the crackers or *"bisqooeet."* I gazed around the market place. Some old men in baggy pantaloons came out of the mosque, followed by the most memorable figure I ever saw in Majdal. He was a huge Negro, as black as only few are, in a purple robe and the green turban and henna-red beard of the *hadji;* and he fingered his beads and muttered to himself in a voice like distance-muted thunder, his whole person breathing power.

The sabra sold his fish and bought green almonds and roasting ears and cigarettes. Moysha had gotten two crates of apricots for the little grocery in Jaffa.

"The books? The English books?"

We asked all through town and the answer was always the same: the single click of the tongue which is the Arab negative. (Israeli joke: Husband—"Was that Arab here after I warned you?" Wife—*"Tsk!"*)

So I went back to the lighthouse where the light didn't work (although it was toiled over the whole day every day), to the sick bay where no one was ever sick. I tried sleeping, but the flies were fierce, they bit, they stung. At night, I discovered, there were mosquitoes.

I began to polish two old bronze coins I'd found in the ruins. I went swimming. The days passed. Elsewhere in the land of Israel cities were springing up overnight; immigrants from China and Peru and eighty or ninety other countries were being deloused, indoctrinated, and disillusioned; a government decree regulating the shape of bread was discovered to have political overtones and round-loaf partisans battled long-loaf partisans and raided opposition bakeries; tourists went on conducted tours and returned, pronouncing everything ideal; trees were planted and swamps drained; the Prime Minister urged everyone to take as guides the books of Ezra and Nehemiah—and when "religious zealots" did so, rather literally, he denounced them with rage; factories were erected and began not only to produce but to export; there was a shortage of small change, and the bus cooperatives printed their own fractional currency which they gave out as change but declined to accept for fares; a *Frenk* murdered and disemboweled his aunt; two new Messiahs appeared in Jerusalem and announced conflicting revelations; everywhere, in short, things were happening—except at the Ascalon light.

One day at the table the sabra announced that there was a grapevine report from Gaza: a reward of £125 had been put upon Achmet's head. Achmet was a little swarthy Arab with a shifty grinning mouth studded with gold teeth.

"What has Achmet done?" I asked. The men laughed without much amusement.

"He wants to kill everybody," the sabra said. "He used to go on patrol against marauders and infiltrators from Gaza; but now the Military Governor doesn't let him, because he kills them all."

A squabble broke out between Menahem and the Rumanian. Menahem's Hebrew grew too rapid, not only for me to follow, but for himself; he broke into Judeo-Spanish.

"Ah, Malta *yok!*" said the Rumanian.

At this, to me, mysterious word, the others laughed, this time lightheartedly. Menahem flushed a bit. I asked for an explanation. The story—said the sabra—was an old, old one, and indeed it must have been. During the days of Turkish imperialism an Ottoman admiral was sent out with a great fleet to invest the island of Malta. The admiral had been appointed for qualities other than proficiency in navigation, and he reappeared after a long absence with no sign of battle joined. To inquiries about Malta he had shrugged and answered, simply, "Malta *yok* —Malta isn't there." Menahem, as the only Turk, had inherited this crack.

"Malta *yok,*" repeated the Rumanian, snickering.

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"Do you know the Haifa bus that goes to Khalissa, where the Rumanians live?" Menahem asked me. I did, I had often taken it to visit a beloved friend.

"Number zero?" I asked, innocently.

"And why is it zero? Because it had a number once, but the Rumanians are all thieves, and they stole it."

The Rumanian had a mug in his hand and he struck Menahem with it above the ear. In another moment Zvi had knocked him down. I expected a riot to break out, but the Rumanian simply put his hand to lip, smeared away a tiny drop of blood, and got up and left. I followed him and said that I would put some ice on it. The cook, with his eternal semi-smile, said there was no ice, and the Rumanian growled that he needed no help. I went back to the table where Zvi was cautioning the men against insulting one another.

"*Yehudim Anachnu*—we are Jews," he ended. But afterwards he said to me that he was beginning to have doubts about "the Ingathering of the Exile."

"How hard we fought, how much we suffered, for this one principle, and are they appreciative? Are they willing to work as *we* worked? Ah, these Orientals."

"But are the Rumanians, then, Orientals?"

"Of course they are!" He was more excited than I had ever before seen him. "Were you ever in Bucharest? No? Then you can't realize. Listen, in *every* city there is vice, but in Bucharest one saw Asiatic vice, not European. It was like Port Said. Tell me, why do the American Jews not come? Ah, you shrug. You are too comfortable there, you have a w.c. in every flat. Wait! In Germany the Jews were comfortable, too." And he smiled that grim smile with which Israelis indicate that they hourly expect news of a pogrom in Indianapolis or Omaha, and would be half-gratified to hear it.

"At least we fix our searchlights there," I said.

We parted without the cordiality that had always been between us. I tried to read Kropotkin. He was talking about the migration of the reindeer; I cannot remember details, but apparently the manner in which reindeers crossed rivers was a bright example of Mutual Aid and a rebuke to mankind. A timid knock on the door, and Anselm came in.

"*Chovesh*, you are not an Ashkenazi?" he asked. I should have liked to discuss with him the theory that the Biblical "Ashkenaz," which later Jewish geographers located east of the Rhine and north of the Danube, was the same as the classical "Scythia," but decided that Anselm was not the man for the subject. I said, Oh, but I *was* an Ashkenazi. "Ah, since you are of French expression, as we North African Jews are, I thought. . . ." The realization that he had very probably learned his French in school just as I did allowed me to swallow the compliment. He sighed. "Tell me, why do the Ashkenazim always mistreat the Sephardim?" I said I didn't think they did, particularly. "What? But look at how the Rumanian gave poor Menahem such a blow!" I pointed out that Zvi, who had promptly defended Menahem by striking an even stronger blow, was an Ashkenazi too; but he refused comfort. The Kurd thrust in his head, murmured an apology, and withdrew. Anselm moved closer to me.

"I am afraid of that one," he whispered. "They are savages, these Kurds; they carry knives, they practice witchcraft. Do you know Algiers, my friend? Ah, what you have missed! A city, Algiers! Well civilized and very beautiful."

"The Kurds," I said, "are they not also Sephardim?"

He got up and looked at me with obvious hurt. "So even you, even you," he said. He left. After a while I finished the chapter and went for some water. On the steps was Moysha, who invited me, in his soft, drawling Yiddish, to sit for a while.

"How much does a watch cost in America?" he asked. "What is the price of a kilo of potatoes? Of oranges? Why do you always say you don't know? If you don't want to tell me, say so. Listen. You know I had a watch? A Swiss watch that cost me five

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English pounds. Do you know how hard I worked for it? A thief here took it. Some day I'll find who, I'll kill him. Zvi says I lost it. A laughter. A watch loses itself? And how is it Zvi always knows the time and yet he says he has no watch? He's a Russian, and I don't trust him. *Fonya Goniff*, we call the Russ. Cook them sweet, cook them sour: thieves."

After some more of this (the government was bent on destroying the small merchants, the Americans had hearts like stone) he withdrew. I heard a sound from above and decided to climb the ladder to the roof. There I found the sabra smoking a cigarette (not the free issue, which tasted like the scrapings from a refinery furnace, but the most expensive local brand, bought with his fish money) and gazing out towards Majdal. Somewhere a fire burned and the smell of wood smoke drifted pungently past us and out to sea. In the plantations the jackals yelped and howled.

"What was Moysha saying?" he asked.

"Couldn't you hear?"

"I can't speak Yiddish," he said, scornfully. "The only foreign languages I know are English and Arabic. He was complaining about *me*, wasn't he? Ah, I know. Yes, he was. They are all the same, all these foreign-born, they are all jealous of us, the sabras, because we are the only ones who are free of the ghetto and the taint of the Exile—" and he went on, piling up his complaints. ". . . and they can't even take orders properly," he concluded, curling up his lip beneath the long mustache, and he leaned over the parapet and spat in the direction of the ravening jackals—the "foxes" of the King James Bible, which Samson had his cruel sport with, before the mill rasped and the temple fell in nearby Gaza.

"Listen," he said, wiping the wings of his mustache; "we've got to get rid of all these sickly European ways that have corrupted this country since the days of the Greeks. Oh, yes, even the Arab is not clean; you know that? Either he squats in his own filth and won't brush away the flies that eat his very eyes, or else he puts perfumed pomade on his hair and starts to talk French."

At the far end of the roof two men climbed off the ladder and sat down, talking in low tones to one another in German. I recognized Bustie and Gingie.

"I know *this*," Bustie was saying. "I came as soon as I heard the cook call, and when I got there everybody was already sitting down and there was no more meat in the serving bowl, only potatoes. And your plate had a piece of meat on it and you were chewing and I could see by the way you were chewing that it was meat and not potatoes: whose meat *could* it have been, if not mine? What a low, rotten, thieving trick! How often do we get meat?"

"It's not so, there wasn't enough meat to go around. Never mind what the cook says. I think he sells the meat to the Arabs, anyway."

"Ah, this damned country. In Vienna, in the old days, who would fight about a piece of meat?"

The ululation of the jackals grew louder, then died away. I started to leave.

"We must return to the ways of the ancient *Canaanim*," the sabra was saying. "Then we were really men: before the priests and the prophets corrupted us with their piety."

BREAKFAST the next morning was spent in silence broken only by Abénshabbát, who grunted and muttered to himself. Afterwards I tried to read more of Kropotkin, but the fierceness of the flies drove me out again, and I walked along the road. My eyes, cast down, focussed on the sandy ground. A troupe of insects passed along whose carapaces wore an odd design in red and black, like a Maori or Papuan ceremonial mask; and, even more baroque, they were joined in pairs, stern to stern, one scrabbling backward as the other went forward. Were we like that? was my thought. But if so, which of us were leading, and which being led? Passing back and forth, much larger than the Siamse twins, were glossy black insects. Here and there along the way, camels had

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left heaps of dung (dropped with a contemptuous lift of the tail, a lascivious cant of the hips, and an arrogant sway of the neck), quickly dried by the sun. Each heap was a center of the great black beetles. With their forelegs they rolled tiny balls of the strawy droppings, and these they pushed in front of them, rolled along as they walked more or less erect, until they disappeared past the margin of the road.

Camels came in frequent file, bearing sea sand from the beach, led by Arabs; the *zif-zif* was transferred to Jewish trucks and taken away for use in building. There seemed to be a supply of dung ample for all, but as I watched, I saw one beetle approach another and attempt to wrest its cargo from it. The first beetle at once attacked, flipping the second on its back; it struggled, righted itself, returned to the assault, only to be once more capsized. Twice again this was repeated, until finally the marauder gave up and went away. I cheered the victor, who paid no attention, but rolled his ball away.

Then I remembered Kropotkin, and I wondered. Could it be that the European dung beetle, which never "disputed possession," had better social habits than the Israeli dung beetle? I doubted this. It seemed to me that the earnest Prince had created an idealized conception after his own image, that the Coöperative Dung Beetle was to him what the Noble Savage was to Rousseau.

For some reason I felt much better. I looked about me. The sun had never seemed so brilliant, the scent of the sea so fresh and pure. The Arabs passing with their camels smiled and said, *"Marhabaa."* The Jews, waiting for the *zif-zif*, spat on their hands and picked up their shovels, too busy—for a wonder—to go through the usual catechistic greeting (Peace be upon you. From whence comes a Jew? What are you doing here? Married? Parents living? What does your father do? etc.). From the barracks, just over the next dune, I heard the voice of singing, of men singing. Although the words did not carry, the tune did, and I recognized it as set to a verse from the Song of Songs: *"Return, return, O Shulamite,"* they sang. I found them squatting in a semicircle in the yard. In between verses they ate apricots and played at seeing who could send the wet pits the farthest by squeezing them between thumb and forefinger. The Rumanian, his lip a bit swollen, had just beaten Zvi, and they were laughing together.

"We are going back to Jaffa," they told me. "Tomorrow. All of us. Ascalon, goodbye!"

I gaped. For a moment I just stood there. Then I thought of Jaffa, of the tall clock-tower, of King George Boulevard, of cold beer and hot *fellafel*, of crowds of people, and fresh-baked bread, and synagogues. I thought of Tel Aviv, adjacent, of the Brooklyn Ice Cream Bar, and many book stores; of the dark and beautiful women in the Hatikvah quarter, of the blind Afghan or Pakistani who played deep music on a strange instrument in Allenby Street. Up and down the people went, to and fro: sabras and immigrants, Sephardim and Ashkenazim, unbelievers and faithful, "young men and maidens, elders and striplings." Then I grew a bit angry.

"All this time," I said; "all this effort, all these men: for what? To guard a light which never worked."

They laughed. Zvi smiled at me. He handed over an apricot.

"Never mind," he said.

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ON THE HORIZON

RADICALISM IN THE AMERICAN NOVEL

A Reclamation of Values

RICHARD CHASE

THERE is no more notorious fact about American culture than its cruel and bewildering changes. The writer sleep-walking through the later years of his life because his ideas and his reputation belong to some earlier era is a common and a sad spectacle. For many people who have a need of what is now called "engagement" it is a grim fate to live in a culture whose eras last only five or ten years. The novel of social protest, or, as we used to say, "social consciousness," is particularly at the mercy of history. And if there is anything that seems deader in 1956 than the Debs socialism of 1912 or the fellow-traveling of 1930, it is the novels these movements produced.

These novels, of which there was a surprisingly large number, have not been read in recent years, and it has become customary to consign them to oblivion on the grounds not only of their irrelevance but of their crudity and formlessness. Most of them are bad novels, to be sure. Yet a few are worth reviving, not only because they make good reading and show more variety and energy than one had thought, but because they are a part of our past. The challenging task before the cultural historian now is to understand the 1930's, the 1920's having been fairly well canvassed in recent years and being, in any case, an easier nut to crack. A novel about a strike or a young man's or woman's conversion to radical politics can be undistinguished and still tell us a good deal about the psychology of the depression era, even if it purports merely to tell us the shocking facts.

A new book by Walter B. Rideout, called *The Radical Novel in the United States, 1900-1954*, makes, within its limits, a thorough study of the fiction of the political left. Mr. Rideout begins with an author few people are likely to know anything about—I. K. Friedman, whose novels are precursors of later radical fiction. Friedman's novels were popular in the first decade of the century and although their language must have seemed flowery and stilted to the young progressives of the 1930's, they were on the required reading lists of the labor schools which during the depression devoted themselves to the instruction and indoctrination of workers and middle-class rebels. Friedman was born in 1870 in Chicago. His parents were wealthy, but he became a radical as a result of his university studies and his later experiences in settlement-house work. The socialism to which he pledged himself is reflected in the novel called *By Bread Alone*, published in 1901. This novel's tone of socialist revolution and its dramatic analysis of the forces at work

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THE American proletarian novel of the 1930's has receded so far into history as almost to be lost sight of. RICHARD CHASE, basing himself on a recent study of this literature—Walter B. Rideout's *The Radical Novel in the United States, 1900-1954* (Harvard University Press, 339 pp., $6.00)—here characterizes the genre in an attempt to find what it has to teach us about American cultural history. Author of books on Melville, Emily Dickinson, and Whitman, as well as of a forthcoming critical survey of the American novel, Mr. Chase is a regular contributor. Readers will recall his essay on "Middlebrow England" in the September 1956 COMMENTARY.

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in the Carnegie Steel strike at Homestead, Pennsylvania, give it a better claim to modernity than the less committed socialism of an earlier novel like Howells's *A Hazard of New Fortunes* or the naive utopian visions of Bellamy's *Looking Backward*.

But despite its radicalism, *By Bread Alone* is the work of a temperate mind. It places its faith in the leadership an enlightened and humane middle class can give to the workers and it urges the middle class to master the two violent and lawless extremes —the capitalists on the one hand and the Anarchists on the other. It was to be left to the Communist and fellow-traveling novelists of the 1930's to envision a middle class too corrupt for regeneration and to dream of its finally being crushed between the hammer and the anvil, as the phrase was—between, that is, the capitalists and the proletariat.

The plot of *By Bread Alone* became a classic one in the socialist novel and in a different way in the proletarian novel of the depression too. It concerns the son of well-to-do parents who has chosen a respectable profession, in this case the ministry, but who gives this up and becomes a radical after he has found out about the social injustice on which American capitalism has been built. He goes to work in the steel mills in a town which is virtually a fief of the steel tycoon, and he and the tycoon's daughter inevitably fall in love. When the workers strike in an effort to improve their lot, the young man becomes head of the workers' advisory committee. The owner sends for the Pinkerton men to break up the strike, but as they approach, the workers and their families, ignoring the pleas of the advisory committee, launch an attack on the Pinkerton men and invade and vandalize the mills, creating a situation of lawlessness which is not curbed until the governor sends the militia. The middle-class leadership of the hero having failed to win the strike, the workers turn against him and the situation is ripe for the Anarchists, who attempt to assassinate the mill owner, as Alexander Berkman tried to assassinate H. C. Frick at Homestead. But the failure of the strike leaves unshaken the hero's resolve to work for the revolution through peaceable political action. He has gained no belief in the self-disciplining powers or the emerging consciousness of the proletariat and he feels nothing but a fascinated contempt for the Anarchists—depicted in the persons of the vulture-like Sophia Goldstein, a Russian who has fled from St. Petersburg, and the French conspirator La Vette, a chemist in the steel plant, who finally commits suicide because he too has fallen in love with the tycoon's daughter.

An intelligent observer with a store of facts about the industrial world which were largely unknown to or ignored by his class, Friedman was an effective novelist. His writing is of the oddly formal, sometimes heavily facetious or melodramatic sort that proclaims him the contemporary, on the left, of novelists like Winston Churchill, author of *Coniston* and *Richard Carvel*. But he can still be read with pleasure.

THE old socialist times were exciting for those who heard the call. So we gather from Upton Sinclair's account of the emotions that came to him when, as a struggling young writer living in hardship and poverty, he was led out of the wilderness by his discovery of socialism: "It was like the falling down of prison walls about my mind; the most amazing discovery after all those years —that I did not have to carry the whole burden of humanity's future upon my two frail shoulders." This was the typical tone, whenever the emotion grew emphatic—thin, ethical, rationalistic, alternately joyous and indignant.

Besides the novels of Friedman and Sinclair, Mr. Rideout mentions such works as Vida D. Scudder's *A Listener in Babel*, Walter Marion Raymond's *Rebels of the New South*, Arthur Bullards's *Comrade Yetta*, George Cram Cook's *The Chasm*, Susan Glaspell's *The Visioning*, Ernest Poole's *The Harbor*, and Abraham Cahan's *The Rise of David Levinsky*. He also discusses *A Little Brother of the Rich* by Joseph Medill Patterson, later a publisher of the Chicago *Tribune* and the New York *Daily News*, and he introduces us to Father T. McGrady, a Kentucky priest whose Marxist romance, *Beyond the Black Ocean*, described the ultimate triumph of socialism under the leadership of Isaac Gilhooley, a descendant of one of the lost tribes of Israel by way of Ireland.

Summing up the socialist novels, Mr.

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Rideout notes that with some exceptions they were moderate and middle class. The most common theme was the enlightenment and conversion of a well-to-do idealist. The most common plot was the involvement of the characters in a strike or an industrial disaster like the Triangle Waist fire in the garment center. The Emancipated Woman who frequents these novels is earnest, chastely exuberant, and determined to show at last that it is possible for a woman to march shoulder to shoulder with the men and yet to build a home, as one of them expressed it, based on "a broader, freer life, a new health, a home built on comradeship and economic freedom." A partially inverted and secularized Christianity is felt in many of these books, the authors of which believe, as Mr. Rideout says, that man is basically good and that sin came into the world with "the first private ownership of the means of production."

The emergence of the proletarian novel brought many revisions of the old socialist views. In the novels of the 1930's, the faith in parliamentary change is gone and a "coming struggle for power" is predicted. The Communist or fellow-traveling novelist, with much more ambiguous and often mystical feelings, thought of himself as being immersed in the "proletariat." And the "proletariat," although ostensibly the People in their irresistible march to freedom, was subconsciously regarded by the more imaginative of these writers as a vast purgative force, like what Conrad called in *Lord Jim* "the destructive element." In these novels we find that the middle class has ceased to present itself as the intelligent guide to a better society and has begun to immolate itself on the altar of history. In the proletarian novels the old taboos of sex are of course abandoned, and in many of them the hero and heroine have intercourse at the climax of the plot, when violence breaks out in the struck plant, for example. It is by now a cliché that the authors of these novels, most of whom continued to be educated middle-class people, identified the proletariat with potency and the sex act with revolution.

Although belonging chronologically to the older socialist period, Jack London's novels make a kind of transition between the prewar era and the depression. *The Iron Heel,* written in 1908, was ahead of its time, with its turgid but powerful picture of the fascist oligarchy which will evolve out of capitalism and hold power until the revolution from below finally establishes socialism. The book's conclusion is an impressionistic holocaust of violence and defeat for the insurgent masses and was a forecast of many of the novels of the 30's. London was the first American to give the word "revolution" a mythic or even deific quality, and to embody, as many later readers noticed, both proletarian socialism and blood-and-soil racism. During the 1930's and later, the inevitable Stalinist books on London appeared, claiming him for the cause and explaining away London's having been a slave-runner in the Pacific, or his having described one of his characters as "a blond beast . . . aflame with democracy," or his reactionary agrarian novel *The Valley of the Moon.* In one sense, however, *The Iron Heel* seemed old-fashioned to the proletarian novelists of the 30's. It was a prophetic romance, and as such did not qualify as "socialist realism" but belonged in the company of visionary melodramas like Ignatius Donnelly's *Caesar's Column,* a Populist nightmare written in 1890 which describes an apocalyptic battle in a futurist New York between the Plutocracy and the People and the final establishment of a Populist republic in Uganda, to which the narrator, Gabriel Weltstein, flees after the Plutocrats and proletarian terrorists have destroyed each other and left the whole Western world a shambles.

ONE of the best of the depression novels (of which Mr. Rideout counts about seventy that qualify as "proletarian") is Robert Cantwell's *The Land of Plenty,* published in 1934. It is a careful and solidly rendered account of a strike in a veneer mill on the Northwest coast, where Cantwell himself had grown up and worked for a time in just such a mill after leaving the University of Washington. The first half of the book, with its picture of what happens on the night shift when the electric power is accidentally cut off at the source, is best. Despite certain false notes, such as the ghostly voice that urges the workers to strike by repeating *"Just say the word and I'll walk out,"* Cantwell resourcefully builds up the dramatic tension as we learn the thoughts and feelings of the characters in the short

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period while the lights are out and while surprise and uncertainty gradually mount to a subdued hysteria. An ironic as well as a dramatic tone is given to the story by the fact that it is the night before the Fourth of July, and festive skyrockets occasionally shoot up over the mill from boats offshore. During the crisis the workers behave efficiently, displaying only a marginal unruliness, even though the tension mounts because a man has been hurt and because there is a chance that, with the blowers off, the heat from the vats, presses, driers, and kilns may set off the sprinkler system.

By contrast there is Carl Belcher, the foreman, who has come to the mill as an efficiency expert and who clearly represents the faltering middle class. Indecisive, vindictive, without dignity or scruple, he makes his way through the crisis, as he has ever since he has been at the mill, by exploiting the many areas of ambiguous responsibility in the management of the mill in such a way that reliable workers like Hagen, the machinist and oiler, have to take responsibility on their own shoulders and are then blamed for doing so by the efficiency expert. Even more feckless than Carl Belcher is MacMahon, the manager, with his self-pity and his endless, degrading fights with his wife. The capitalist Digby appears only at the end, fingering his paunch and shouting that the Communists must be put down.

Actually the workers in the mill have no political sense and little belief in unions or strikes. But after the lights have finally come on, they leave the plant with a new feeling of solidarity. When they return after the Fourth, they find that MacMahon has fired a group of the best men, whom, at the time of the shut-down, he had promised not to fire. This leads to a spontaneous strike, which is put down in bloodshed and violence by the police. At the end the young hero has seen his girl clubbed down and is told by an old ex-Wobbly who has befriended him that his father has been shot. And Cantwell leaves him cowering in the rain on the marsh, hiding out from the cops.

Although, as Mr. Rideout notes, Cantwell called *The Land of Plenty* "quite simply, a work of propaganda," it does not really follow through as such, and it is more interesting than his description would imply. That Cantwell was a man of literary cultivation with a taste for James and Hawthorne one would not gather from his novel. Yet the influence of Malraux, which he hoped was apparent, can perhaps be distantly felt in the extended and controlled melodrama of the events in the dark factory in the first part of the book. The influence of Hemingway is also apparent, especially in the habit the characters have of speaking tersely and saying everything two or three times—a trick which becomes a little irritating but appropriately suggests that the speakers are holding on tight to their common sense in a situation that may explode at any moment into terror and panic.

MR. RIDEOUT has some good passages on the strike and the conversion to the proletarian cause as motifs for fiction. Both, but especially the strike, have what he calls "a basic rhythm not unlike that which underlies almost any piece of literature." It is not surprising that the strike and the conversion are the most common themes of the proletarian novel, as they were of the socialist novel. Mr. Rideout notes the regularity with which in these novels the strike is broken or in some other way the book ends in violence and defeat for the workers, whereas actually in the depression years labor scored one success after another. There might be many ways of explaining this apparent anomaly, but Mr. Rideout seems to put us on the right track to some of them by reminding us of the guilt feelings, the fascination with violence, the contradictory allegiances, the fantasies of sex and death which one might expect to find in a middle-class novelist whose new god was the proletariat.

The most intelligent of these novelists perhaps did not believe that America really had a proletariat—no uniform lower class with a collective will and the capacity for concerted action. So Cantwell himself seemed to suggest when, commenting on the ending of his novel, he confessed that he "couldn't imagine clearly what would happen" if the workers had seized the factory. And if the writers of the 30's were not quite at ease with such abstractions as the "proletariat," they were not quite clear either about the "proletarian novel." One of the comic aspects of the depression years is the long discussions and the solemn papers

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delivered by eminent speakers at the American Writers' Congresses in an attempt to define a proletarian, as distinguished from a bourgeois, novel. Was it a novel whose subject was the proletariat, regardless of the doctrinal viewpoint of the author? Or must it be a doctrinally correct novel, regardless of the subject matter? Or must it be proletarian in both subject and doctrine? The debate was as extended and as little related to reality as in recent years discussions of myth and the politics of Edmund Burke have been.

Among the better-known proletarian novels are Michael Gold's *Jews Without Money*, Mary Heaton Vorse's *Strike!*, Sherwood Anderson's *Beyond Desire*, Maxwell Bodenheim's *Run, Sheep, Run*, Grace Lumpkin's *To Make My Bread*, and Josephine Herbst's *Pity Is Not Enough*. There was also *Marching! Marching!* by Clara Weatherwax. This novel was one of ninety submitted in a contest conducted jointly by the *New Masses* and the John Day Publishing Company and was adjudged the best proletarian novel of 1935. Miss Weatherwax was adept only at schoolmarmish heroics, but her Stalinist soap opera about a strike in the Pacific Northwest was widely praised as a contribution to socialist realism. When she came to New York to receive her award, she was met by a deputation of (quite possibly ironic) intellectuals. Her book was hailed, without irony, by the non-proletarian Henry Seidel Canby, who said in the *Saturday Review of Literature* that *Marching! Marching!* was "the nearest approach in the current school of so-called proletarian fiction to those passionate works of the imagination which have accompanied every great attempt at reform."

Not surprisingly, the best depression novels are those which were least mindful of the party line as this was being laid down in the *New Masses* by Michael Gold and Granville Hicks, and proselytized locally over the country by the John Reed Clubs. Edward Dahlberg's *Bottom Dogs*, published in 1930 with a rather inappropriate introduction by D. H. Lawrence, has hardly any overt political feeling at all. But this mordantly whimsical and grotesque book, with its echoes of Mark Twain and Sherwood Anderson, makes very good reading, especially if one had shared the dim image of Dahlberg that came down into the 1940's as some sort of Lawrencian apocalypticist who had once said something important about Melville. The picaresque story has to do with the adventures of Lorry Lewis, who as a young boy is put in an orphanage by his mother, a lady barber with a horrible pair of pince-nez glasses that are always slipping awry, so that she can take up with a Mississippi river-boat captain. There is much sordid realism and much sharp observation in the chapters dealing with the boy's early days in Kansas City and the years in the orphanage with such brilliantly caricatured companions as Herman Mush Tate and Bonehead-Star-Wolfe. The later scenes, in which Lorry Lewis, now a tramp on the eve of the depression, winds up in Los Angeles and gets involved with a group of vegetarian intellectuals and homosexuals in the Y.M.C.A. are very funny. And the chapter about Solomon's Dancepalace is a memorable picture of the underside of the Fitzgerald era.

Such as it was, the proletarian novel flourished in the first half of the depression decade, during what were later called the "sectarian" days of the Stalinist line, and dwindled away during the later Popular Front days. *The Radical Novel in the United States* supplies the reader with an interesting account of how the way was prepared for this fiction. There was, for example, such a rhapsodic outburst as "Towards Proletarian Art," an early credo by Mike Gold that sounds alternately like Isaiah, Marx, and Whitman. There were Floyd Dell's articles on "Literature and the Machine Age." There was the still living and much recounted legend of John Reed as the intellectual who had given up "vagabondage" to work for the masses. There were Granville Hicks's articles on "Revolution and the Novel," and Gold's later proclamation, "Proletarian Realism," as well as his notorious attack on Thornton Wilder, "Prophet of the Genteel Christ." During these "sectarian" days the Gold-Hicks axis, a picturesque collaboration between Jewish apocalyptic sentimentality and the rather grim, literal, doctrinaire side of New England puritanism, was functioning in high gear. The "sectarian" critique, however, was soon to be countered by the more flexible ap-

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proach advocated by the early issues of the *Partisan Review* and by James T. Farrell. All this background material is skillfully reconstructed by Mr. Rideout, and in fact the long sections of his book that deal with the background of polemic and propaganda are often more interesting than the novels in the foreground.

As was inevitable, Mr. Rideout has some trouble deciding what is a "radical" novel and what is not. He regards Farrell's *Studs Lonigan* series as among the best works of the depression period, and he has an even higher opinion of the novels of Dos Passos. Yet he admits Farrell's novels as radical—but not those of Dos Passos, although paradoxically he devotes several pages to them. His rule of thumb is that a novel is radical if its author "advocates that the system be fundamentally changed." This leaves out Steinbeck, although it is customary to call *Grapes of Wrath* a proletarian or radical novel. But perhaps a proletarian novel is not necessarily radical? Perhaps no novel by a bourgeois individualist like Dos Passos or Hemingway can be radical? These dilemmas have led Mr. Rideout into an arbitrariness of choice which in the larger part of his book has forced him to accept, on his own grounds, pretty much the Communist dogmas on what is radical and what is not.

One of the first thoughts that occurs to a reader of Mr. Rideout's book is that novels like Faulkner's *Light in August* and Robert Penn Warren's *Night Rider* and *All the King's Men* are really more "radical," in the literal sense of the word, and tell us more about the essential facts of American social and political life than any number of proletarian fairy tales. The scholar-critic must of course be granted his subject, even if he is doggedly determined to follow through to the last implication an inferior literary tradition. But Mr. Rideout has not widened his horizons enough in the process of making a book out of what was originally a Ph.D. dissertation. The reader misses in the author a sense of the larger implications of what he is doing, as well as a sense of what he is *not* doing but might have done except for his arbitrary procedure.

Furthermore the academic requirement that he be as unbiased and factual as possible has led the author of *The Radical Novel in the United States* sometimes to present small truths without realizing that they are being contradicted by large truths. This is particularly noticeable in the last chapter, called "The Long Retreat," with its several lame, misguided, and hollow-sounding pages on Howard Fast, whom Mr. Rideout apparently takes as seriously and treats as respectfully as he does Dos Passos or Farrell. Noticing Fast's love of putting into his books "a Negro, a Jew, and a white Gentile," Mr. Rideout hazards that "the repetition of the pattern becomes too glib and suggests that Fast's imagination is overly subjected to ideological habit"—which is certainly the understatement of the year. We find him saying, "Nor is the critic or the Congressman wise to insist that the Marxist novel be proscribed simply because it is Marxist"—whereas in the historical context in which he speaks, the word should be "Stalinist," not "Marxist." One would not expect to find in 1956 a man of Mr. Rideout's cultivation counterbalancing "the doctrinaire Communist and the doctrinaire conservative" (both of whom he deplores) as if the two quantities could exist in the same discourse of logic. There are undoctrinaire conservatives. But where are the undoctrinaire Communists? At Brook Farm perhaps? Unhappily, Mr. Rideout's myopia in these matters has combined with current history to make his book almost perfectly fit the line of the Communist party, in its recent mood of "self-criticism" and "liberalization."

One wishes also that Mr. Rideout had made some attempt to differentiate his own aesthetics from the standard idea, still accepted widely in and out of the universities, that realism is the only possible genre for radical fiction. He makes the often heard complaint about the "melodramatic" confrontations and oversimplifications which he finds in some of the novels he discusses. He is usually right to do so, because the passages he objects to are overwrought, sensational, or falsely portentous. But does Mr. Rideout then mean that there should be no melodrama in the radical novel? If so, he has to deal with the fact that not only in Faulkner and Warren is melodrama often of the essence; it is also of the essence in Cantwell's *The Land of Plenty*, of which

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Mr. Rideout thinks well. And have not Dostoevsky, Dickens, James, Conrad, and Malraux written political novels in which melodrama functions profoundly and creates effects inconceivable within the limits of realism? The novel of radical social analysis cannot be judged by how far it leaves melodrama behind, but by how successfully it employs melodrama.

But all objections aside, *The Radical Novel in the United States* is a notable episode in our attempt to understand ourselves, which we cannot do unless we understand our history. To most people, so rapidly do attitudes and eras come and go, the history of the intellectual and literary life of modern America looks anarchic indeed. And the impulse to ignore the whole thing and to take up a position of aloofness and skepticism or to devote oneself to the universal and the timeless is very strong. It is strong both in the disillusioned intellectual and in the contented citizen of the Eisenhower era who seeks the peace of mind that now has a quasi-official status and whose notion of history is perhaps derived from the poetic universalism of Toynbee. A book like Mr. Rideout's, including its errors, reminds us that actually history is made up of hard, lumpy, insistent realities.

THE FRENCH IN CYPRUS, 1956

J. A. LUKACS

IN WARM rusty ships they are sent
to places
Void now of the purple prisms of the
East,
Their brown bodies tired with skepticism's
yeast,
The Levantine babble was kept from
their young faces.

Yet *"les parfums, les couleurs et les sons se répondent,"*
Baudelaire's buried but his images go
deeper;
Perfume, amber, Saint Jean, verdigris, and
chypre,
Their symbolic mission to the warm
Eastern pond.

Sons of the *brume,* of the restraining roof
on *ô!*
Long outshouted by Wagner's *Heya-Ho!*
Long told that their race has come seedless
and brittle,

And yet: there they were, berets gay with
menace,
To still remind the world, these *Français
en Chypre,*
Of the still *entente* between Saint George
and Saint Denis.

BORN in Hungary, J. A. LUKACS is at present a teacher of history at La Salle College in Philadelphia. This is his first appearance in COMMENTARY.

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CEDARS OF LEBANON

NOT ON THE SIDE OF THE ANGELS

From the Midrash T'hillim

THE following extract from the *Midrash T'hillim*—the collection of midrashim on the Book of Psalms—deals with the eighth Psalm, the oldest commentary we have on the Creation of Man. The Psalm wonders at the precedence of man in the scheme of the universe, and in his dominion over the things of this world it finds awesome evidence of God's majesty. The rabbis see in the drama of Creation and in the giving of the Torah the triumph of order over chaos—the beginnings of cosmos. Man's dominion starts with his rule over himself through obedience to the Divine Will as expressed in the Torah. One recalls here the words of Kant: "Two things there are which . . . fill the mind with an ever new and ever rising admiration and reverence, the starry heavens above, the moral law within."

Midrash T'hillim is the work of many hands, an unsystematic collection, and it has not been possible to determine the precise date of its redaction; most scholars place it in the age of the Gaonim, 6th to 11th centuries—the work was well known by the middle of the 11th century. It is also clear that the original editor drew on old collections of midrashim relating to the Psalms.

My translation follows the text established by Solomon Buber (Vilna, 1891). The text of the Psalm (and other Biblical passages) is from the Jewish Publication Society version of the Bible.—JACOB NEUSNER

O LORD, our Lord,
How glorious is Thy name in all the earth!
Whose majesty is rehearsed above the heavens.
Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast
Thou founded strength,
Because of Thine adversaries;
That Thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.

When I behold Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers,
The moon and the stars, which Thou hast established;
What is man, that Thou art mindful of him?
And the son of man, that Thou thinkest of him?
Yet Thou hast made him but little lower than the angels,
And hast crowned him with glory and honor.
Thou hast made him to have dominion over the works of Thy hands;
Thou hast put all things under his feet:
Sheep and oxen, all of them,
Yea, and the beasts of the field;
The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea;
Whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas.

O Lord, our Lord,
How glorious is Thy name in all the earth!

Rabbi Judah the Prince said: We find that the angels quarreled with the Holy One blessed be He concerning man, and concerning the giving of the Torah.

CONCERNING MAN: When the Holy One wanted to create man, He took counsel with the angels, and said to them, *Let us make man* (Gen. 1:26).

They answered Him, *What is man that Thou art mindful of him?* (Psalm 8:5).

He said to them, "Tomorrow you will see his wisdom."

After He had created man, what did He do? He brought together all the beasts, every species of animal and bird, before the angels, and He began to ask them, "What is the

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name of this one? What is the name of that one?" But they did not know. He said to the angels, "Do you want to know the wisdom of man? I shall ask their names of him and he will tell me." Then God brought each species before man, *and the man gave names to all cattle and to the fowl of the air and to every beast of the field* (Gen. 2:20).

[For so it is written, . . . *and* [He] *brought them unto the man to see what he would call them* (Gen. 2:19). Yet is not all foreseen before the Holy One? What then is the meaning of "to see" (*lirot*)? It means "to show" (*l'harot*) the angels the wisdom of man.]

God then said to man, "And you, what is your name?"

Man answered, "It would please me to be called Adam, for from the earth (*adamah*) I was created."

"And Me, what is My Name?"

"It would be proper for Thee to be called *Adonai* (the Lord) for Thou art the Lord (*Adon*) of all." [And so it is said, *I am the Lord, that is My Name* (Isa. 42:8); that is to say, "That is My name, for that is what the first man called Me."]

Directly the Holy One said to the angels, "Behold his wisdom, and yet you say, *What is man that Thou art mindful of him?*"

CONCERNING THE GIVING OF THE TORAH: When the Holy One came to give the Torah to Israel on Sinai, the angels began to quarrel with Him. They asked, *What is man, that Thou art mindful of him?* (Psalm 8:5). *How glorious is Thy name in all the earth!* (Psalm 8:2). *Whose majesty is rehearsed above the heavens* (Psalm 8:2).

They continued, "Lord of the Universe, it would be proper for You to give the Torah to us who dwell in the heavens, for we are holy and pure, and the Torah is holy and pure. We live, and Thy Torah is the tree of life. It is better that it should stay with us."

He answered them, "The Torah cannot be fulfilled among the higher beings, as it is said, *It is not found in the land of the living* (Job 28:13). And is there any land in the heavens? Where then can the Torah be fulfilled? Among the lower beings, as it is said, *I, even I, have made the earth and created man upon it* (Isa. 45:12)."

To what may this be likened? R. Nehemiah in the name of R. Judah said, It is like a man who had a son missing one finger. The father took his son to a craftsman that he might learn the silk weavers' trade, though it requires all ten fingers. After some time the father returned and questioned the craftsman, "Why did you not teach my son the trade?" "Because it requires all ten fingers and your son has only nine, yet you want him to learn the silk weavers' trade?" So the Holy One said to the angels, "The Torah will not be fulfilled in your realm, for among you there is neither marrying nor procreating, no uncleanness, no death, no sickness, only you are all holy and pure. In the Torah it is written, *This shall be the law of the leper* (Lev. 14:2). *These may ye eat . . .* [*these*] *ye shall not eat* (Lev. 11:9). Therefore it is said, *It will not be found in the land of the living.* And therefore God acted out of mercy, and after He made an end to speaking with the angels; gave the Torah to Moses.

After Moses had ascended and had not returned, and the children of Israel did that evil deed and the tablets were broken, the angels rejoiced, saying, "Now the Torah will return to us!" And when Moses ascended to receive the Torah yet a second time, the angels said, "Lord of the Universe, did they not just yesterday disobey the Torah, in which Thou didst write, *Thou shalt have no other gods* (Exod. 20:3)?"

The Holy One answered them, "Every day you make trouble between Israel and Me! Yet did you not go down to Abraham and eat meat with milk, as it is said, *And he took curd, and milk, and the calf which he had dressed, and set it before them; and he stood by them under the tree, and they did eat* (Gen. 18:8)? And even a child of theirs comes from school, and should his mother give him bread and cheese and meat to eat, he says to her, 'Today the Rabbi taught me, *Thou shalt not seethe a kid in its mother's milk* (Exod. 34:26).'" They could find no answer.

At that instant the Holy One said to Moses, "*Write these words* [Exod. 34:27] while they have no answer or rebuttal!"

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THE STUDY OF MAN

PAGAN SYMBOLS IN JEWISH ANTIQUITY

The Vine, the Eagle, the Lion

ERWIN R. GOODENOUGH

THE decorations on Jewish graves and synagogues during the Greco-Roman period have long been known in part, but the number of such decorations uncovered is now increasing. They constitute a body of evidence more important for the history of Judaism (and Christianity) than the Dead Sea Scrolls, yet they have aroused little interest. They show a strange combination of recognizable objects used in Jewish worship—the *shofar, lulab, ethrog,* menorah, and Torah shrine—with figures from paganism. These latter range from the apparently innocent rosette and grapevine to representations of the eagle, and of pagan deities or semi-deities. Few figures are carved in the round, though some lions in the round have been uncovered, lions that apparently guarded the Torah. But Helios the Sun God, the Seasons, Winged Victories offering wreaths, Ares clothed only in helmet and spear, the goddess Fortuna or Tyche—these and many others appear in mosaic or painting or are represented in deep relief.

Ornament of this kind has been found on Jewish monuments in Rome, South Italy, Tunisia, Asia Minor, the Crimea, and as far east as Dura on the Euphrates. It especially abounds in all parts of Palestine, and every year Israeli archeologists report new and startling discoveries. Strangely, the only response both Jewish and Christian scholars have made in the past to these discoveries is to try to explain that they have no historical importance whatever. As an instance, it was proposed some forty years ago that the incredibly carved synagogues of Galilee were thrust upon an unwilling Jewry by pagan donors, a suggestion taken seriously by but few scholars today, if only because the synagogue ornament corresponds closely to what is to be found on Jewish graves of the time—and certainly the pagans were not making tombs for the Jews.

More recently it has been urged that since these ornaments were approved by the rabbis they could have had only a decorative importance. To support this, statements of various rabbis have been cited, including a gloss of the 5th century (C.E.), which states that R. Abaye's prohibition against making any images whatsoever applied only to images made for worship. Occasionally rabbinic statements do admit this distinction, but for the most part they maintain the traditional prohibition against all image-making. When they are permissive they allow Jews to use objects made by pagans on which an image has been represented, but the *Sifra* and *Sifre* unqualifiedly forbade Jews themselves to make images of any

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SCHOLARS delving into Jewish graves and synagogues of the Greco-Roman period, many of them only recently unearthed, have found, along with the traditional Jewish symbols, material that points to hitherto little recognized Hellenistic influences. ERWIN R. GOODENOUGH, professor of the history of religion at Yale University and chairman of its Executive Committee of Judaica Research, has been tracing the significance of this decoration in his on-going series, *Jewish Symbols in the Greco-Roman Period* (Vols. I-VI issued to date by Pantheon Books in their Bollingen series; see "Pagan Ideas and the Jewish Mind" by Theodor H. Gaster, COMMENTARY, February 1954). Professor Goodenough studied at Hamilton College, Harvard, the Garrett Biblical Institute, and Oxford University, where he received his doctorate in 1923. He is also the author of works on Jewish theology and philosophy.

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kind. Two other rabbinic sayings are much quoted, one to the effect that R. Johanan, of the 3rd century C.E., did not forbid it when Jews "began to have paintings on the walls"; another that R. Abun, a generation or two later, did not prohibit the making of designs in mosaic. But Salo Baron has for a number of years recognized that the wide prevalence of the art work is not explicable in the light of such passages: it was, rather, the popularity of the art which forced the rabbis for a time to legalize it—though actually only a few rabbis gave their authorization. Conspicuously, scholars have not asked why, with the undisputed traditional attitude what it was, Jews insisted on using such pagan forms at all.

In the latest attempt to explain the images as being only ornaments, scholars have pointed to the illuminations in Jewish manuscripts from medieval times, and to the painted marriage contracts of the Baroque period, the silver "breastplates" for the Torah, the Haggadah books for the Seder, and the carved tombstones. A very adequate selection of such ornament may be seen in the volume *Jewish Ceremonial Art* by Kayser and Schoenberger.* The obvious conclusion is that the law forbidding images was often observed in the breach: when Jews have wanted ornament they have frequently made it, whether they were Orthodox or not. And this is quite the most powerful argument for supposing that a row of cupids over the entrance to an ancient synagogue had no more significance than cupids in the margin of an 18th-century Jewish marriage contract. But is it correct?

Faced with this evidence, one must admit that in various times and places Jews have suddenly relaxed the prohibition against images, and have made them, both animal and human, with great freedom. Why loyal Jews in medieval and modern times thus dismissed their aniconic traditions to make images at all, only a close student of the Judaism of those years can hope to explain. That they did so, however, by no means dismisses the problem of the ancient representations. For that problem is not, essentially, how ancient Jews could have made human or animal forms, but how they could have made the particular forms they did at the time and in the environment they did.

The problem at once becomes an entirely different one when put in this way. The ornament borrowed by Jews in later centuries seems to have been symbolically dead; that is, it had lost any specific implication and potency for non-Jewish religions. No one would suggest, for example, that the cupid had any symbolic religious value during what we call roughly the Renaissance and Baroque periods. True, it still had its power of adding a bit of emotional warmth to a church, or before a Madonna, but it could convey nothing more. Similarly, the other forms appearing on Jewish objects at that time were either illustrative, like figures of the patriarchs, or forms from antiquity whose symbolic force the secular spirit of Renaissance art had thoroughly killed.

Live symbols of the Baroque period were completely taboo. For, in contrast to the cupids, Jews never considered putting Christian crosses, or figures of the Madonna and Child, on their marriage contracts or Chanukah lamps. To suggest that they might have done so is to introduce an entirely new dimension into the discussion. The forms they borrowed obviously offered no threat to Jewish monotheism or Jewish particularism. But the crucifix or the Virgin, as live symbols of a competing religion, could not have been used unless the basic Judaism of the time had been modified. Significantly, I have not seen a trace of Christian symbolism on any Jewish object in the Jewish Museum in New York. Christians could use Jewish figures, and did, for Christians never forgot their Jewish heritage however far they strayed from it. But no Christian symbols could appear on Jewish objects so long as the Jews who made them remained true to Judaism.

The difference between the modern and the ancient borrowing at once becomes striking. Jews have for centuries delighted in the story of the little group of scholars who gave their lives in an attempt to take down a golden eagle —which represented Helios the Sun God— from one of the gates of Herod's Temple. Strict Jews apparently would not tolerate such things. But on the walls of synagogues built only a century and a half later, eagles appear in great numbers. The zeal of the martyrs shows clearly that an eagle in those days meant something far more powerful than a cupid on a Baroque marriage contract—something so symbolic in pagan terms that it desecrated the Temple and had to be removed at the cost of

*Reviewed in COMMENTARY, June 1956, by Alfred Werner.—ED.

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one's life. But it had no less symbolic power in paganism two centuries later when the Jews put it prominently on their synagogues, and it was soon to become one of the favorite symbols of Christianity. That is, observant Jews of the period regarded the pagan eagle much as a later rabbi would regard a cross, for the eagle was a very living symbol at the time Jews borrowed it. Yet borrow it they freely did.

When we examine the rest of the ancient borrowings, they clearly appear to have been equally alive. Helios driving his chariot in the Zodiac was in the late Roman Empire adopted by religion after religion, country after country, as a symbol of the ultimate god of the universe. He was apparently given many different names to suit local traditions, but the figure became a common symbol for all, since all the pagan religions recognized a single monotheism above their local god names. The figure of Helios meant god as clearly as the words *deus* or *theos*, more clearly than the words Helios, or Osiris, or Zeus. It indicated the god common to the Roman world as definitely as the crucifix indicates the Christian God. This living symbol the Jews of Palestine put into two synagogues that we know, probably into three others, and quite possibly into many now unknown.

Throughout the Greco-Roman world, the vine had come to represent the availability of god for men, ceremonially in a cup of wine, artistically in a great variety of presentations—grapes, vines, birds or animals in the vine or eating the grape, a spouting wine cup, or birds drinking from a cup. Such representations of the vine, originally associated primarily with Dionysos or Bacchus, were adopted by almost every religion that offered men such a share in the divine nature as to promise them immortality. The vine also came to symbolize the central cultic act of the new Christianity. And in all of these religions it expressed the same basic hope of immortality through a giving of God's nature or self to man, spoke that hope as directly as words, if not more so. Yet in this very period of the vine's highest and clearest symbolic power, Jews took it over for their synagogues and graves. The spouting vase, with birds and the tree of life beside it, was in mosaic on the floor of a synagogue in Tunisia; birds eat grapes and vines offer their fruit in synagogues everywhere in Palestine; and Jews were buried with the symbol in Rome and Pannonia. A great crater, or mixing bowl, with a pair of Dionysiac felines above it, was painted immediately above the Torah shrine at Dura.

MANY other symbols, too, were borrowed. The lion became so associated with the Torah shrine that of all the forms taken into Judaism at this time the lion (with, in Poland, the Zodiac) alone survives. That the lion, as is usually maintained, simply represents "Judah" is refuted by the fact that Jews cannot now use it separately from the Torah shrine for casual or generally symbolic presentation, and some rabbis remove it even from there. Clearly it represents the Torah, or guards the Torah, rather than generally symbolizing the tribe of Judah. In Jewish symbolism of the Greco-Roman period, however, the lion not only accompanied the Torah shrine but also appeared freely in many other places—on a sarcophagus where it is represented in the act of killing a man, or on synagogues. It might be paired with a bull at the entrance of a synagogue, two lions might guard a wine cup, or its head be carved or painted on tombs and synagogues. It is readily demonstrable that the lion thus borrowed had at the time deep symbolic value in paganism, value which continued on into Christianity, where the lion came to represent the inspiration of Mark the Evangelist.

In addition to the images already mentioned, the following appear so commonly as to require examination: the fish, bread in baskets or loaves, the bull, the tree, the crown of Victory; rosettes, wheels, masks, the Gorgon head; birds, including the dove, the goose, and duck, wading birds, the quail, the peacock, the cock; the sheep, the hare, the shell, the cornucopia, the centaur, the griffin, Pegasus, the ladder, the boat, and various astral symbols. The list appears desultory and miscellaneous, and it seems at first preposterous that these forms could have anything in common.

But as their history is traced through the civilizations lying behind their Jewish and later Christian adoption, it becomes clear that each of these objects had vivid symbolic power in their various environments, and that each indicated facets of a single type of religious experience. Very rarely, we see these symbols presented in ancient Judaism with such an artistic effect as to recall the art of the Renaissance. Most of the representations are clumsily done, and in a great many cases they are ludicrously crude scratchings whose makers could have had no artistic motive. So they ap-

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pear especially on the little stone markers used on graves in the catacombs. Increasingly we sense that Jews are saying in symbolic language something very like what pagans, and soon Christians, were expressing by the same vocabulary.

Before trying to explain what all three groups were saying by the symbols, or hoped from the symbols, I should point out that the Jewish borrowings from paganism by no means included the whole vocabulary of Gentile religions. Most conspicuously, no scenes from pagan cult or mythology appear in what can safely be called either Jewish or Christian art. This generalization is illustrated by two striking possible exceptions. On one sarcophagus found in a Jewish catacomb in Rome, Bacchic cult is plainly shown: Dionysos stands over a boy ministering to the mystic basket from which a snake rises. This unique representation of a scene from pagan cult startles us by its complete incongruity with the art as a whole. Similarly, there was a unique reference to pagan myth on a sarcophagus in the great Galilean cemetery of Beth Shearim. Represented on its long face was the battle between the Greeks and the Amazons, and on a short end Leda and the swan. Only a man of great wealth could have ordered that sarcophagus, and apparently his fellow Jews in his own day did not dare forbid him to place it in their cemetery. The archeologists who discovered it, badly broken up, were confident it had been smashed in antiquity, however, and I suspect that it did not stand in the cemetery many generations before the Jews demolished it. For this representation also was going too far. Jews could and did use the duck, goose, and other water or wading birds as symbols, but specific illustration of the adventure of Leda was apparently intolerable. It seems clear that individual Jews, then as now, might have ventured beyond the group's approval, so that it is dangerous to take as "Jewish" a symbol found only once, or not directly associated with recognizably Jewish tokens. On this basis one can safely say that the Jews of the time carefully avoided pagan cultic and mythological scenes.

THE restriction has great significance. Christianity, strikingly, drew the same line: it accepted the abstract symbols but not the representations of pagan cults or myths. In making this distinction, both religions seem to reflect their scorn for the pagan gods, myths, and cults. But it has long been recognized that while Christianity scorned the pagan gods and cults, in contrast to the rabbinic traditions of Judaism, it absorbed into itself much of the motivation, the idea of salvation, which pagan religions, and especially the mystery religions, offered. Nevertheless, Christianity allowed no syncretism—that is, no conscious blending of religions—and it never presented itself to the pagans as on a level with pagan religions, or as simply another religion. It was the "one true" faith. Similarly, Judaism could not have remained Judaism had it not all along been doing just that, since God's intolerance of rivals has always been one of its leitmotifs. Christians inherited the attitude from Judaism, and it registered again in Moslem exclusivism. In rejecting the scenes of pagan cult and myth, Jews and Christians demonstrated their rejection of the gods and rites of their neighbors. But that at the same time Jews, like Christians, made use of the more abstract symbols suggests that along with other use, Jews had appropriated many of the hopes and attitudes of the pagans, to enrich their own Judaism.

An analogy may be found, perhaps, in the way in which Jews living in America accept the ideals of democratic society, which were born out of the political experience of England, France, and the early American colonies, and which have come to be a basic part of the structure of America. In accepting these ideals Jews feel them to be an integral part of their Judaism. Two centuries ago most Jews and Christians would indeed have been surprised if told that such social ideals constituted an integral part of their religion. But Judaism and Christianity alike seem to me deeply enriched by the new conceptions, and by no means "secularized" (the modern equivalent of the ancient "paganized").

HOW can we evaluate or discuss what came into Judaism (and Christianity) with the symbols? The method has already been suggested—that of tracing each symbol through its history in the ancient Levant and Mediterranean world to discover its real meaning. The historical approach must precede the anthropological; what the latter might yield is still to be ascertained: history has to establish and order the facts before anthropology can set to work on them. We learn from history that the meaning of a symbol has two aspects or levels. The obvious first level is what one who uses a

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symbol says it means; that is, the "explanations" he himself will give of it and why he uses it. Sometimes a symbol long outlives its explanation, as with us the potency of the horseshoe or four-leaf clover has done. Perhaps these never had any explanation at all, just as "three on a match," originating in World War I, was explained in so many different ways that clearly none had any validity. On a deeper level, however, these symbols have a meaning quite subverbal and immediate. This second meaning can be called their "value."

The value of a horseshoe or rabbit's foot is that to have one, or find one, brings good fortune. Deeper religious symbols, such as the Shield of David is becoming in our own day (why, we hardly know), have a much more complicated value. The Shield appears to represent, and inspire, that most intangible potency, Jewish loyalty, though the nuances of its impression will vary with every Jew, as the implications of the flag vary for individual Americans. Both Shield and flag, however, have the value of representing a great entity, and registering as well as inspiring loyalty to it.

A symbol with such a living value cannot be used as mere ornament. A loyal Jew would no more consider a gold cross an ornamental object to be worn in his buttonhole than a Gentile would feel comfortable, or ornamented, wearing a Shield of David. A living symbol is alive by virtue of its having impact—that is, value—not by virtue of its having explanations. Unless one is willing, however remotely, to feel the impact of the cross one cannot wear a cross. This is why Jewish artists of the Baroque centuries could not use a crucifix: the value is inseparable from the symbol so long as the symbol is alive. Sometimes one does deliberately want to share in the values of another religion, and so uses its symbols. For example, as a Gentile, I should not think of wearing a Shield of David, because I do not "belong." Similarly I could not wear a Union Jack, let alone a hammer and sickle. But when I attend a Seder or a Sabbath meal I like to take my *yarmelke* and wear it, because I want the people I am with to know that I too am registering much of the value of the ceremony: thus I signal my sharing in the inherent Jewish values. A man who refused sympathy with the Jewish rite on such an occasion could not show it more clearly than by declining to cover his head.

The value, then, goes with the symbol as long as the symbol is alive. The cup or grape could be said to represent the beneficence of Dionysos or Jesus, each in its own religion, and be explained in terms of the legends associated with first one divinity and then the other. But quite unchanged for both religions, the ceremonial cup of wine represented available divine beneficence, and seems to have done so wherever it went, even when no explanations or myths accompanied it.

The evidence seems to present itself in almost syllogistic form: (a) if live symbols carry their value wherever they go; (b) and if the symbols ancient Jews borrowed were very much alive; (c) then the conclusion seems inevitable: when the ancient Jews borrowed the symbols they took into their experience as Jews the values of those live symbols. I have added "as Jews"—though it does not properly belong in the conclusion of the syllogism—because the pagan symbols were so frequently associated with Jewish symbols on synagogues, graves, lamps, and the like, that the Jews seem to have taken the values directly into their Judaism as Christians took them into their Christianity.

WHAT were those values—what was the central reality of which the various symbols presented only facets or aspects? The answer to that question has been suggested for a few of the symbols. Actually it should be given only after the reader has tortuously followed the historical use of each symbol, since the symbols take us into a thought world as strange to the Judaism most people know as are the symbolic forms themselves. For the value of the symbols, individually and collectively, in paganism and Christianity alike, was that of a mystic hope—the hope that one could share in the divine nature to the extent that one would come into a larger range of living in this life, and into immortality after death. The details and nuances of this hope cannot be simply explained, for the hope itself represents a type of religious aspiration quite foreign to what George Foot Moore called "normative" Judaism, which Harry A. Wolfson now calls "native" Judaism. Yet it has manifested itself in Judaism, even in the Judaism of the rabbis, since probably long before the Christian Era. Gershom Scholem has for a number of years been working out the tradition of it in his rich works on Jewish mysticism, but there is much of the early period that he has not included. "I do not intend to give

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much space," he says (in *Major Trends in Jewish Mysticism*), "to hypotheses concerning the origins of Jewish mysticism and its relation to Greco-Oriental syncretism." As a matter of fact, he pays no attention to the problem at all, so that his work may be said to begin where the evidence here discussed leaves off. It is of the greatest importance that the religious aspirations of Philo Judaeus, before the time Scholem takes as his point of departure, and the mysticism Scholem describes from periods after the archeological evidence ceases, are all of a piece. Though an element of Oriental apocalypticism had established the forms of much mystic thought before the Roman armies crushed Jewish political hopes, it cannot be discerned in the Jewish art of the Greco-Roman period. Later writing indicates clearly that Jewish mystics took in general the road which Philo had walked, and this is the sort of Judaism to which the symbols seem to attest.

A sort of gnosticism full of Neo-Platonic elements, taught in terms of tags from the Torah, became very popular. With this type of Judaism, practiced by Jews still deeply loyal to Jewish precepts, the basic value of the symbols completely agrees. In Jewish writings of this type the fish, bread, and wine came to a startling Jewish mystical fulfilment. The *kiddush,* especially, was regarded as the Jewish "cup of salvation," while the Jewish mystics steadily looked for, and found, experiences similar to those which pagans and Christians were expressing by their cup, as well as by the other symbols.

I have suggested an answer, then, to the basic question of why it was that Jews borrowed the symbols they did, and at the time they did. It appears highly likely that they did so in order to say that, as mystic Jews, they found in their Judaism the same experiences pagans and Christians sought. Like them, Jews probably found in the symbols both stimulus and hope for the experiences. This is not to say that they became pagans or Christians in the process: their avoidance of images out of Gentile myth and cult clearly testifies to the contrary. But unless the whole theory of the continuity of symbolic value collapses, it seems clear that the Jews who made these designs on their graves and synagogues added to their loyal obedience to Jewish law and customs, as they locally knew them, the mystic aspirations that are abundantly attested to in Jewish literature before and after the period of the art.

One further question: through what process did Jews become thus influenced by Hellenistic ideas?

Not until after the period of this ornament did Judaism universally come to acquire its great Babylonian Talmud, its devotion to the Hebrew and Aramaic languages of the tradition, its system of rabbinical training in it, and its feeling that each congregation should be led and instructed by a rabbi who had had such training. When this great new tradition and stabilizing heritage took hold upon Jewish minds, Jews for the first time developed the sort of religious exclusiveness and self-sufficiency that we have for nearly a millennium and a half associated with them. In earlier times, as the prophets attest vividly, popular Judaism, and many of the kings of Israel and Judah, widely used the festivals, images, and rites of their neighbors: even the small core of loyal men who finally edited the books of the Bible could not remove from them the many traces of pagan ideas and practices. This has so long been accepted that it need here be only stated.

But when did this Jewish availability to Gentile values in religion cease? That question has never, to my knowledge, been directly asked at all. The reaction from Hellenization led by the Maccabees shows how far Gentile values had affected Jews before then, but we have little evidence as to how thoroughgoing the reform was in Palestine, and no evidence at all as to the common life of Jews in Alexandria and Rome. Recently Saul Liebermann and others have been pointing to definite invasions of Hellenism into even the Talmudic writings of the rabbis. If Hellenism appears there, we must presume that under less strict conditions than those in the Palestinian and Babylonian academies, it would have penetrated much more deeply.

One of the avenues by which popular Judaism seems to have been affected was what we now call magic. A great number of magical incantations are preserved, primarily addressed to the God of the Jews, but with the most extraordinary admixture of pagan gods also, so that it frequently becomes hard to decide whether a given incantation was written by a Greek who borrowed the names of the Jewish God, patriarchs, and angels, or by a Jew who borrowed the Greek names. On the assumption that when the incantations primarily address Jewish names they were produced by

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Jews, when primarily Greek or Egyptian names by Greeks or Egyptians, a startling number appear to have been made by Jews. Similarly, while it cannot always be determined whether Jews or Gentiles made the little amulets preserved from the period with the figures of pagan deities carved upon them, apparently a large number of them *were* made by Jews. We must assume that these amulets, like all amulets, were worn or put into graves for their potency—that, as with the incantations, Jews used them to get results, used them with a sense of their value. When for example, on such an amulet, Harpocrates sits in an Egyptian sun boat as the symbol of protection and immortality, but in clear letters underneath is given the Greek equivalent of the Jewish secret name of God, Iao, one can only conclude that the Jewish owner wanted immortality from Iao, but could explain what he wanted to himself and to Iao, could get what he wanted, most directly by using the figure of Harpocrates.

Such charms and amulets go much further than the ornaments on synagogues and in Jewish cemeteries. But they show a popular adjustment to potent Gentile images which must have had a long history before Helios could appear on a synagogue floor, or Victory on a Jewish grave. From the other side, Philo and later Jewish mystics show the mystical ideas of the Greeks becoming part of the Judaism of the more intelligent and sensitive Jews who had had a pagan education. The two seem combined in the symbols approved by Jewish groups for their graves and synagogues. From the amulets and incantations Jews had learned to use the value and potency of the pagan figures and symbols. The more thoughtful retained these values while teaching the group to keep free of paganism itself.

So the decorations on the graves and synagogues show that as a group Jews had a surprising eagerness for symbols with mystical and saving value but that they stopped far short of the syncretism of the charms and amulets. The mystic aspirations and their symbolic representation used in official Jewish places seem a conservative compromise, made by Jews completely loyal, like Philo, to the Jewish God and people, but by Jews who were finding in Judaism itself the spiritual reality that, as Philo and the Christians often said, pagans had vainly sought.

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LETTERS FROM READERS

The Duke of Windsor

To the Editor of Commentary:

I have not read the memoirs of the Duchess of Windsor, which were reviewed in the November issue by Lillian B. McCall, and doubt that I shall do so. However, I did read the review, thinking it might throw some light on what—next to his abdication—is the greatest enigma in the life of the Duke of Windsor, i.e., his obvious toleration of, if not sympathy with, Nazism.

That there was such toleration is not to be doubted. It was demonstrated frequently throughout his career. For example:

His open approval of the Cliveden Set, which favored appeasement of the Nazis.

His visit to Berlin, just before his proposed trip to America, and his permitting himself to be photographed in front of housing allegedly built by the Nazis for German workers. This photograph was used as propaganda by the Nazis all over the world.

His announcement that his guide on his trip to America would be the notorious Bedaux. This was the character, born a Frenchman, naturalized an American, who later became a Nazi. He was caught by American troops in North Africa and committed suicide just before going on trial for treason. The announcement that he would accompany the Duke raised such a furor that the entire trip was cancelled.

His use of the yacht of Wenner-Gren to go to Jamaica to take up his duties as Governor General. Wenner-Gren, a Swedish magnate who was distantly related to Goering, was later placed on the Allied blacklist for trading with the enemy.

Many more such instances could be given.

Was this affinity for Nazis and their sympathizers due to some inner quirk in the Duke's makeup, or was he influenced by someone in his entourage—perhaps the Duchess herself? That is the question in which the readers of Commentary would have been most interested and it is quite disappointing that that question was not touched on in the review.

The Duchess was near the vortex of a storm which was shaking all mankind. Did she play any part in that storm? What was her reaction to it? If she ignored it completely and devoted her chronicles entirely to the doings of the *haut monde* to which she had successfully climbed, that in itself was worthy of comment.

The omission from the review of any reference to this question is, to me, further evidence of a distressing fact: we are increasingly forgetful of the extent to which Hitler's *near success* was due to the support he received from many leaders in the Western democracies.

Irving M. Engel
President
The American Jewish Committee
New York City

Mrs. McCall *writes:*

Mr. Engel is right, of course. But you can't say everything in a short review and to have discussed the ex-King's Nazi sympathies at length—one could hardly mention so serious a charge in passing—would have meant writing a political review. The Duke and Duchess are not political figures, although they caused a political crisis which restored Stanley Baldwin to public esteem, thereby delaying Winston Churchill's return to power for two years. Baldwin, who opposed the wedding, had been under heavy fire from Churchill for his appeasement of Hitler and for the suicidal arms policy of the British government. Just as the Baldwin government seemed about to fall the abdication crisis burst. Sir Winston evidently believed that if the King could be persuaded to wait a few months the marriage would never take place, but he was shouted down in the House of Commons. . . . Granted that neither the Duke nor the Duchess are over-endowed with common sense, the real mystery to me is how the Duke could have consented to the publication of a book by "the woman I love" which portrays him in so unflattering a light.

It is the Duke's character—which seems compounded in part of petulance, spite, and narrow self-interest—rather than political conviction that is the key to the mystery of his affection for Hitler. The Duchess takes considerable pains to deny that the Duke ever was sympathetic to him. He was merely the innocent victim of a diabolical schemer. It seems that they needed a secluded chateau for their wedding and Charles Bedaux, through an inter-

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mediary, offered his charming castle. They had never even *heard* of Mr. Bedaux before that. The arrangements were made through the Duchess's millionaire American friend, Herman Rogers. When Mr. Bedaux suggested that they visit Germany the Duke jumped at the chance because his consuming passion had always been public housing and Hitler was enthusiastic about public housing projects. But it was understood that the trip was to be absolutely private. Imagine the shock when their official guide turned out to be Willi Ley! And having accepted the hospitality of the German government, they couldn't very well have been so rude as to turn down Hitler's *personal* invitation to tea. No one could have been more shocked than the Duke and Duchess when Mr. Bedaux later was accused of treason. So the Duchess says.

When France was falling, the Duke and Duchess were in everybody's way and hair, and it would have been exceedingly embarrassing for the British government had they been captured by the Nazis. Churchill, who placed a destroyer badly needed elsewhere at their disposal, kept sending the Duke frantic cables to come home. But we all have our pride and the Duke had his. He refused to return to England unless the Duchess was received at Buckingham Palace, given the title "Her Royal Highness," and he himself an important war job, i.e., one that would keep him in the public eye.

In the course of this account the Duchess casually drops a sentence that solves, I think, the mystery. There was a rumor, she says, that Hitler planned to put Edward VIII back on the throne when the Germans invaded England.

The Duchess doesn't give us a hint as to what pressure finally induced the Duke to accept the post of Governor General of the Bahamas—a job he did *not* want and which kept him safely on ice for the duration—but I'm inclined to think that the threat of withdrawal of funds may have been the deciding factor. . . .

A Discussion

H. Stuart Hughes's article "Is the Intellectual Obsolete?" which appeared in our October 1956 number, inquired into the present role and status of the intellectual in American life. The editors of COMMENTARY *invited a number of writers to comment on the ideas Professor Hughes advanced, and we print below the communications received from four of them.* RUSSELL KIRK *is the author of several noted books and is considered a leading spokesman of American neo-conservatism.* HAROLD ROSENBERG *is the well-known critic and poet whose writings have appeared in numerous magazines (including this one).* RALPH G. ROSS *is chairman of the Humanities Program at the University of Minnesota, has contributed to many periodicals (including* COMMENTARY*) and is the author of* Scepticism and Dogma. MORTON WHITE *is chairman of the philosophy department at Harvard and author of* Toward Reunion in Philosophy.—ED.

RUSSELL KIRK:

Mr. Hughes is the author of a phrase that I have appropriated shamelessly and which I repeat incessantly: "Conservatism is the negation of ideology." In his article Mr. Hughes again expresses better than I could my own general views of the matter. And his earlier writings on ideology are in point here, when I venture to offer some supplement to his thesis.

If conservatism and ideology do not go well together, neither do free speculation and ideology. Those brief periods in modern times during which the "intellectual" (and here I must add that the concept of an "intellectual," as it is generally employed, is a Marxist notion repugnant to me; I like the word "scholar" better) has achieved immediate political power have been periods in which fanatic ideology overmastered men's minds. The time of the French Revolution and the time of the Russian Revolution saw the ideologue's schemes realized—and realized, in short order, to the destruction of any tolerable order in society and to the destruction of the intellectual himself. Mr. Francis Graham Wilson distinguishes between the scholar (or intellectual, if you must) as sophist and the scholar as philosopher. The ideologue is the scholar as sophist; what he seeks is not wisdom, but power; and he betrays learning to tyranny or demagoguery. This is the intellectual "nibbling away at the foundations of society." If only this sort of intellectual seemed to be obsolete, I do not think we would need to grieve.

"In politics," Nietzsche writes, "the professor always plays the comic role." It rarely can be otherwise: different casts of character and intellect, and different disciplines, generally are required for the mastery of books and the mastery of men. Only the man of genius can essay both roles; and even then, he risks falling between the stools, as Goldsmith feared that Burke would give to party what he owed to mankind. The spectacle of Professor Walter

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Johnson and Professor Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., trying to convince themselves and the universe that they were nominating and electing Mr. Stevenson—conscripting graduate students to serve as ward-heelers—scarcely was edifying. And Clio did not go to Washington, after all; she stopped at Springfield. Mr. Stevenson's nomination and election, in any year, really depend upon gentlemen like Mr. Jake Arvey and Mr. Carmine de Sapio; such is the nature of this imperfectible world of ours. And it is hardly surprising that gentlemen like Messrs. Arvey and de Sapio, rather than Professors Johnson and Schlesinger, have a dominant voice in Washington if their candidate is successful.

Mr. Hughes is quite right in suggesting that neither party, in office or out of it, will pay much serious attention to men of real intellectual power. In our age especially, there is a great gulf fixed between the politician and the philosopher. So far as there is any difference between our parties in this respect, the Eisenhower administration has paid more attention to university presidents—of a certain kind—than did the Truman administration. But a certain kind of university president, without being aware of it, is more anti-intellectual than any populist Senator. I think, for instance, of Dr. Milton Eisenhower, who would like to supplant the instructor with the tape recorder, and "abolish the honors system" by means of the TV stoolie.

So I agree with Mr. Hughes that the scholar runs the risk of playing false to his calling, often, when he aspires to direct bureaus and give orders to armies. But there is another way in which the true scholar has a profound influence upon the course of society. Though Hawthorne wrote a campaign biography of his friend Franklin Pierce, it was not as a party manager that Hawthorne influenced the whole tone of American thought. Though Samuel Johnson and Samuel Taylor Coleridge wrote political tracts for their times, it is through works of philosophy and criticism that they have achieved immortality—and have had a real, if subtle, influence upon society ever since. The scholar really can affect the destiny of nations more than any party leader; but he must be content to die long before the scope of his influence is perceived.

And we ought never to forget that the end of scholarship is not political power, primarily, or even the improvement of society at large. The real mission of the scholar is the improvement of the individual human reason, for the individual person's own sake. If any "intellectual" does that, he may forgo cheerfully an assistant secretaryship of state. The question remains, however, whether the scholar nowadays will be thrown enough crusts to allow him any leisure for the cultivation of his own reason, let alone other people's reason. Surely our swollen universities and colleges, where the rewards go to football coaches and professors of flycasting, are no Megaras.

HAROLD ROSENBERG:

Professor Hughes is mistaken. The intellectual is obsolete, both as a differentiated type and as a member of an elite. In the middle of the 20th century the long hair is worn not by W. C. Williams or T. S. Eliot but by Hollywood and TV.

The minute the modern intellectual attempts to take his place in society by declaring his caste interests he loses his character and is changed into one of Hughes's "mental technicians." This process does not exempt the clique of disengaged Ph.D.'s that Hughes seems to have in mind as the "true intellectuals." What amazes me is that Hughes, so conscious of what happened when the intellectuals of the New Deal began to regard jobs and privilege "as their normal due," should propose "corporative organization" as the means for preserving the status of "the freely speculative mind" and for convincing the public that original thinkers are important and serious people!

Hughes's article is off-focus—I suspect because he approaches the intellectual from the point of view of his social function and the history thereof. For what are intellectuals useful, he asks. Answer: To defend existing institutions or to criticize them. Q: How many intellectuals will America normally use? A: "We are living in a society . . . where there is scope for comparatively few intellectuals."

But the existence of intellectuals does not depend on whether or not society is willing to *retain* them, any more than does the existence of criminals or hermits. They are, in the most extreme sense, volunteers. They choose themselves, and what society makes of their activities is a historical accident.

Intellectuals come into being and multiply not out of the generosity of societies toward the freely speculative mind but through their efforts to get along without thinking. The intellectual is either the custodian of sealed-off ideas in an illiterate society, making it unnecessary for others to bother with them; or he is the new element in a society that has begun to break up after being frozen in tradition and thoughtlessness. "We are witnessing," said Dostoevsky, "the degeneration of the whole former landowning class into something different, into an intelligentsia, since into what else can it degenerate?"

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This genesis of the intellectual suggests that far from being a "freely speculative mind" he is, where he speculates at all (instead of ritualizing), a man speculating under duress. Perhaps in the Athens of the Sophists you might have met one of Hughes's free speculators endowed with a "special set of privileges." Since Socrates, thought has had an *interest* which puts a limit on its freedom "to speculate as fancy directed."

Having become what he is through losing or discarding his "normal" social definition, the modern intellectual, while he may occupy a chair of speculative phlosophy, is anyone whose existence has been put into question and who is interested in the question. To pursue this interest, you don't have to be in a position to demand the rights of free speculation and nobody can deny you the rights you do need. Being an intellectual does not consist in being connected with any profession, but it does involve finding it inconceivable, or at least another puzzle, that men should practice their professions without bringing into them the question of themselves and their situation.

The intellectual represents the individual as in movement from the socially given and under stress to conceive himself. Hence in America, where this condition is common, anyone may become an intellectual—and when the question of existence takes on a physically pressing form, as in war or social or economic crisis, "everybody" does become one. I have recognized more intellectuals in Negro mothers interviewed in segregation fights than in twelve issues of well-known literary quarterlies.

With intellectuals becoming universal in our non-rigid society, the intellectual as a professional type has become a period piece; while in Europe and in colonial countries, where people are increasingly unable to live off their old social categories, the caste is growing to such dimensions and influence that even our State Department cannot help discovering it. In the long run Hughes is quite right when he says that "the intellectual situation in the United States presents a kind of paradigm for the whole of industrial society in the 20th century." All the more reason why the intellectuals can no longer be conceived as a coterie of the chosen communicating with a ruling elite.

Hughes's distinction between "intellectuals" and "mental technicians" is valuable, providing it be kept in mind that they are one and the same breed, the second being the first without the existential question. But since the intellectuals are concerned not only with the How but with the What, they in turn are divided, into "good" and "bad," and are not simply the sum of heroically detached speculative minds. Hughes forgets, for instance, that the McCarthy conspiracy against the intellectuals also had the guidance of intellectuals, and that much of modern politics, both in democratic and totalitarian countries, consists of wars of intellectuals against each other in which that abstraction, the People, is used as a weapon.

RALPH G. ROSS:

The intellectual quarrel of the 1930's is dead. Is it because we have solved our social and political problems or avoided them? ("Be philosophical," the old lady said to her grieving friend, "don't think about it.") Both, I think. Socialist economics turns out to be either inefficient or else the same old economics in a different social and political environment. Totalitarianism turns out not to be another way of realizing democracy but an anti-democratic monster to be crushed. Our economy, we know now, was not in its death throes in the depression, but temporarily sick, and it has revealed an almost unhoped for capacity. At the same time, we seem helpless in the face of the question why, with an unexampled prosperity and the greatest technical and material progress ever known, people are by no means happier than before, but tension-ridden and full of anxiety. Is the direction of American civilization toward a world in which everything is admirable except human life? Are we creating a society in which we cannot live?

These questions are more fundamental than the questions of the 30's, and harder to answer. There is no Karl Marx to fall back on, no Locke or Jefferson. A new, large-scale theory might make the difference by giving us a start, formulating the problems, pointing to what is relevant and focal for thought. In the 30's the intellectual offered Communism and fascism as possible solutions; in the 50's the intellectual tends his own academic garden or deals with small issues of the social world.

H. Stuart Hughes has concluded that, because of the dearth of social issues and ideas, there is little scope for the intellectual. And it is true that there seems less stimulus to be an intellectual and less that the intellectual is asked to do.

The intellectual, as Mr. Hughes says, was once "the ideological bulwark of society" and later "its utopian critic." In our time, when the intellectual defends his society, he rarely uncovers its roots in order to justify them. More often he becomes an ad man for a group in power or seeking power, because there is no coherent audience of inquiring and cultivated minds interested in the presuppositions of their society and concerned with the conflicts of its parts. The audience that exists takes

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much for granted and is really devoted to the minutiae of their culture, the detail, the everyday conduct, which they call their "way of life." And this they will defend, in war if they must. But cultural presuppositions and ideals —social roots—need not be embodied in any one way of life. Democracy, free enterprise, individual liberty, the rights of man—what you will—may be our heritage, but most of our cultural detail is irrelevant to them. Television and movies, sports cars and champagne flights, our manners and much of our morals float on the surface and could be skimmed off or replaced without disturbing the sea beneath.

This is the theoretical nub of the issue: the non-intellectual defends the society because he loves its details, the intellectual because he loves its ideal goals. And the country they defend is not always understood as the same. Even when it is, different types of defense can lose one cause while aiding the other. The non-intellectual is in the service of stability: his very devotion to change—to faster motor cars and color television—preserves the type of culture that he inherits. Indeed, the change he favors is part of that culture. Thus he is indispensable to the continuance of his society. As John Adams wrote: "Make all men Newtons, or, if you will, Jeffersons, or Taylors, or Randolphs, and they would all perish in a heap!"

Still, stability alone is a self-defeating virtue. When change is needed, when new conditions demand that a society alter or perish, the non-intellectual is a hazard. His implicit maxim is *Fiat justitia pereat mundus,* Let justice be done though the world perish. And "justice" means for him whatever is ordinarily done. But the intellectual is a hazard when conditions are stable. He wants to realize a set of ideas and he is willing to change all the cultural furniture to do so. He is a decorator never satisfied with other people's homes, for he must live in them though he has not been consulted about the furniture or the color scheme, and can never quite feel that any home is his.

It is in crisis that the intellectual's worth is evident. When there must be change, he should have proposals for the kind of change needed. He must preserve the essence of his society while altering its detail. The non-intellectual is rightly suspicious of him at other times; now he is the only salvation. His virtue is flexibility, and he preserves the society when it must bend or break.

Rationality and irrationality are the keys to this difference. Rational commitment to sheer means continues so long as they continue to be means, so long, that is, as they serve the ends. Rational commitment to ends depends on the means available to attain them. Lord knows the intellectual seems irrational enough, and at his worst he accepts the shibboleths of liberalism and progress, or conservatism and tradition, assuming without evidence that particular means will yield valued goals, or striving for goals whose own consequences he has not considered. But in his ideal form, the intellectual is the apostle of reason and he is committed to the ways, the artifacts, and the icons of his culture only insofar as they realize ideals. This may seem a sentimental characterization. But it is also material and self-seeking, as all qualified love is. One should not love one's wife this way, or his children, or perhaps his homeland. But such is the way of rationality: one loves means because they are means and not in themselves. One need only ask the intellectual's favorite question "Why?" of his love for anything, and if he can answer at all he has already qualified his love. If we love A only because it yields B, we will cease to love it when it no longer does so.

The non-intellectual is irrational. His love is unqualified, and he loves the objects that surround him just because he finds them lovable, that is, for no reason. Reason is the end of innocence and as such it is the end of simple love. The intellectual sometimes aches for what he cannot have, but if he *could* choose he would, like Voltaire's wise Brahmin, still prefer intelligence, for, once tasted, intelligence is an agonizing necessity. The non-intellectual suffers from lack of discrimination in his love, the intellectual from lack of love in his constant discriminations.

Perhaps the intellectual seems deprived of his function today because crisis has become stasis, because we are sick of explosions and alarms and have institutionalized the cold wars so that they look like peace. A quiescence, almost an apathy, has come on us. Where are the nationwide demonstrations, the meetings of protest, the money-raising, that would once have attended the butchery in Hungary? Under the shadow of the hydrogen bomb we yearn for the sun again and we manage to pretend it is still shining. So what do we want of the intellectual? Only that he leave us alone, that he offer no plans for dispelling the shadow or living decently in it, for we would have to admit that the warm sunlight is illusion.

Yet this only means that the intellectual misses the prestige that crisis brings him, not that he has no function. Let him do something that excites him, that makes a difference, and he will find the change reflected in the cave and the market place. I will cite two examples. Anthropology was tending its own garden when

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it worked a revolution in our minds. It struck a tremendous blow at parochialism and at intolerance of the values of others. But its great public effect came only with the rise of Hitler, for few educated men could believe any longer in racism. The concept of culture had replaced it.

A much smaller movement was the New Criticism. A handful of literary critics, following the lead of T. S. Eliot and I. A. Richards, emphasized the literary work itself, not its history or its influences, and slowly a change came about in the teaching of English, the practice of criticism, and the very color of our minds. Perhaps—it is difficult to know—the principle became generalized, and reinforced an American tendency to judge people and work in their own terms, as what they are, not just in terms of where they came from or what surrounds them. If this was so, it also fit the new scheme of things that came from cultural anthropology. It was a second front.

So long as the intellectual *is* an intellectual, working at his craft in the interest, ultimately, of new perspectives and generalizations, he can accomplish what intellectuals have always accomplished. He will be a critic of society and he will affect it. Even when the intellectual was "the ideological bulwark of society," he was at least an implicit critic of the details of the status quo on behalf of the claims of the ideal. So let him not blame society, mass media, or public unconcern if he will not perform his function now. The blame is his alone. For he is not forced to yield to the blandishments of the technicians, the increasing specialization of his colleagues, or the forced draught of the machine age. . . .

Nor need the intellectual think that his speculation must be confined to narrow limits if he is to have an audience. For the moment he may not have one, if he is bold and searching. But crises stretch the ordinary limits of consensus so that what will not even be considered while things are "normal" becomes sober possibility when the world totters. The Great Depression brought solutions that at one time could have caused civil war. And the Great War stood everyday values on their heads. In the recent Hungarian paroxysm, the members of the Hungarian League of Writers were "the true inspirers of the movement for freedom," according to the editor of *Preuves*, François Bondy, who was in Budapest at the time. For the moment the technicians are needed and applauded; they bring material comfort and a sharper sword. In the next crisis, as ever, ideas will be needed too, and the intellectual will return, for the moment, to high estate.

MORTON WHITE:

In the following reflections on Mr. H. Stuart Hughes's article, I hope I do not reveal a gross incapacity to understand him, since I believe that his article suffers from (1) a failure to make certain important distinctions between different types of intellectual pursuits, which (2) vitiates some of his historical observations, and (3) leads one to question some of his remarks on the intellectual's future in our society. I shall expand these critical remarks in correspondingly numbered sections below. In passing I shall be forced to say what I think some of Mr. Hughes's main points are, so that if I have misunderstood him (as I don't think I have), the reader will not have wasted his time altogether. . . .

(1) As I understand Mr. Hughes, a freely speculating intellectual is, among other things, one who seeks the truth and follows the argument wherever it may lead, whereas a mental technician is one who serves a leader, party, or government so slavishly that he surrenders his right to criticize the aims and methods of those whom he serves. Stated in this way, of course, the comparison is invidious and so we think of the mental technician as a servile figure in the Aristotelian sense: he may exercise ingenuity, intelligence, and skill in discovering ways of achieving the aims set for him by his employer or leader, but he is a kind of slave.

I have no doubt that there are many people who fit into one or the other of Mr. Hughes's neatly carved categories, but it seems to me that there is a third kind of "brain worker" who is squeezed out of the picture by Mr. Hughes in an effort to simplify the past and future of the intellectual, and that this third man should be the most important figure in this kind of discussion. I mean the man who uses his wits in an effort to further practical aims of which he approves, which he periodically re-examines, and which he feels free to reject whenever experience, feeling, or reflection lead to such a conclusion. I think that Mr. Hughes's failure to pay attention to this third type of individual—the nearest thing in the intellectual world to a free, rational, whole human being—is responsible for a number of serious shortcomings in his very stimulating essay. The forgotten man in Mr. Hughes's piece is neither a metaphysician nor an apparatus-man. His interests fall between those of the speculative philosopher and those of the technician, but he is the closest thing to what most free human beings are or aspire to be. He will not be obsolete so long as the ideal of the free man survives. He differs from Mr. Hughes's "freely speculating mind" in the de-

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gree to which he addresses himself to practical questions, and from Mr. Hughes's mental technician because of his refusal to sell himself into intellectual slavery.

(2) When and where has the freely speculating intellectual, in Mr. Hughes's sense, flourished? Such an intellectual, we gather, emerged in Europe in the modern period and his importance began to decline at some point in the recent past. One infers from Mr. Hughes's article that freedom of speculation in his sense is dying out in Western Europe, that it is, of course, dead in the Soviet Union, and that it has never—"except perhaps briefly in the 1930's and early 1940's"—existed in the United States. Moreover, it is important to realize that Mr. Hughes is not denying the existence of isolated, free American spirits, for if he were, he would obviously be mistaken. After all, Emerson, Thoreau, Charles Peirce, Thorstein Veblen, and William James must be reckoned with. What Mr. Hughes says is that we do not find such free minds forming "a homogeneous class exerting a cumulative influence on a national scale" in America, and it is this that makes us want to look more closely at his conception of the freely speculating mind. Apparently he is thinking not of logicians, epistemologists, and metaphysicians who speculate in the traditional sense, for one defining characteristic of Mr. Hughes's speculating intellectual is that he be part of a homogeneous class exerting a cumulative influence on a national scale. One infers therefore that Mr. Hughes is not thinking of Descartes saying *"Cogito ergo sum,"* or of Kant writing the *Critique of Pure Reason*. Is he, then, thinking of Hobbes and Locke in their political writings, of Rousseau, and of Bentham, respectively influencing kings, parliaments, French revolutionaries, and philosophic radicals? Is he thinking of the Webbs influencing Laborites? But insofar as these intellectuals had that national influence which plays so central a part in Mr. Hughes's conception of the freely speculating intellectual, they were eminently *practical*, and not speculative, thinkers. And in that capacity they were not fundamentally different from Franklin, Jefferson, and John Quincy Adams, who are banished by Mr. Hughes from the category of "freely speculating minds" because, to use his words, "In the early days of the Republic, the life of the mind was still inextricably entangled with statesmanship." True, Hobbes, Locke, Rousseau, and Bentham were not as active in politics as Franklin, Jefferson, and Adams were, but as thinkers all seven of them were concerned, in their political writing, with practical questions. The fact that Jefferson had political influence is surely not enough to remove him from the category of the "freely speculating mind" so long as you keep Locke the political theorist there. Jefferson was not as great a thinker as Locke, but in his political writing many of his *concerns* were the same. He had certain freely formed political aims and he wished to find out how to achieve them. The difference between a free practical thinker who is in a position to act out his thoughts and one who isn't is important, but negligible in this context.

My conclusion is that Mr. Hughes's *own* statements imply that he must make room for the third kind of intellectual mentioned earlier: the individual who works for a practical cause but who reserves the right to reject that cause when it no longer appeals to his feelings and convictions. If Mr. Hughes fails to recognize this middle class of intellectuals, as it were, he will be forced to call some of his "freely speculating minds" mental technicians, which is contrary to his intention, or call them metaphysicians, which is absurd.

The early modern thinker "did not write for a narrow coterie of intellectuals," says Mr. Hughes, "he spoke to the princes and governing elite of Europe." But if the thinker Mr. Hughes has in mind spoke to these princes in the manner of Bacon or Machiavelli, he spoke to them as an adviser, as someone who accepted their aims—at least provisionally. In this respect he was not a speculative thinker in the traditional sense: he was an eminently practical intellectual. That *influence* which he had, and which extended beyond the confines of a "narrow coterie of intellectuals," was achieved by addressing himself to the problems of practical men.

This is no news, but Mr. Hughes's analysis obscures its implications. The point is that intellectuals secure the kind of influence whose disappearance is lamented by Mr. Hughes, not by writing on Gödel's theorem, on the ontological argument, or on the synthetic *a priori*, but rather by dealing with questions of more immediate human concern. These are rarely "speculative questions" in the traditional sense. Locke's *Essay Concerning Human Understanding* was written by the man who wrote the *Second Treatise of Civil Government* in defense of the Whig cause. His national influence in Mr. Hughes's sense arose from having defended that cause. Mill's essay *On Liberty* was the main medium of his great influence as an "intellectual," and not his *Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy*, which was addressed to specialists in epistemology. It was Bentham on legal outrages, and not Bentham on the theory of fictions, who as-

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sumed a role so rarely assumed by philosophers today.

These reflections on the past, growing out of a refinement of Mr. Hughes's categories, suggest a different approach to the present and future predicament of the intellectual. The lamentable fact of our intellectual life today is not the disappearance of the purely speculative thinker, for I think he continues to exist in profusion in universities throughout the United States. What we should be worried about is the disappearance of that in-between thinker who may be called the "free practical mind," that is to say, the man who is interested in practical questions but who refuses to attach himself to a party or government so obsequiously and so blindly that he gives up every right to criticize the goals or the methods adopted by them. Our great problem arises from the difficulty intellectuals have today in preserving their dignity and integrity as citizens and human beings while they work for the government. This is one of the many profound issues raised by the Oppenheimer case.

(3) I cannot help feeling that Mr. Hughes might accept this emendation of his distinction and his history, but I fear that there are other differences between us concerning the future which are not easily composed. Having been kicked out of the government, having been prevented from riding on campaign trains, intellectuals, as I understand Mr. Hughes, are doomed to scholarship, to membership in the American Association of University Professors, and to convincing "their fellow citizens of the responsibility and seriousness of their calling." How sober and how abject. Scholars will be scholars, of course, and the bomb has made it all too evident how serious the calling of some scholars can be. But what is the course advocated for the intellectual by Mr. Hughes, the course that avoids "dilettantism" and "the production of bright ideas for essentially practical purposes masking as intellectual activity," both of which are dismissed by Hughes? And what is the influential course which is neither that of the "ideological bulwark of society" nor that of "its utopian critic"? I confess that I can find no helpful answers to these questions in Mr. Hughes's pages. Perhaps he doesn't intend to describe any way for intellectuals to regain their social influence because he thinks this is a thing of the past, something which has been eliminated by the "vast impersonal forces" of history.

With this I cannot agree. In my opinion Mr. Hughes is engaged in the hopeless task of closing, by means of dubious argument, every avenue by which the intellectual can carry out his traditional functions, and then trying to find a way out for him. Precisely because the free practical intellectual is obliged to familiarize himself with the facts of social life, to defend a set of values, and to advance plausible solutions to social problems, he runs the risk of "dilettantism." So does any human being in an effort to solve his personal problems. And why does Mr. Hughes speak so disparagingly of "the production of bright ideas for essentially practical purposes masking as intellectual activity"? Here, it seems to me, Mr. Hughes reveals his incapacity to understand the role of the free practical intellectual. Else why does he speak as though there were a contradiction between producing ideas for practical purposes and engaging in intellectual activity? Only, I suggest once again, because he has accepted the dichotomy between the yogi and the commissar, the metaphysician and the intellectual goon, as an exhaustive division of the life of the mind. And yet somewhere between the metaphysical journals and the gossip columns there is a place where an intellectual can still perform his traditional social functions—if he has ideas.

Now I am not one to minimize the importance of pure scholarship. But if we are thinking of the intellectual as an effective force in politics, for example, we must acknowledge that pure scholarship, for all of its importance, is hardly the main medium through which intellectuals have made their practical impact on the political world. We can, of course, pursue scholarship in a mighty fortress defended by the American Civil Liberties Union, but this will not of itself win us the influence of an Erasmus or a Mill. We must regain those historic jobs of which we have been robbed in Mr. Hughes's irreversible movie of the history of our times. We can still be the spiritual custodians of that which is good in our tradition and the implacable critics of that which is bad. Therefore the following tasks of the practical intellectual continue to be what they always have been: to pursue the truth, to expose sham and injustice, to seek ways of avoiding the destruction of the world, to help make it as happy and as sane as it can be. If such intellectuals are spurned by governments, by parties, by the public, or accepted only on impossible terms, they must go their own way, and they must protest. But they cannot protest effectively unless they have something to say, and they cannot say anything worth hearing unless they have ideas. Therefore, let some practical intellectual produce the 20th-century counterpart of Mill's essay *On Liberty*, for example, and he will prove beyond doubt that the intellectual is not obsolete.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

Dr. Kaplan and Reconstructionism

QUESTIONS JEWS ASK: RECONSTRUCTIONIST ANSWERS. By MORDECAI M. KAPLAN. Reconstructionist Press. 532 pp. $4.75.

A NEW ZIONISM. By MORDECAI M. KAPLAN. Theodor Herzl Foundation. 172 pp. $2.00.

Reviewed by DAVID BAUMGARDT

FOR decades the founder of Reconstructionism, Mordecai M. Kaplan—who recently celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday—has shown outstanding courage in talking about questions evaded by others; and he has dared speak of them in plain language, some think in language too plain. But Kaplan rightly insists that—far from being fatal—the clash between the findings of modern science and the strictly literal sense of many articles of Jewish faith can and should be a welcome incentive to a new creative interpretation of our age-old beliefs. Like Nietzsche in the *Morgenröte*, he is convinced that Judaism is a force in history which need not be ashamed when confronted by modern ideas. And he knows that religion becomes dangerously stale when it is reduced to rigid dogma subscribed to without question or preserved as an heirloom, untouched and unused.

He is certainly right also in insisting that Judaism was never a static religion in its vital days. The Talmud presents itself as a mere commentary on the Bible; but in fact, as Kaplan urges, the Mishnah and the Gemara erected a new religious and legal edifice very different from the mansions of the Old Testament. Fundamentals of the spirit of Judaism —often extremely difficult to characterize adequately—remained unchanged; but the changes in expression are all the more marked. Further, who can deny that the far-reaching reconciliation of Greek and Jewish thought accomplished by medieval Jewish scholasticism opened a world of ideas quite foreign to the assumptions of either the Bible or the Talmud? And again, what could be more graphic than the contrast between the religion centered on animal sacrifice in the Temple of Jerusalem and the religion of prayer followed by a people dispersed throughout the globe? Kaplan does not hesitate to emphasize that the restoration, in the reborn State of Israel, of sacrificial worship for which generations of Jews have ardently prayed for centuries "would evoke no reverence but disgust." Nevertheless, he believes that the spirit of devotion and collective concentration once active in the sacrificial cult must find and has found new ways of expression in our time. The utterances of that spirit may completely change while the spirit itself remains unaltered.

From the ancient beliefs in God and the immortality of the soul down to the choice of Jewish surnames in Israel, from the relation of labor to the synagogue to the administration of *kashrut*—almost every aspect of Judaism is in this fashion subjected by Kaplan to a more or less radically modernized interpretation. God he defines as "whatever gives meaning to the world," as the Power or the Cosmic Process that makes for human salvation and for righteousness, for the interests of "welfare, reason and spirit," for the "deliverance from frustration," for the maximum development and integration of mankind's abilities, and for "self-fulfillment." "The Godhood . . . is the fact that the cosmos possesses the sources and man the abilities . . . to fulfill his destiny as a human being." "We learn the will of God . . . from man's salvational behavior."

KAPLAN warns us against considering God a person, even though we address Him as "Thou," in the same way that we speak of "my country 'tis of thee." Prayer he regards in an important sense as "talking to oneself," to the "higher self" within that "represents the divine Process"; and under no circumstances must the idea of God be primitively "reified," "thingified." God cannot be perceived as things or men are perceived. No one ever *sees* a father or a king; we *see* a man, and un-

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derstand only through thought that the man is a father.

"God's revelation . . . and the discovery of the laws on which man's salvation depends . . . are but the obverse and reverse of the same process"; "any idea that helps individuals and groups to achieve the full stature of their humanity" Kaplan considers divinely revealed. "Holiness . . . is the quality anything in life possesses insofar as it serves to inspire or guide man in his effort to achieve his destiny." And the sacred is "any element of human experience which serves as a means of enhancing human life and enabling man to achieve salvation."

The belief in the literal immortality of the individual soul, as has been said frequently, is incompatible with modern and even with many ancient scientific convictions. Kaplan, therefore, emphasizes that only through our work that lives on after death do "we have a share in the world to come. . . . We will not be there . . . but to ask that we be . . . is as if the acorn were to complain that, in order to give growth to the oak, it must also lose its identity as an acorn." The Messiah should no longer be thought a superior personality who brings the millennium, but the image of a more perfect type of man, of a Messianic era in the development of mankind.

All dogmas—that is, "doctrines adopted on authority"—should be dispensed with, and replaced by religious principles voluntarily adhered to, such as belief in God, faith in the responsibility of man, and acceptance of the great historic role of the Jewish people. Reverence for the *sancta* of Judaism, for the Sabbath and the Holy Days, the Torah, the Hebrew Language, and *Eretz Yisrael* can assure the preservation of Jewish religion far better than an uncritical submission to dogmas. It is natural and sound, Kaplan points out, that a people—like an individual and like modern psychology in general—should attach the greatest importance to the experiences of early childhood, the formative years, because these experiences determine the whole future course of the nation or individual. But new *sancta* may also come into being in the future development of Judaism.

Religions, Kaplan argues, are no more endangered by the turn from an autocratic system to a democratic regime of free thought than governments. On the contrary, a religious community, like a state, can in the end only gain in strength by this change. As Kaplan urges, his protest against orthodox absolutism, his plea for "relativism" in religion, is in no way an expression of religious skepticism. For both in physics and in religion to view phenomena in their "relative" context of time, space, and thought is to achieve a far greater approximation to absolute truth than can be obtained by insistence on fixed, definitely stabilized articles of faith which stifle all critical thought and feeling.

The prophet Isaiah proclaimed that "from Zion shall go forth Torah"; the highest aim of Zionism today, according to Kaplan, must be the return of the Torah (though a "reconstructed" one) to the secular State of Israel. Yet the claim of the Torah that the Jews are God's chosen people is theoretically obsolete and practically "objectionable as barring the way to peace and harmony among the religious and making for . . . cant."

No one can pledge political allegiance to more than one national government; but a man may well identify himself "with more than one spiritual or cultural people." By participating actively in Jewish civilization an American Jew does not weaken his loyalty to his country. On the contrary, his Americanism will be improved by his Judaism and his Judaism by his Americanism. Kaplan refers in this connection to a noteworthy Talmudic passage, "according to which the Prophet Ezekiel is represented as rebuking his People both for having followed the objectionable customs of the non-Jews among whom they lived and for not having adopted their good customs." The Scylla of unconditioned assimilation and the Charybdis of ghetto isolationism are equally great dangers to Jewish life in the Diaspora.

THESE are only a few of Kaplan's most characteristic teachings. He himself would be the first to deny that many individual elements of his thought were unknown to the world before he launched the Reconstructionist movement. Many a thinker—Jewish and Gentile—has contributed to the philosophy of religion and nationalism offered here. Nor does Kaplan present his answers to the vital questions he raises as final solutions; they are, in his opinion, only the best possible preliminary applications of his general "Reconstructionist method."

But there is no doubt that all these ideas are developed with extraordinary pedagogic skill. They form a comparatively coherent systematic whole, and they have helped thousands of

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Americans who have sought a viable approach to Judaism to overcome theoretical obstacles which had seemed to them insuperable. Reconstructionism represents far more than an eclectic synthesis of Conservative and Reform Judaism. In this country it has become the most influential independent Jewish movement of the last two decades.

Thus Kaplan's religious and cultural leadership is so secure in contemporary Jewry that to omit a critical evaluation of the reach and the depth of his teaching would be to do him scant honor. In his forthright manner he himself has given some hints in this direction. He grants, for instance, that a mystical attitude is essential to the religious Jew, and adds that "to some people, the substitution of the 'thirteen wants' publicized by Reconstructionism for the thirteen articles of the Maimonidean creed may seem like the replacement of mysticism with a commonplace, platitudinous clarity devoid of all religious or mystical appeal." Kaplan, of course, tries to meet this criticism by stressing that all his teachings presuppose the recognition of "the divine mystery of life." And in a similar connection he warns against using the mystical "awe and ecstasy" which a religion "elicits from the multitude" as a criterion of its value.

But in fact this argument evades the issue. It may be frankly conceded that there is much superstition and much misplaced mysticism and ecstasy in the world. Yet this only makes it all the more necessary for religion to cultivate true mystical feeling—free of all superstitions. The abstract, prosaic, and sometimes rather pale language and argument of Reconstructionism, however, does only insufficient justice to the profundity of mystical feeling that emanates from all the greatest utterances in our religious heritage. Indeed the very word "salvation"—perhaps the most frequently used term in Kaplan's work—is so laden with emotional connotations, with deepest longing and even despair, that it often seems out of place in the sober, balanced, rational mood of Kaplan's reflections, and in the context of his poised definitions.

At moments the literature of Reconstructionism reads more like a party platform than an aid to religious edification, and just as the party platform, with all its generalities, makes us forget the heat of real political conflicts, so the coolness of some of Kaplan's well-weighed religious counsels may scarcely be able to remove the grave doubts that arise in the great tensions of man's religious life.

My second marginal note on the gaps in Reconstructionist teaching is related to the first. It is true that Kierkegaard, many German and Russian thinkers, monks and nuns of the Middle Ages, and many ancient testimonies may have overrated the role of the lonely genius in the opening of new vistas of religious experience, but one cannot help saying that Reconstructionism seriously undervalues the importance of the isolated religious individual. In Kaplan's characterization of Catholicism and its differences from Judaism, the historical and spiritual significance of such a basic phenomenon as Christian monasticism is hardly appraised adequately. But in Judaism too, the greatness of the solitary stand of Amos and Jeremiah, of Moses and Elijah is obviously underestimated. Instead, Kaplan voices an extremely optimistic—if not utopian—trust in the value of group activities, in the power of learned bodies and institutions, of religious "parliaments" and councils "to disentangle the knottiest human—and religious problems." He even outlines the steps to be taken in setting up such organizations. But, unfortunately, what councils of this kind have generally performed can in no way rival the work of seemingly forlorn and even desperate individuals on lonely nights, in garrets and deserts, far away from comfortable assembly rooms. Even the Talmud, the outstanding group achievement in Jewish history, was created by loosely organized groups of rather independent sages; and the Talmud is, to a large extent, a legal code rather than a merely religious creation.

My third and final feeling of uneasiness about Reconstructionism concerns its position on the problem of suffering and evil. Professor Kaplan assures us that he has "long been wrestling with the problem" and has arrived at a solution satisfactory to him, while the answers of tradition and of contemporaries such as the late Leo Baeck and Martin Buber seem to him untenable. But in fact what Reconstructionism offers on this point are rather traditional views, as, for example, the Neo-Platonic and Augustinian observation that we cannot "become aware of God except against a background of darkness," or the "faith that all evils which we can identify as such, we can, by the application of . . . mental and spiritual powers . . . eventually overcome," or

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the assurance that "evil systems destroy themselves." Considerations of such theoretical aloofness as these generally do not carry too much religious weight when applied to truly stark and lasting suffering.

Moreover it seems to me that any such optimistic interpretation of man's tribulations is not fully consonant with the spirit of a religion that in its sacred writings gives so much place to Job's powerful revolt against the martyrdom of the innocent, to Koheleth's lament over the evils of the world, to the Book of Lamentations, and to so many similar passages in the prophets and Psalms. In one of his earlier works, *The Future of the American Jew,* Kaplan offers considerably more on the problems of evil, suffering, and religious doubts. Still I would question whether even there he provides an adequate answer to a religion of despair such as that of Pascal or Kierkegaard.

But it would be an act of ingratitude to allow criticism to overshadow the abundant achievements of Reconstructionism. Not without reason has Mordecai Kaplan been called the Ahad Ha'am of American Jewry. His concept of Judaism is much closer to the wisdom of Proverbs than to the ardor of the Song of Songs or the fervor of Isaiah's mystic visions, but we certainly are in urgent need of both: the world of well-channeled and ordered theoretical clarification and the world of mystical devotion.

The Arab "Nation"

ENGLAND AND THE MIDDLE EAST: THE DESTRUCTION OF THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE 1914-1921. By ELIE KEDOURIE. Bowes & Bowes (Cambridge). 236 pp. 30 sh.

Reviewed by GEORGE LICHTHEIM

ELIE KEDOURIE is a historian of the post-Namier school, which is to say that he is tough-minded, realistic, and above all, anti-liberal. In some ways this is not a bad equipment for a writer dealing with the Middle East, for of all the areas in which the Western powers came to dabble during and after the First World War, the territories belonging to the Ottoman Empire were least suited to the straightforward application of Wilsonian principles. Mr. Kedourie's neo-conservatism, moreover, is not of the romantic kind, and few things are more alien to his mind than glorification of the primitive. He is, like his teachers, an exponent of *Realpolitik,* and it is in this spirit that he has approached the complicated story of the Anglo-French political and military operations which resulted in the destruction of the Turkish Empire and the establishment of a series of predominantly Arab successor states.

At the same time, this is not simply an account of diplomatic maneuverings. As such it would have been boring; few things are more futile than the analysis of governmental activities divorced from their matrix. In the case of the Middle East the matrix is particularly rich in cultural protoplasm, there being no other area where historians, sociologists, belletrists, and even theologians can expect a political harvest to grow from the scattered seeds of their imaginings. Appropriately enough, British policy during the most crucial period was determined by a learned globe-trotter, the eccentric Mark Sykes, who died suddenly in 1919, not yet aged forty, after having materially helped to destroy the Turkish Empire; and the myth of an Arab nation miraculously risen from the ashes of that Empire was imposed upon a credulous public, and a cynical officialdom, by the romantic adventurer T. E. Lawrence, who at the time of his triumphal "entry" into Damascus in 1918 was all of thirty years old.

There were others of the same breed, but behind them there was also the enigmatic D. G. Hogarth, a scholar and clearly the possessor of a first-rate historical imagination: his paper on "Arabs and Turks," which Mr. Kedourie prints as an appendix, is a minor masterpiece of historical analysis, though marred by a faint flavor of Oxford preciosity. Hogarth, if anyone, saw through the absurdities of his erstwhile pupil Lawrence, though in his official position he seems to have done little to check them. At least he saw quite clearly that the Arabs were not a "nation," and that while Ottoman rule was bad, Arab rule would be worse. The others were not much given to such dispassionate weighing of the evidence, though Sykes in his younger years—before 1914, i.e. before he was caught up in the excitement of advising the Foreign Office and helping to pull Turkey down—had perceived the absurdity of trying to build upon the lazy and conceited Arab nationalist intelligentsia which claimed the fruits of victory in 1919. The war had

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compelled Britain to reverse the old policy of propping Turkey up as a buffer against Russia (and France), and the diplomats, intelligence officers, and amateur enthusiasts who carved up the huge body of the Empire in 1915-19, were carried away by a kind of hybris. Of no one is this clearer than of Sykes, who spent the first half of the war laboriously devising an elaborate scheme for the partition of the Middle East between Britain and France (the Sykes-Picot Agreement), and the second half undermining his own handiwork by encouraging the Arab secret societies, the Armenians, the Kurds, and ultimately even the Zionists, to set up national states of their own. The original policy made sense; so did the later one. It was the combination of both that proved fatal.

BEFORE plunging the reader into this whirlpool, Mr. Kedourie indulges in some reflections on the traditional British policy of helping the Ottoman Empire to "reform" in order to prevent its fall. He holds that the policy was self-contradictory in that "reform" was sure to ruin the despotic system, while putting nothing stable in its place. This is true but trite. Conservatives are always at their best in pointing to the weaknesses of liberal solutions; it is when they are called upon to produce solutions of their own that their philosophy is shown to be barren. Sir Mark Sykes started out as an ultra-conservative who admired the East, despised Levantinism and "progress," thought the Turks superior to those whom they ruled, and hoped that the Ottoman Empire could be preserved intact. He ended up as its chief destroyer. The fact is that nothing could have saved the Empire—not even the absurd Arab "rebellion" which almost did. Nothing could have saved the Hapsburgs either. These ancient structures were sure to crumble before the onset of nationalism, and the fact that the nationalists were hardly fitter to rule than those whom they supplanted cannot be used as an argument against the critics of Turkish despotism. Mr. Kedourie also spoils his case by pointing out that Lord Salisbury as far back as 1878 disliked the official policy and did not believe Turkey could survive. No one at this date need try to be more conservative than Salisbury. It is true that the Turkish Empire was ruined by the "reforms" which gave it a modern officers' corps capable of revolting against the Sultan; it would have been

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ruined even faster without them. Given the "sick man's" condition, it hardly mattered whether he stuck to his customary diet or tried a new one.

THE "Arab rebellion" takes up the bulk of Mr. Kedourie's study, and if anyone can illuminate this murky subject he will probably be held to have done so. Having been guided through the complex maze of the Sykes-Picot negotiations (of which the Arab leaders, for all their subsequent disclaimers, were fully informed at the time), we are introduced to a concise account of the Lawrence episode. After Richard Aldington's debunking biography, it was unnecessary for Mr. Kedourie to dwell on the character of the hero, and he has wisely confined himself to a few explanatory details. He rightly comments on the paucity of Lawrence's ideas; they were the ideas of his generation, the last to come to maturity before the First World War and the Russian Revolution made an end of political amateurism. What Lawrence contributed was the cynicism that enabled him to claim credit for the Allied conquest of Palestine and Syria, while telling Robert Graves "our fighting was a luxury we indulged in only to save the Arab's self-respect." Lawrence's operation was directed against Britain's allies, the French, not against the Turks, who barely noticed the depredations of his incompetent guerrilleros; and the total strength of his "Northern Arab Army," according to the highest available estimate (that of Brémond, a French officer) was three thousand men. Sir Hubert Young, who was with the "Northern Army" when it "captured" Damascus, put its strength at about six hundred men and six guns, and wrote that "but for Dawney and Joyce (British officers attached to Feisal's troops) only twenty or thirty Arab irregulars would have ridden with Allenby's cavalry into the Syrian capital, instead of from six to seven hundred trained and equipped regular soldiers." The myth of the "Arab Army" was nonetheless important in bolstering Feisal's self-esteem and the readiness of the Arab secret societies to claim authority in Syria and ultimately in Iraq. In this sense Lawrence's enterprise may be said to have borne fruit.

Mr. Kedourie's account of the Anglo-French wrangle over Syria and Mesopotamia leaves him no space for an analysis of the Balfour Declaration. Perhaps he does not like the subject; there are some signs that he has consciously shied away from it. His occasional references to the Zionist issue are brief, and tinged with a faint aura of dislike. He is, however, on safe ground in remarking that in 1919 the whole topic seemed of very minor consequence to the policy-makers at Versailles; also in stating bluntly that the Weizmann-Feisal agreement of 1919 was not worth the paper it was written on: Feisal had no standing in Palestine, and his brief flirtation with the idea of buying the Zionists off, in order to gain their help against the French, was promptly repudiated by the Arab nationalists on his return to Damascus. The whole episode would not be worth mentioning had it not given rise to a crop of stories suggesting that a great opportunity for Arab-Jewish understanding was missed at the time; there never was such an opportunity. The Zionist leaders had no Arab policy, and the Arabs could not possibly compromise with Zionism.

The New Calvinism

GIOVANNI'S ROOM. By JAMES BALDWIN. Dial Press. 248 pp. $3.00.

Reviewed by CHARLES H. NICHOLS

BAPTIZED in the fierce fires of evangelism, scourged by race hate, redeemed by the blessings of partisans and reviewers, James Baldwin has emerged as one of the most promising of the younger American writers. His second novel, *Giovanni's Room*, is a further attempt to wrestle with some of the issues so strikingly dramatized in *Go Tell It on the Mountain*.* Though Baldwin has abandoned the primitive Calvinism on which he was reared, its dogma still has him in thrall. Everything he has written is filled with a sense of human depravity, a deterministic view of the universe, a hopeless search for salvation, and a conviction that unregenerate, alienated modern man is doomed. "The human heart is deceitful and above all things desperately wicked." "There is no health in us," and our damnation is sure. In Baldwin's theology, however, there is no Messiah. The "Power" is an illusion, and the "Glory" has departed. Jehovah the Avenger will smite, for our offense is rank. Fear, loneli-

*Reviewed by Steven Marcus in the November 1953 COMMENTARY.—ED.

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ness, desperation, the sense of sin stalk all Baldwin's characters; all life culminates for them in a single, terrible moment, as the past is said to flash before the eyes of drowning men.

Go Tell It on the Mountain, in which the hero, John, is "saved" by the love of an older boy, ends on the hope that salvation may lie in human love; *Giovanni's Room* portrays the inevitable collapse of that hope. David, the narrator of the new novel, is an American living in Paris, another young man with an Oedipus problem, restless, seeking some harbor from the emotional storms within. His search for salvation, like John's, is essentially the quest for an identity, an image of himself which will give him not only "sexual authority," but a meaningful place in the world. He is a lost man. His difficulties are aggravated, of course, by the fact that those whom he would love are also lost. Hella, his fiancée, is a curiously brittle and unsympathetic girl who goes off on a jaunt to Spain to decide whether to marry him. While she is gone David gets involved with as grotesque a group of homosexuals as any in contemporary literature and finally falls in love with Giovanni, a handsome and sensible Italian bartender, whom he then leaves for Hella on her return to Paris. The abandoned Giovanni, without money and in distress, murders the corrupt Guillaume—for which he is about to be guillotined. Love for Giovanni combines with a sense of guilt to destroy David's relation with Hella as, driven by his old lusts, he picks up a sailor.

But David's homosexuality is seen as an attempt to adopt another man's identity. This idea Baldwin dramatizes vividly by having David tell the whole story on the night before Giovanni's execution when it seems as if the knife were about to fall on David's neck as well. "Giovanni's room," then, is a *double entendre:* Giovanni has left an enormous void in his friend, and whatever identity David might have had is buried with the Italian. "The journey to the grave is already begun."

BALDWIN'S style is, perhaps, his greatest strength; he is never obvious, banal, or trite. And the determinism and outraged horror with which he views life crop up in a hundred images and ironies: "We dawdled as doomed mountain climbers may be said to dawdle above the chasm, held only by a snapping rope." Or: "I stared at the amber cognac and at the wet rings on the metal. Deep below, trapped in the metal, the outline of my own face looked upward hopelessly at me."

Yet it must be pointed out that these bold, flashing phrases often bring Baldwin close to melodrama and sensationalism. His favorite word is "doom." There are too many "sheer, sheer drops." A fear lies "like a decomposed corpse" in a man's mind, others are "like monkeys eating their own excrement." Though the reader is swept along by the intense emotional quality with which Baldwin invests everything he creates, the total impression is somewhat too taut, feverish, and contrived.

The book does represent two new departures in Baldwin's work, however: its locale is France, and there are no Negroes in it. While I am not urging Baldwin to flee Paris for Harlem, and I certainly do not mean to imply that he should write only about Negroes, it is my feeling that *Go Tell It on the Mountain* has a substantiality and conviction lacking in *Giovanni's Room.* The latter's characters are on the periphery of the society in which they live, and though Baldwin attempts to make them symbolic of a universal malaise, they are like roots out of a dry ground. It is difficult to

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take them very seriously. No character here has an inner and outer world as fully realized as Gabriel's in *Go Tell It on the Mountain.*

One is tempted to compare Baldwin with Hawthorne, except that Hawthorne had a healthiness of mind and spirit and a disinterestedness as an artist which Baldwin altogether lacks. In Baldwin the culminating effect is one of damnation; wretched man is dragged before the bar and condemned to endless fires of guilt and fear. It is the New Calvinism dramatized. In the end, Baldwin's books are strangely out of date; they are written as if Locke and the Enlightenment had not happened. Their determinism, doom, and feeling of depravity are unrelieved not only by the sense of human possibility, but even by the hope of spiritual salvation.

IN *Notes of a Native Son,* a collection of essays published over a year ago,* the anachronism of James Baldwin became explicit. There he was the man who, tormented by self-hate, assumed the inferiority of the Negro: "Black is the color of damnation," and "we cannot escape our origins," whereas "white men are the creators of civilization." The clear implication is that "civilization" is transmitted in the genes.

It is a dismal fact, of course, that Calvinism appealed to the oppressed Negro slave—it was the only view provided by his master, and it seemed, indeed, to explain his condition in the world. Similarly, Baldwin's devastating experiences of race hate are at the bottom of his whole view of life. He writes in *Notes of a Native Son*:

"It is of quite considerable significance that black men remain, in the imagination, in overwhelming numbers in fact, beyond the disciplines of salvation; and this despite the fact that the West has been 'buying' African natives for centuries. There is . . . an instantaneous necessity to be divorced from this so visibly unsaved stranger, in whose heart, moreover, one cannot guess what dreams of vengeance are being nourished."

It is not only that whites believe this, however; Baldwin does too. His acceptance of the damnation of the black man finds a quick response in white readers, and one might venture to say that his rapid rise as a writer owes something to this. Moreover, his complicity in this anachronistic attitude toward race is like the inversion of his characters, who, in their sickness, hope for any acceptance, however dishonorable. The position is not different from that of Mrs. Stowe's Uncle Tom—who, since he is black, can only survive by "the incessant mortification of the flesh." Baldwin's attitude is superior only in its rhetoric.

Baldwin and Harriet Beecher Stowe are, in fact, spiritual cousins. The ghost of Calvin dogs them both, but it is Baldwin who "accepts a theology that denies him life." Mrs. Stowe's Calvinism was somewhat diluted by the social gospel; Baldwin's is fierce and harsh, for "God and the devil can never be divorced." Mrs. Stowe believed in the message of redemption of the New Testament; Baldwin, the apostate, does not. "To flee or not, to move or not, it is all the same; his doom is written on his forehead, it is carried in his heart." This is Baldwin's last word about man. It is difficult to see in his writings the fulfillment of his exhortations to Richard Wright and Mrs. Stowe: "Our humanity is our burden, our life; we need not battle for it; we need only to do what is infinitely more difficult—that is, accept it." To this we say, Amen. "Go and do thou likewise."

*Reviewed by R. W. Flint in the May 1956 COMMENTARY.—ED.

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An Ancient Civilization

FROM THE TABLETS OF SUMER, TWENTY-FIVE FIRSTS IN MAN'S RECORDED HISTORY. By SAMUEL NOAH KRAMER. The Falcon's Wing Press. 293 pp. $5.00.

Reviewed by JACK FINEGAN

A CENTURY ago the Sumerians were an unknown people. The ancient Egyptians and Persians, even the Assyrians and Babylonians, were known from the Greek historians and the Bible, but of the Sumerians there was no trace and no one suspected that they had ever existed. Then, between 1889 and 1900, archaeologists of the University of Pennsylvania excavated at the site of the long buried city of Nippur, one hundred miles south of modern Baghdad in Iraq. Again since 1948 the University Museum in Philadelphia and the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago have sponsored digging at the same site. As a result of these excavations we have learned that Nippur was the cultural and spiritual center of Lower Mesopotamia at a period when this land was known as Sumer and its people were the Sumerians.

It was a long time after the first finds were turned up by the archaeologists before the story of the Sumerians could be put together in any fullness. Doubtless the most important of all the finds was a large number of clay tablets inscribed with wedge-shaped marks. These inscriptions were clearly the same kind of writing which was already well known in the Near East and which was called cuneiform, from the Latin word *cuneus,* meaning wedge. On the famous *Rock of Behistun* in Iran there were cuneiform inscriptions in three languages, Old Persian, Elamite, and Akkadian, and these had been deciphered. But the language of the new texts was different, and so it too had to be deciphered. Since in these texts the writers call their land Sumer, we now simply designate the language as Sumerian and the people as the Sumerians.

In ancient Mesopotamia history is piled up, layer upon layer, in the successive levels of the great city mounds of the past. Working down through these levels, the excavators find the Sumerian remains below—and so they must be older than—the ruins of the time of the well-known Akkadian king, Sargon, who prob-

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ably ruled about 2300 B.C.E. Here in the time before Sargon we are back in what is called the Uruk period, and before the Uruk there was the Obeid period. There is no doubt that the Sumerians were the leading people in Lower Mesopotamia in the later part of the Uruk period. The question is whether they were also there in the earlier part of the Uruk period and in the prior Obeid period. One group of archaeologists answers this question in the affirmative and attributes the earliest remains that have been discovered to the Sumerians. Another group, to which Samuel Noah Kramer belongs, believes that the Sumerians came in only later, probably during the 4th millennium B.C.E.

The working out of this puzzle, which scholars refer to as the "Sumerian question," is quite a fascinating study in itself. Reduced to some of its essentials, the argument of the school of thought to which Professor Kramer belongs is that Sumerian epic literature presupposes a stage of culture comparable to that in which the epics of Greece, India, and Europe arose. These eras constituted the so-called Heroic Ages of the Greek, Indian, and Teutonic peoples, respectively, the common features of which were that national migrations brought relatively barbaric peoples in upon disintegrating civilized power. The Sumerians may have come as a primitive people into Lower Mesopotamia where an urban civilization already existed. Those who had formed the earlier civilization were, it may be surmised, Iranians from the East and Semites from the West. In other words, people from Iran introduced a peasant-village culture into Mesopotamia, which Semites later brought to the level of an urban state. Then the Sumerians poured in with primitive vigor, learned from the predecessors whom they overcame, and, before long, developed new aspects of civilization.

Doubtless their most momentous contribution was the invention of writing, for as far as we can tell from present evidence, the cuneiform system was created by the Sumerians. At first the writing was pictographic; that is, a word was represented by a picture of the object to which reference was being made. Since this would call for drawing an indefinite number of such pictographs, it was a great gain that gradually the signs came to stand for phonetic values.

In this script the Sumerians put down what is now known to have been a very extensive literature. The epics presumably were originated by bards and minstrels who recited their poems orally, for in the written texts the patterns of repetition seem to reflect such an oral stage of the tradition. In the study of this literature of the ancient Sumerians, Professor Kramer has made himself one of the leading authorities. Many of the tablets are in the University of Pennsylvania museum, his own university, many are in the Museum of the Ancient Orient in Istanbul, and some in other places. Not infrequently part of one tablet will be in Philadelphia, the other part of the same tablet in Istanbul. Kramer has done a first-class detective job of ferreting out missing fragments and piecing together the scattered parts of what are veritable crossword puzzles. Even so the literature remains extremely fragmentary and often difficult to interpret; even the results presented in this book are not seldom described as tentative.

Already, however, the information which we have is nothing less than amazing. These ancient Sumerians came on the scene more than five thousand years ago; the actual tablets translated in this book are three thousand and four thousand years old. Yet the nature of the people seems to be about the same as that of modern man. Kramer brings this out by quoting from their proverbs (which he has translated). Clothes made the man then as now, it seems, for the Sumerians said, "Everybody takes to the well-dressed man." But economic perplexities were many, and this is how they expressed their dilemma:

"We are doomed to die, let us spend;
We will live long, let us save."

Taxes were already high, and "the man to fear," they said, "is the tax collector!"

The fields of Sumerian interest were many and varied, and in this book we get excerpts from their literature touching upon education, international affairs, government, social reform, justice, medicine, agriculture, and many other themes. Some of these texts are the oldest recorded comments we have on such subjects.

It may be in their philosophy and religion that the ancient Sumerians seem most removed from modern man, for they apparently believed in hundreds of deities who were conceived now and then in a grossly anthropomorphic way. Nevertheless, many ideas and motifs which are taken up in later religions and appear in the

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pages of the Bible can be found in the Sumerian religious literature. One of the most significant of these was the doctrine of the creative power of the divine word, a doctrine which was evidently originated by the Sumerian philosophers, which became a dogma throughout the ancient Near East, and which continues to influence Jewish and Christian thought through the first chapter of Genesis and the first chapter of the Gospel According to John.

German-Jewish Poetess

GERTRUD KOLMAR: DAS LYRISCHE WERK. Deutsche Akademie für Sprache und Dichtung. Heidelberg Darmstadt: Verlag Lambert Schneider. DM 16.50.

Reviewed by MICHAEL HAMBURGER

IN HIS epilogue to this posthumous collection of Gertrud Kolmar's complete poems, Mr. Jacob Picard describes her as "one of the most important woman poets" in the whole of German literature, and "the greatest lyrical poetess of Jewish descent who has ever lived." The present reviewer for one is not erudite enough either to question or confirm the latter claim, but he certainly accepts the former. And Mr. Picard is right to stress Gertrud Kolmar's feminity: she was indeed a poetess, rather than a poet who happened to be a woman.

Her real name was Gertrud Chodziesner; she was born in a Berlin suburb in 1894 and is presumed to have died sometime between February 1943 and the end of the war, most probably in one of the German extermination camps. Like Emily Dickinson, to whom Mr. Picard compares her, she was never married and spent most of her life in quiet seclusion. Her love poems have an intensity and a distinction rarely attained—and more rarely sustained for long—by poets whose passions were reciprocated. The theme of the lost lover recurs throughout her work, sometimes with simple and poignant directness, sometimes with magnificent elaborations touching on history or myth; and the same is true of a related figure, that of the lost child or, as she usually specifies, the lost son. Although she published a first collection as early as 1917, it was not till a decade later that she began to produce her best work; most of it remained unpublished during her lifetime.

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One would like to know more about Gertrud Kolmar than the few facts recorded by Mr. Picard; but, though one of the incidental effects of poetry as powerful as hers is that it tends to arouse an indecent curiosity about the author's person and circumstances, her work is self-sufficient to a quite uncommon degree. If she had opinions about this, that, and the other, she did not make the mistake of stating them in verse, but left them implicit in her manner of presenting images and cadences. Praise, love, and compassion are her general themes; and her creed was both a poetic and a feminine one, the *amo ergo sum* of an English poet with whom she has much in common, Miss Kathleen Raine. Her most striking quality is a sensuousness that can do justice even to sensuality in such poems as *Die Tänzerin, Leda, Nächte, Das Freudenmädchen,* and *Hafenstadt.*

If Gertrud Kolmar must be given a literary classification, it will be with the new school of German nature poets whose leading representative in her time was Oskar Loerke; but though her affinity with Loerke, Elisabeth Langgässer, and other German contemporaries is a real one, her independence and scope make every label useless. Because of her strange capacity for self-identification with almost every living creature —from historical personages like Marie Walewska and Robespierre to dogs, toads, and fishes—Mr. Picard is justified in claiming that her death deprived Germany of a major poet. Her range and mastery of poetic media are no less astonishing: they extend from strict sonnet form and *terza rima* to the Biblical free verse of her splendid last poems, the cycle *Welten* already published separately in 1947 by Herr Hermann Kasack, who has also edited the present collection. This great variety of media corresponds to the range of observation and sympathy revealed in her work, to her intimate knowledge of animals, plants, and minerals, and her ability to combine minute realism with a visionary penetration that transcends it. Cooking, embroidering, rag-collecting are a few of the occupations to which she devotes poems that are neither patronizing nor whimsical.

Very few of her poems, even those written in her last years, refer specifically to Jewish matters or to the Jews. One of her last poems alludes to "the olive tree of my strange, lost home," but the image is one of many that evoke distant and exotic countries. In earlier poems—but unfortunately this edition provides no dates other than those of her published cycles—the Jew appears as one of several pariah figures. That is what one would expect; for not the least tragic aspect of the destruction of the German Jews was their successful and very genuine assimilation—an assimilation so thorough as to make a Gertrud Kolmar possible.

Book Reviewers in This Issue

David Baumgardt, formerly consultant in philosophy at the Library of Congress, has also taught philosophy at the University of Berlin and Columbia, and is the author of numerous works, including *Bentham and the Ethics of Today.*

George Lichtheim writes regularly from London on international affairs in Commentary and other periodicals.

Charles H. Nichols is professor of English at the Hampton Institute in Virginia.

Jack Finegan is professor of New Testament at the Pacific School of Religion in Berkeley, and the author of many books on archaeology and religion, among them *Light from the Ancient Past* and *Wanderer Upon Earth.*

Michael Hamburger is well known in England as a poet and translator of German verse.

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This *I Believe*

By Homer W. Smith*

"Unhappiness, whether avoidable or not, too frequently comes in large pieces. But happiness is generally as fine-grained as life itself, and so intimately intermixed with living that it can be extracted from breathing, eating, sleeping, waking, from the humblest labor, from all achievement and creation and understanding, and few men need fail to accumulate a goodly store of it, all men can accumulate a larger store. Man does not need a machine to manufacture happiness, or an oracle to tell him where to find it, it is a by-product of life needing only to be separated from a dross of want and pain. When the scales weigh down beneath the latter, his self-reliance will not fail him, he will fall back on that most elemental of animal virtues—courage. A man can lose his god but he cannot lose himself.

"His fate was not decreed in the temple of Osiris, or written on the tablets of Marduk, or settled by Olympian conclave or predestined by a righteous Yahweh—he has always had it clutched in his own hands, he need but open his fingers to read his lifeline, he need but close them resolutely upon the task in order to turn his dreams into reality. Then he will pronounce life good and cease to worry about that which at present lies beyond his ken, nor look back at the phantasmagoria that mark the past.

"It is up to him. He alone by his own efforts can enlarge the bounds of empire, to the effecting of all things possible, to remolding this sorry scheme of things nearer to the heart's desire. He alone can see himself and his world in width and depth. He alone can choose, out of his vision of the present and the past, his future course."

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